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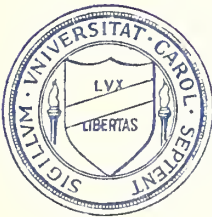




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# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE



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October, 1923

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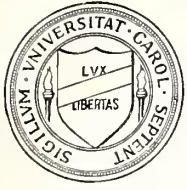
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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

October, 1923



## The Thrice-Promised Bride

### *A Chinese Folk-Play*

BY CHEN-CHIN HSIUNG

*The Thrice-Promised Bride* is a Chinese Folk-Play. It was written last spring by Mr. Chen-Chin Hsiung, of Nangchang, China, in the course in Dramatic Composition and Production, English 31. It will be produced by The Carolina Playmakers some time this season, and will be published in the next issue of *The Theatre Arts Magazine*.

The Playmakers, although interested primarily in the writing and producing of Folk-Plays of North Carolina, welcome such graduate students from other sections as may be interested in writing Folk-Plays of their own locality. Last season we produced a comedy of Colorado folk characters, *The Berry-Pickers*, by Russel Potter, who has recently come to us from Colorado.

Mr. Hsiung came to America two years ago. He took the A.B. degree at the University of Wisconsin, and the A.M. at Cornell University. He came to Carolina primarily for advanced courses in the department of English. He expects to return to China in another year to have a part in the promotion of a New Theatre in China.

The author of *The Thrice-Promised Bride* informs us that this play is based on a folk-tale of old China, told in various versions, to the Chinese children to teach them the lesson of filial piety and fidelity, and to impress them with the justice of their superiors. In the incident as it actually occurred, the first candidate for the maiden's hand was faithful and consequently, won a beautiful and virtuous wife. He has been engaged to the girl, the daughter of his father's friend before either of the children was born—a form of marriage contract not uncommon in China. All the three candidates were insignificant, unromantic, common folks, who were brought to the magistrate's court because of their rioting in the streets at the time of the interrupted wedding of "the thrice-promised bride". The excuse of long separation by war, flood, or examination is a device in the Plot of many a Chinese drama.

The author suggests that he has assigned the victory to the true lover, who, as in most Chinese plays or entertainments, usually wins out in spite of the customary adversities. He has drawn the characters from his own

experience. Those of the mother and the magistrate are in ironical contrast: at the first, what seems benignant in the mother is really cruel; what seems cruel in the magistrate is really benignant in the end.

Another Chinese play Mr. Hsiung wrote in English 31 last year, *The Marvelous Romance of Wen Chen Chin*, will be published in the next issue of *Poet Lore*. Mr. Hsiung has a charming sense of humor, and writes with a naivete of imagination and a freshness of phrase which our young American playwrights may well emulate. We predict that he will play an important part in the making of a new Chinese Drama.

FREDERICK H. KOCH.

*Professor of Dramatic Literature.*

#### *Characters:*

WANG TA-MING.....The Magistrate  
TUAN CHAI.....His Secretary  
CHUNG TING.....The Knight  
LI CHE-FU.....The Wealthy Merchant  
WANG MEI-PAO.....The First Matchmaker  
HAN CHU-YIN.....The Bride  
THE BRIDE'S MOTHER.  
CHIEN-SHOU.....An Old Man  
TU KUANG-YANG.....The Beggar-Scholar  
LIU MA.....The Second Matchmaker  
ATTENDANTS, MUSICIANS, ETC.

TIME: Long ago, many years before China became a republic.

PLACE: The Magistrate's Court in an interior district in Ho-Nan Province, China.

The rise of the curtain, if a proscenium curtain is used, discloses a Chinese stage. There are two doors in the rear wall; the left for entrance, the right for exit. At each door there must be a curtain exquisitely embroidered with threads of gold and bright-colored silk; on the left door curtain the figure of a dragon, and on the right, the figure of a phoenix. In the center there is a table. The audience cannot see the table legs, for the table is curtained with a rich tapestry on which the figure of a unicorn is embroidered.

On the table are pen-rack with Chinese pens; ink-stones,

one for red ink, the other for black ink; a wooden block resembling a mallet; a massive wooden official seal; two carved bamboo holders for warrant-sticks; two wooden panels with the representation of a tiger's head and with Chinese inscriptions which signify to the Chinese that the scene is unmistakably in a district court. To the right of the table is a chair where THE SECRETARY is to sit. Behind the table is a chair for THE MAGISTRATE. On the Center wall we may have a picture of the God of the Theatre. But, lest THE MAGISTRATE should duplicate or intercept the picture, we had better have a painting of pear trees instead, under which the first Chinese actors are supposed to have practiced the histrionic arts. There is no other furniture on the stage.

The American audience is supposed to know the setting from the "write-up", in the newspaper, the "give-outs" of the press agent, from the showy posters, or, even at the last minute from the printed program. But, lest everything should fail, the American playwright has adapted the traditional Chorus and made him prepare the audience. We will keep the Chinese convention and let the principal character relate the circumstances and establish a close contact between the players and audience.

We shall not introduce the property man, since he is obtrusive to some sophisticated Chinese dramatists and to all the uninitiated Western playgoers.

Music we must have. To avoid the overwhelming din of a Chinese orchestra we will invest the power of music in a single Maker-of-Sound, behind the scene.

With the overture, in which a variety of instruments are used, the left-door curtain is raised, and the MAGISTRATE majestically enters with his attendants, one in front and one behind him. He has more than two attendants, but we must make imaginary puissance. He pauses before the door for a moment; then he walks gracefully down stage-. He strikes with both hands his mandarin gauze hat to pay a public homage to the emperor and to wish secretly for a promotion to higher rank. Slowly he straightens the lateral appendages of the official bonnet. (These are not in the form of the Manchurian peacock feather, but in the shape of the wings of a bat, symbolizing happiness.) Carefully he makes sure of the clasp of his stiff belt which is beautifully decorated. Augustly he smoothes his imperial robe displaying the gorgeous colors and designs of his costume.

When the audience has had enough of his front elevation, he turns, and with pompous strides proceeds to the center of the stage to exhibit his profile. He waves, sweeps, and shakes his large and long sleeves to show that he has nothing there. Solemnly he walks up stage to show his gorgeously embroidered back to the audience; and then he "ascends" the dedicated chair. When the applause has abated he tells his story.

THE MAGISTRATE. My humble name is Wang Ta-Ming, the Magistrate of this Yen-Ling District of the Province of Ho-Nan. I was born in the Hain-Kien District of the Province of Kiangsi, of scholarly parents. At the age of eighteen moons my mother taught me to write with a

reed in the sand. When I was yet wearing my hair like the tentacles of an octopus I studied the Four Books and the Five Classics. At the age of fifteen years I passed my first examination and won the degree of Blooming Talent. In my second decadal anniversary I was honored with the degree of Raised Man. The next leap year bestowed on me the rank of Entered Scholar. As a reward for my literary distinction I was appointed the magistrate of this district. I hastened to this post that I might glorify my family name. I am watched by a thousand eyes and listened to by a thousand ears, for there is always an attentive audience within these four walls. It makes me shudder to think of the important duties I have to perform. Attendants!

The audience's attention is directed to the attendants who have been standing on each side of the table. They are dressed alike. They wear thin, flat-soled shoes but make up in height by their tapering felt-hats. Their costumes are of plain silk painted with the emblem of the district court. When not employed, each leans on his bamboo stave, a much abused symbol of justice]

ATTENDANTS. At your service, Your Honor.

THE MAGISTRATE. Call Mr. Secretary Tuan Chai!

[THE FIRST ATTENDANT goes out and returns immediately with THE SECRETARY, dressed as an old gentleman with a heavy mustache, who is ready to give the young officer his experience and opinion when needed. He carries a fan.]

THE SECRETARY. What is your honorable wish?

THE MAGISTRATE. Have you any invention concerning the case of the interrupted wedding?

THE SECRETARY. I have found the matchmaker, Sir. It is the plaintiff Chung Ting and the defendant Li Che-Fu be here.

THE MAGISTRATE. Strike the gong and open the court.

[The gong sounds behind the stage. The attendants pull open the imaginary doors. The Chinese drama demands that acting create scenery rather than vice-versa. The people who are yet to enter must orient themselves first, walk and step to suggest to the mind of the audience, doors and steps. The military man enters briskly with accompaniment of martial music. He is dressed in the costume of an ancient Chinese Knight, beautifully embroidered mantle, plumed bonnet, close-fitting uniform, a sword and trim, embroidered boots. He bows to THE MAGISTRATE but does not kneel.]

THE MAGISTRATE. Are you Chung Ting, the plaintiff?

CHUNG TING. Yes, Sir, newly returned from my military career.

THE MAGISTRATE. What can you do besides disbanding the wedding procession of Li Che-Fu?

CHUNG TING. I can shoot with a 300-pound bow and pierce a half inch willow leaf 100 steps away. I can separate and pacify two fighting bulls. However, I do not expect to win a wife by sheer force, but by prior claim.

THE MAGISTRATE. Why didn't you claim the maiden's



hand until she was carried in the sedan chair to her new home?

CHUNG TING. I had taken my military examination in the capital and was serving His Majesty and our country by defending the northern borders against the barbaric tribes, so I have not been able to plan to establish my own family.

THE MAGISTRATE. You didn't know your fiancée was to be married to Li Che-Fu until the wedding day?

CHUNG TING. Not until I came back with my title and my plumes and my sword.

THE MAGISTRATE. [*He takes a warrant stick and gives it to the FIRST ATTENDANT.*] Bring the defendant Li Che-Fu!

[*The FIRST ATTENDANT goes out and returns presently with THE RICH MERCHANT. Gay music accompanies the entrance. THE RICH MERCHANT is a man about thirty years. His costume surpasses the magistrate's in richness. Like TUAN CHAI, he may not use the design of dragons and clouds, but he may use the bat motif, or better, the ancient-coin motif. He wears jewelled Chinese shoes. He walks pompously into the court. As soon as he sees THE MAGISTRATE he kneels. There is no property man to assist him; such privilege is granted only to an important personage or to a famous actor. An ordinary actor is expected to take care of his costume, however cumbersome and costly. The property man is ubiquitously watching to see that the costumes are properly displayed, and not in the actor's way. Handling any property attracts the audience's attention and spurs the audience's imagination, often to the neglect of the actor. The costume is to be admired as it is worn, much like the long train formerly worn by the Western hostess. The wearer would consider any meddling on the part of another as a kind favor, or as an insult. Thus, comfortably, and without assistance, THE WEALTHY MERCHANT prostrates himself.*]

THE MAGISTRATE. Li Che-Fu, did you know this man Chung Ting?

LI CHE-FU. Not until he collided with my bridal chair, Your Honor.

THE MAGISTRATE. Did you know he was the first betrothed to the maiden of the Han family?

LI CHE-FU. [*Hesitating.*] N—

THE MAGISTRATE. [*Warningly.*] The truth, or the bamboo.

[*The ATTENDANTS stand erect and threaten LI CHE-FU by tapping the table sides alternately with their bamboo staves.*]

LI CHE-FU. [*Looks at THE SECRETARY for advice. TUAN CHAI, who has been bribed, nods his head.*] I heard that my bride, Han-Chu-Yin, had been promised to a person before either was born. The family of the boy moved away to the region bordering the barbaric tribes and was never heard of for twice eight years. My marriage was negotiated under the six ceremonies. All the village

was invited to my feast. My matchmaker alone will establish the evidence.

TUAN CHAI *nods repeatedly and whispers to THE MAGISTRATE behind his spread fan.*]

THE MAGISTRATE. Bring the matchmaker!

[*The FIRST ATTENDANT goes out and returns with THE MATCHMAKER. THE MATCHMAKER is often the fool or the clown in the Chinese plays. She, (it might just as well be he) defies conventions, customs, all the reality and realism in the Empire and all the traditions of the world save that of the Chinese stage. She may be streak-faced and grotesquely costumed. No chinese playwright describes this figure definitely, but grants the character all the license and the gagging which perfect or spoil the play according to which you way take it. During the clownish entrance, humorous music.*]

THE MAGISTRATE. Are you the Matchmaker Wang Mei-Pao by name?

WANG MEI-PAO. By profession, mister. Are you unmarried? Do you want me?

THE MAGISTRATE. Neither yourself nor your service, but your account of the families of these people.

WANG MEI-PAO. My account, to be sure. I can make the ignorant learned; the ugly beautiful; the blind see; the deaf hear; the shrew tame; in a word poverty, riches; misery, happiness; and earth, heaven. [*The MAGISTRATE is nonplussed.*] And they all seem to believe me. They drink to my health and lift the stuff to the level of their eye-brows and live together contentedly, and harmoniously as the proverbial harp and lyre. [*The MAGISTRATE murmurs as if not knowing what to do with her.*] Of course, if your first match is not so supremely perfect as you wish, you can depend upon me for concubines.

THE MAGISTRATE. Did you try to tie your blind and aimless cords around this merchant Li and the maiden of the Han family?

WANG MEI-PAO. Yes, Sir, a heaven-made match. Their ingots of gold total the same figure, the gates of the two houses cope with one another. A perfect equation withal!

THE MAGISTRATE. That is enough, you may go home.

WANG MEI-PAO. [*She walks reluctantly to the right, where the retiring character may say the last word.*] I live next door to the house of Everybody. Don't forget to send for me when you want to augment your family; for I know all the superb marriageable maidens in the whole district.

[*She goes out.*]

THE MAGISTRATE. Bring the Han family in!

THE FIRST ATTENDANT. *goes out and returns directly with HAN CHU-YIN and her mother. The women walk down-stage, between the two flags which are painted on the outside to suggest the wheel of a carriage, and are carried by supernumeraries. The supers withdraw as the women walk to the center of the stage with an accompaniment of slow and soft music, but not with mincing steps, for foot-binding has never been universal in China. It is superfluous to comment on their costumes. They are just beauti-*

ful. *The designs for the young woman's costume are gay flowers and aquatic grasses of smaller and more exquisite pattern.*

*The young woman is about eighteen years old. The mother is old enough to require the role of "Lao-Tan" (The married woman's part.) Like the men without a title all women must kneel before the magistrate. In a district court or in a theatre there are always enough cushions for that purpose. The women bow down low.]*

THE MAGISTRATE. Face toward the north!

*[The women face him. While he is looking at the young beauty, music expressing magnetic enchantment is played. The bashful woman turns her face from the MAGISTRATE toward the audience.]*

THE MAGISTRATE. The looks that destroy cities, the looks that destroy kingdoms! Small wonder you men quarrel with each other. Are you Han-Chu-Yin, formerly promised to Chung Ting and now being born to the house of Li-Che-Fu?

*[The young woman is so shy that she can hardly hold her head up or make an answer.]*

THE MOTHER. Yes, my Lord, if she is nothing else.

THE MAGISTRATE. And you, her mother?

THE MOTHER. Yes, my Lord, her only living parent.

THE MAGISTRATE. Why did you intend marrying your daughter to the Li family while there was yet an engagement contract standing between the family of Han and the family of Chung?

THE MOTHER. Because we thought the Chung boy sacrificed himself for His Majesty, and my dear little Chu-Yin was past her peach-blooming age.

THE MAGISTRATE. You may not marry your daughter to two men. *[Softly.]* I do pity your daughter. No ceremony has yet been completed. Whom do you prefer?

THE MOTHER. I will marry. . . .

LI CHE-FU. I offer you my golden ingots.

CHUNG TING. *[Advancing.]* I have my silvery horses.

LI CHE-FU. I have built my red mansion.

CHUNG TING. I have won my scarlet jacket.

LI CHE-FU. My calculation always bears fruit.

CHUNG TING. My arrows always hit the bull's eye.

THE MOTHER. What say you to these genteels, my dear Little Chu-Yin?

HAN CHU-YIN. A maiden has no lips, but heart.

THE MOTHER. Well, whom does your heart yearn to choose?

HAN CHU-YIN. I may neither choose whom I like nor refuse whom I dislike. I do as my parent decides.

THE MOTHER. The parent should be wiser, but I am not. *[To THE MAGISTRATE.]* Your honor is the parent of the people. Graciously decide this according to your honorable will.

THE MAGISTRATE. I am not old enough to be the maiden's parent, though my intention toward her is good. *[To the men.]* You deserve—*[CHUNG TING takes a step toward THE MAGISTRATE; LI CHE-FU straightens himself*

*from his knees up.* THE SECRETARY, *who you remember has been bribed, whispers to THE MAGISTRATE behind his fan.]* Chung Ting, you deserve *not* to wed this maiden after you have neglected her till her prime-plum period. *[TUAN CHAI grins.]*

LI CHE-FU. A Kao-Yao to the judgment!

THE MAGISTRATE. And you, Li Che-Fu, scarcely deserve to wed this maiden who might be claimed by a more worthy and younger man.

*[Both TUAN CHAI and LI CHE-FU are disappointed and downcast. TUAN CHAI, the secretary, again whispers behind his fan. THE MAGISTRATE pays no attention.]*

THE MOTHER. But what are we to do with my daughter who is in her prime-plum period?

THE MAGISTRATE. I know what to do with your daughter. You just wait—*[TUAN CHAI motions with his hands to LI CHE-FU and extends his six fingers—meaning the six ceremonies.]*

LI CHE-FU. But the six ceremonies, and the match-maker!

THE MAGISTRATE. She confessed herself that she could make anything out of nothing. Besides, the maiden has not entered the threshold of your house.

CHUNG TING. Sir, *I* have a reliable witness. He is a very old man. He was witness to the verbal agreement between her father and mine. It's time he should be here.

*[THE OLD MAN enters feebly. He is old enough to use a stick—even in a district court. His robes are embroidered with symbols of longevity. He wears a long white beard, not hanging from the chin, but from the upper lip and the jaws. Perhaps the flowing beard has been used to cover up the bad teeth—if there are any—should the character open his mouth to sing. Or maybe it is to save the trouble of make-up in extending the wrinkles to the lower quarter of the face. Anyway it is very convenient to hang up this beard at the last moment so that the player can drink tea, eat refreshments, and smoke a water pipe in the green room until his call. Our OLD MAN has to speak through such a heavy beard.]*

THE MAGISTRATE. Who are you?

THE OLD MAN. I am Chien Shou, friend to Senior Chung and Senior Han.

THE MAGISTRATE. Are you a go-between?

THE OLD MAN. Not exactly.

THE MAGISTRATE. By the hoary locks on your head I conjure you to speak the truth.

THE OLD MAN. Precisely, It was because of *my old age* that my two friends appointed me to be the witness to their gentlemen's agreement. One asked me to be the Fairy-Below-the-Ice, the other the Aged-Person-Under-the-Moon, namely, a formal matchmaker. Said the parents to-be to one another: "If our children be both girls, sister them; if they be both boys, brother them; if they be of opposite sex, expouse them." And I was the only witness beside the two babes that were yet in their first nine month of infancy and whom you see now here as grown-up children.



THE MAGISTRATE. Was there any document? Were any betrothal gifts exchanged?

THE OLD MAN. Nothing but their word of honor.

THE MAGISTRATE. That is scarcely valid.

THE OLD MAN. But it is negotiable. By my three score and ten years I crave the law.

THE MAGISTRATE. Old man, do you gain anything by this union?

THE OLD MAN. Yes, the fulfilled trust of my deceased friends. The marriage was upon even their dying lips.

THE MAGISTRATE. The law is for the living.

CHUNG TING. Here I am; I, too, crave the law.

THE OLD MAN. And I am still alive, and hail and hearty.

[THE MAGISTRATE. *looks inquiringly at the women.*]

THE MOTHER. The old man speaks the gospel truth through that heavy beard.

HAN CHU-YIN. O, Unkind Time, that the vase of my soul be the gossip of the court! I would rather seek the Other World.

TUAN CHAI. Sir, this is a very difficult case. We should see everybody get his just reward according to law.

CHUNG TING. Justice!

LI CHE-FU. The law!

THE MOTHER. Give my daughter of the four virtues a husband. Beget me a grandson!

THE MAGISTRATE. I told you to wait until . . .

[*Just at this moment THE SCHOLAR enters. He is not the God of the Machine, but a beggar, half dreaming, half starving. Still he has a princely bearing. His scholarly headwear is awry, his shoes have perfectly lovely tops but only half soles. His gentlemen-beggar coat is all patched but made up of the most elegant silks and intricate patterns, like the frostings on a frozen window-pane. There is no hole in any part of the Theatrical attire, though the outfit may have lasted the company several generations. THE SCHOLAR haughtily walks down stage, surveys the imaginary doors, steps in, goes clear to the right, makes the motion of seizing something, and strikes the imaginary drum on high. The drum sounds behind the stage.*]

THE SECOND ATTENDANT. [*Who may have retired and be on the job just now. Unlike THE FIRST ATTENDANT, he sulks through his duties.*] Hey you, why do you drum the drum of justice? What wrong have you suffered?

[*THE SCHOLAR does not speak but hands a scroll of paper to THE SECOND ATTENDANT, who spreads it from left to right. THE SCHOLAR twists the paper so the right side is up. THE SECOND ATTENDANT extends his lazy palm to ask for wine-money,—an institution, like opium smoking, the Chinese dramatist wishes to slight. THE SCHOLAR turns his purse inside out, revealing nothing but an old book. He beats again the imaginary drum, emitting a louder sound. THE FIRST ATTENDANT comes to them, pushes away THE SECOND ATTENDANT, snatches the paper and takes it to THE MAGISTRATE, who reads it in about the same short time.*]

THE MAGISTRATE: Kao-Yao be praised! Still another disputant! [*To THE SCHOLAR.*] Tu Kuang-Yang, do you claim the hand of this maiden? [*Everybody is startled except the girl HAN CHU-YIN, who seems to be pleased. THE SCHOLAR nods his head.*] Who is your matchmaker?

[*THE SCHOLAR goes out and returns with THE SECOND MATCHMAKER. Without a matchmaker a Chinese match does not strike aright. On the Chinese stage, THE FIRST MATCHMAKER would also play the part of THE SECOND MATCHMAKER without even the outward pretense of different make-up and costumes. To furnish variety, however, we will make THE SECOND MATCHMAKER old, old enough to think everything aloud in Chinese maxims. She is dressed in uncouth apparel. Much of her character and her gagging are left to the producer and the player, for even the standard acting person should not be long.*]

THE SECOND MATCHMAKER. I thought some nobler and more affluent person than you would want my service. [*Seeing THE MAGISTRATE and imitating his bearing.*] Oh, My Lord is handsome, clever and young! Are you contemplating furnishing another golden mansion? I know the dwellers of any red chamber.

THE MAGISTRATE. Do you know this young man and this young maiden?

THE SECOND MATCHMAKER. Yes, since they were weaned. They went to the primary school together. They studied the Book of Odes, the Book of Spring and Autumn, The Book of Filial Piety, The Book of Great Learning, Histories of The Three Ancient Celestials and The Five Dynasties, and, well [*gesticulating from the young woman to the young beggar*] the other classics that have made the young ones as they are. They rode on the same bamboo-twig horse, kicked the same shuttle-cock, looked at each other in the same brass mirror, played hide-and-seek until age separated them. [*Euphuistically.*] Then the girl hides herself in the red chamber, and the boy—seeks rice on the street. He has the natural capacity of eight piculs and book learning of five wagon loads. He can compose the Five Phoenix Verse while pacing only seven steps—And they were so fond of each other. One day they said to me, “Liu Ma-Ma, we have played groom and bride; when we become man and woman we will be husband and wife, and you will be the match-maker, wont you?” And I promised them even as they promised each other.

THE MAGISTRATE. When was that?

THE SECOND MATCHMAKER. It must have been in the last cycle of sixty years. Let me see. The ox-year has occurred twice, so probably it was the year of rats. The common denominator is six times ten. Ten stars form the heavenly system, and twelve creatures rule the animal kingdom. It should be about thirteen years ago.

THE MAGISTRATE. About thirteen years ago, Liu Ma.

THE SECOND MATCHMAKER. Yes, and we did have a plague in that year. It was three years before the year of The Great Earthquake when the King Dragon whirled his trunk, six years before the Emperor moved south and made

the people sing the song of the Call of the Deer, and nine years before Master Tu was admitted to the Circle of Bamboo Shoot and bestowed the blue-and-purple gown after the Red-Robe-Fairy had nodded his head to the civil examiner.

THE MAGISTRATE. How came he to this?

THE SECOND MATCHMAKER. Because the long travel to the capital wasted and spent him as the chase does the hound. He was reduced to selling even his library, as the elephant disposes of his ivory; but he has induced many a hero to come back and tell his luck and aspirations to me.

THE MOTHER. I never knew anybody aspired after me as a mother-in-law, behind my back.

THE MAGISTRATE. What evidence have you that they were willing to be husband and wife?

THE SECOND MATCHMAKER. Here is a picture of the Great Monad which they painted on a triangular lantern during the Lantern Festival. [*She displays a picture of the Great Monad, a symbol of Chinese cosmogony representing the dualistic principal of man and woman, the male in the female and the female in the male, supposed to be the first Chinese philosophical document.*] The one said to the other, "That black is Yin, that's you; this white is Yang, it's I," And each of us kept a copy as a testimony.

[TU KUANG-YANG takes out a similar copy from his book and HAN CHU-YIN takes out her copy from her sash. All, including THE MAGISTRATE, are surprised.]

THE MAGISTRATE. To THE MOTHER.] Do you wish this man as a son-in-law?

THE MOTHER. My Lord, if my humble self be permitted to select the husband.—

THE MAGISTRATE. I grant the right to you to choose one, for your daughter.

THE MOTHER. I will choose—

THE OLD MAN. Remember the will of your departed husband.

TUAN CHAI. Remember all the gossips of the villagers and the six ceremonies.

CHUNG TING. My silvery horses, my scarlet jacket, and my skilled arrows.

LI CHE-FU. My golden ingots, my red mansion, and my prosperity!

TU KUANG YANG. [*Speaking earnestly but reservedly for the first time.*] My affection for Chu-Yin.

THE MOTHER. I think I will not choose the beggar.

VOICES. No, not the beggar!

LI CHE-FU. Accept my riches!

CHUNG TING. My glory!

THE OLD MAN. My age!

TUAN CHAI. My humble wish!

THE SECOND MATCHMAKER. My word!

THE MOTHER. I declare I never had so many suitors in my bygone days—not even a beggar.

THE MAGISTRATE. [To HAN CHU-YIN.] Well, your mother does not approve of the beggar; what is your wish?

[HAN CHU-YIN is silent and hides her face in her sash.]

THE MAGISTRATE. Tell, me what do you choose?

HAN CHU-YIN. [*Distressedly.*] I choose to die!

THE MAGISTRATE. In order to settle the case?

HAN CHU-YIN. Yes, and quickly!

THE MAGISTRATE. Good Maiden, Kao-Yao had no more sagacity in dissolving disputes, but I fear you have made up your mind to deny yourself wealth, happiness, and power which you might find in any of these people.

HAN CHU-YIN. I am denied that which I value most. I wish to end it all.

THE MAGISTRATE. Is that final?

HAN CHU-YIN. Yes, to eternity!

THE MAGISTRATE. May your ancestor bless you! I accord you the potion that brings eternal tranquility. [To THE SECOND ATTENDANT.] Bring forth the potion phial provided for the ancients to impart to the mortal the pleasant sleep.

[THE SECOND ATTENDANT goes out; this time he makes us wait for some time. Slowly he brings the potion to HAN CHU-YIN. She holds it in her trembling hand; life and death struggle within her. She sighs, lingers, and sighs yet again.]

THE MAGISTRATE. Be courageous, virtuous maiden. One dies only once; the rest is peace. If you cannot lift the phial, I shall have the attendant help you.

[HAN CHU-YIN lifts the phial to her quivering lips. THE MOTHER and TU KUANG YANG advance toward the young woman, but are held back by the attendants. She swallows the contents at a gulp and sinks to the floor.]

HAN CHU-YIN. I depart. May peace be with all!

[*She lies down unconscious. Everybody is petrified. Solemn music. At length THE MAGISTRATE speaks.*]

THE MAGISTRATE. Well, she died a virtuous death. Li Che-Fu, she was almost married to you. Will you bury her in your family grave yard?

LI CHE-FU. I wanted a live housekeeper, not a dead wife. Since she had an early betrothal, the body belongs to the first betrothed.

THE MAGISTRATE. Chung Ting, your stars crossed each other before either of you was born. Now you can accept the will of your parents and your parents' parents, you may have your claim.

CHUNG TING. We never saw each other and were not formally married. Let the legal husband or the true lover take the body.

THE MAGISTRATE. Tu Kuang-Yang, there is the spoils of your love. She was your promised wife. Will you take care of her?

TU KUANG-YANG. Yes, I loved her. A promise is a promise. I will take her, and will follow her soon.

THE MOTHER. [*Realizing what has happened, she breaks into an hysterical cry.*] You beggar! You kill-joy! You will soon pay for it!

SEVERAL VOICES. The beggar! The kill-joy! Hang him! Let him pay for it!

THE MOTHER. [*Turning to LI CHE FU.*] You yellow



dog! [To CHUNG TING.] You spotted tiger! [To THE OLD MAN.] You white-whiskered monkey! [To TUAN CHAI.] You greedy rat! [To THE SECOND MATCH-MAKER.] You lowly snake!

THE MAGISTRATE. [*Striking the mallet on the table.*] Order! Order! [THE ATTENDANTS tap the table sides with their bamboo staves. The people rise to leave.]

THE MAGISTRATE. Wait a while! The case of the thrice promised bride is not yet finished. Among you three disputants only the beggar, Tu Kuang-Yang, is a true claimant; the other two are as false as shifting sand. I hereby confiscate, Li Che-Fu, your property, and deprive you, Chung Ting, of your degrees and privileges appertaining. To you, Tu Kuang-Yang, the true lover, I bestow the golden ingots of the merchant, the horses of the Knight and the life service of Liu Ma, so that you can have feasts and rituals. And now I grant you the privilege of administering a potion to revive the unconscious but virtuous maiden from the effects of the sleeping potion I gave the maiden to be known hereafter as your legal wife.

[THE SECOND ATTENDANT brings the potion to TU KUANG-YANG who ceremoniously takes it to the heap of beautiful costumery, stoops over the beautiful face and goes through the motion of administering the potion. HAN

CHU-YIN comes to consciousness, and is bewildered at seeing TU KUANG-YANG bending over her.]

HAN CHU-YIN. Am I dreaming, or are we meeting in the Other World?

TU KUANG-YANG. No, my beloved, we are under the sky, on the earth, and in the Middle Kingdom.

THE MOTHER. And before all these people! [*Gesticulating*].

THE MAGISTRATE. Han Chi-Yun, I marry you to Tu Kuang-Yang and give you wealth, happiness and love in one.

[*Successively he applies black ink and red ink with the Chinese brushes and then imprints his official seal to the three copies of the Great Monad.*]

The couple kow-tow to THE MAGISTRATE and then to THE MOTHER. THE SECOND MATCHMAKER and THE MOTHER help the couple to get up, holding the pictures of The Great Monad over their heads.]

THE BRIDEGROOM. [*Facing the audience.*] Long live my wife!

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## Mr. and Mrs. "Hap" Hazard

BY R. L. FELTON

"Central, give me three, three, one, three, please", spoke the silver-toned voice of Mrs. Hazard to the telephone mouth piece. This was the 'phone number of her husband's office which was on the fifth and top floor of the Steiner building. Of the six sets of office rooms only two were occupied since the building was very new.

"Hello, Hap, dear", cooed Mrs. Hazard when she finally received an answer to the numerous rings which she could hear were made. "You must be very busy, I've been waiting for you answer for hours".

"Yes, . . . Oh, yes, I am busy".

And then Mrs. Hap heard the sound of a womanly voice near her husband's phone, but the words were not distinguishable. But immediately following this she heard her husband's voice as he turned aside to speak, and his words were to be understood "For God's sake keep quiet; I'm talking to my wife", she heard him say.

It aroused her wonder, but she trusted her husband to the utmost; so she only said, "Well, I'm so sorry you're so busy, dear. I just called up to tell you I wouldn't be home tonight when you get here."

"No, won't be home. I'm going over to Irene Hilcrest's this afternoon and I'll take dinner with her and go to the theatre afterwards, and most probably will spend the night at her home."

"All right? Well, you don't seem to be very sorry."

"I won't be away but one night, honey; good bye."

"And Hap, dear, don't work too hard"—"You won't? All right, good bye."

"And Hap! You don't mind me spending the night with Irene, do you?"

"Well, good bye." And with still another good bye in answer to his final word of farewell she lovingly replaced the receiver. Mr. Hazard had a name other than Hap, but when he had attended college the boys thought that this seemed a much better name than Percy or Milton. Although the so-called shingle, for Mr. Hazard was a lawyer, stated that he was "P. Milton Hazard, Attorney at Law", his other name was still used by both his friends and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Hazard had existed as husband and wife for only two months; so the monotony of love had not as yet overcome the charms of each. He was young, rather handsome, dressed well, was attentive and thoughtful, and as the "Fairview Sunset" had said when he yoked himself, "was one of the promising business men of the town". In the words her husband used to a friend just before the marriage, the female element of the household was "damn good-looking".

'Hap's' father was wealthy; so his son's cosy bungalow, like his son's wife, was well-built and well-furnished. It was situated on Highland Avenue, and the two young people had privately named their home the "Love Bower" as do all other such couples in the same foolish condition.

And in the Love Bower Mrs. Hazard sat and wondered if there was another woman, and who she could be, and what was to be done about her. She couldn't bear the realization that her husband's love was being visited upon anyone other than herself. Why should he have become dissatisfied or discontented? Was she becoming less beautiful and less attractive? Was it true that married life became boring? These and many other questions addled her brain. She fingered the telephone nervously as if she were about to call her husband again, and have an understanding

"Oh, well," she finally decided to herself, "it's only four o'clock; I'll go by the office on the way to Irene's." So at four-thirty she was waiting on the first floor for the elevator which should lift her to her god. She glanced in a mirror near the elevator shaft to reassure herself as to her beauty. The tall, well-proportioned, clear-skinned blonde image which was reflected to her eyes apparently pleased her, so when the elevator came down she was smiling. The door was flung open with a bang, and the smile changed to a frowning stare. From the elevator came a most charming brunette, young in appearance, and stylish in dress. She glanced at Mrs. Hazard in a friendly way, but the glance was returned with another which was rather stony. Mrs. Hazard passed her and the elevator boy slammed the door.

"Could you tell me who that lady was?" she inquired of the brass-buttoned lad.

"No, ma'am," was the laconic answer, "She's a stranger here".

"What a thunder storm I shall create when I have been transported to that fifth story heaven," thought Mrs. "Hap". "Why, that woman is at least no prettier than I. And a stranger, too!"

She burst in the office of her husband with the idea of utterly surprising him. He did, indeed, appear to be busy. Typewritten sheets lay all about him, on the floor, on the desk, and on his lap. His hair was dishevelled, and a few spots of ink were on his face. He was so intent upon his work that he did not note the entrance of his Helen. When he did take notice his look of perfect innocence drove all words of reproach back into her throat. She knew that he despised the green eyed monster; so why should she unchain him? Her doubts were probably unfounded; and judging from his appearance, and absorption in his work, they were. Possibly the woman's voice she heard over the 'phone was only that of a client. But who was the strange woman? Nevertheless when "Hap" spoke cheerfully, and guilelessly with a business hardened voice, "Hello, Helen," she could only say: "I just came up, 'Hap' dear, to tell you not to work too late."

"I won't, Helen."

"What is it you've got to put so much time on?"

"Oh, it's too boring to tell, and besides you wouldn't understand."

"So you don't care to let me in on your secrets, eh?" pertly inquired his wife.

"Secrets," was the laughing answer, "why, woman you don't know what a tiresome subject this is, and how little secrecy there is attached to it."

"But, 'Hap' it seems that for *me* you would——"

"Helen, why do you insist on impressing me with the fact that you want to know about things you'll never know about?"

"Hap" was evidently getting a little angry, so Helen was sensible enough to revert to some other topic, although one tiny tear peeped over a quivering eye-lash. And besides how could she attach any dishonor to the name of her husband? She could trust him in hell itself with her freshly filled ice-box.

"Oh, I didn't mean to fluff my 'Hap' up so;" she pleaded, "don't be so cross."

"That's all right, Helen you didn't 'fluff me up', but I am tired of this stuff and naturally a little cross."

Helen believed him; so she rose, and while leaning over his desk simply said, "I did just come up here to see if you weren't working too hard, and to tell you to go home early and not to stay in this hot old office too late."

"I'm getting along all right and in just an hour or two I'm going to call it a day."

"And you don't mind me staying with Irene do you, 'Hap'?"

"No, Helen, of course not; I hope you have a big time."

"Well, good bye," and with a kiss Helen left his office. She returned tho' as soon as she could open and close the door, the apparent reason being to get her handkerchief, but the primary reason being to kiss her husband again.

It's strange, but women do fill engagements with those of their own sex more punctually than with the male of the species. Irene took Helen for quite a long ride before going to her home. On returning the two passed by Love Bower and the significance of the insignificant created a flame of conversation upon the lips of Helen.

"Don't you think that my husband's idea on the plan of the porch was grand, Irene? And how do you like my nasturtiums? You'll have to come up to see me soon, I have the prettiest library table you have *ever* seen."

But Irene and Helen were far past the Hazard bungalow now.

"Helen, how do you like Jack Spade's new car?" asked Irene.

"I like it all right." A more voluble answer was not given, because something else attracted Helen's eyes at the moment. Her husband had passed just behind Jack Spade in his own car; and beside him was the woman she had passed in the Steiner building. She did not mention it to Irene, because she did not want to call attention to the fact if it had not been noticed. But the sight did affect her lips as well as her eyes, and she became much less talkative. She determined that she would go to her home after the theatre, that she would have an understanding with her husband that very night. And this time her determination was unalterable.



So after the theatre she told her friend that she could not possibly stay away from her "Hap" for an entire night.

"Just this once," pleaded Irene.

"No, Irene dear, I simply cannot, I'm sorry; but you'll find out how it is after you have married Jack".

"I'll bet I don't let Jack tie me down at home" answered Irene, more Trojan than Helen herself and thus they debated uselessly for some five minutes,

Well, honey, I wish you could stay; but since you cannot, or rather will not, I'll drive you home", finally consented Irene.

It was about twelve when the two drove up before the Love Bower. Jack had left Irene a little early as he was going on a fishing trip the next morning. Love Bower was both lifeless and lightless; and if Helen only should speak her full mind it would soon be loveless.

"Won't you come in and stay with me, Irene?"

"No, I can't do it, child, I must 'dribble' on back home."

"But aren't you a little afraid to be driving alone this late?"

"Lord, no, Helen, *you* never were! Do you want me to walk to the door with you?"

"No, I'm all right, good night Irene."

"Goodnight!" And the motor whirled as the car passed down the street. Some one said that after the calm comes the storm, or after the storm the calm, or something like that. However, that has no connection with this except that the calm was over. Mrs. "Hap" Hazard had her mind set upon relieving herself of suspicion, or upon having the strange woman explained. She walked firmly across the "darling porch" which was the result of an idea conceived by her "precious husband". Nothing seemed darling or precious or loving or anything to her now. The anger that she had restrained during the entire evening now boiled over. She opened the front door, and walked into the reception room of her "Love Bower". She snapped her teeth together. For there upon the "prettiest library table you have ever seen" was——, well *what* was it? She wouldn't say to herself for sure until she went closer to the table. Yes, there it was, a pair of woman's gloves. They were other than her own. They were the very ones she had seen on the hands and arms of the strange woman. Little did she think that the affair had advanced this far. She was somewhat optimistic though. Maybe after all they could be explained plausibly. But she laughed when she thought of a plausible explanation. She sarcastically imagined gloves crawling or flying or the like. But she would find out all about the matter and at once. She advanced toward the door of her husband's bed room. She would wake him at once, and come to an understanding. Wake him? Evidently he was awake, for she heard him talking.

"No, I'll never, never give you up regardless of everything," she heard "Hap" say. Her heart sank, then rose to her throat, then bobbed up and down again. Tears

came to her eyes, and fell past her quivering lips. Her worst fears were realized. This woman of hell was actually in her own Love Bower. Love Bower it was no more.

She heard her husband mumble again but the words could not be understood. What should she do? Should she telephone the police station? Should she get the automatic from her now unlovely library table drawer and shoot them both? Or should she simply shoot the husband, or the woman? Or should she shoot herself? How utterly grief stricken Hazard would be when the shot which disturbed him was found to be one which had killed his own wife! And she would never see him again! She simply couldn't use the gun. What could she do though? She paused thus before the door to the bed-room in an undecided attitude. And then she heard Hap say, "But I love you".

Helens' hand moved of its own accord, the fingers grasped the knob of the door, the knob turned was . . . No, the door was not locked. He had been so very certain that she was going to spend the night with Irene. What a scandal it would be! What could she tell her best friend Irene? She flung the door madly open, and just as madly turned on the light. The bed was in great disorder, blanket hanging over the edge and sheet knotted toward the foot. And in the midst of the disorder lay——Hap——alone. The entrance of Helen, and the light woke him up completely, and he sat straight in the bed.

"Helen, what in the world?"

But Helen could not speak.

"What is the matter with you? Why are you so pale? I've just been dreaming of you and here you are looking like a ghost. Why don't you speak? I was dreaming of the date I had with you just before we were married. I had just told you that I loved you when the dream was shattered."

Helen rushed to his arms, and splattered his face with tears as she kissed him. "I'll never doubt you again my darling husband." Her relief was so great, and she was so happy in finding that she was in her husband's arms in preference to some other woman, that for a time all other occurrences of the day were driven from the brain.

Finally she disengaged herself from his arms and asked, "Hap," whose gloves are those lying on the table?"

"Why, they are Mrs. Turner's".

"Well, who is Mrs. Turner and why should her gloves be there?"

"My dear Helen, don't you know Andy Turner? He has just moved to town and has an office opposite mine. We were great friends in college, you know. He married the other day. His wife, quite a nice wife, too, was up in his office before I left my own. He had a business engagement, so he asked me to drive his wife home, they live just two blocks below us, you know. Of course I consented. She said she wanted to meet you and invited us both down to their house. And by the way she confidentially told me that they had named it the "Love Bower". Quite a coincidence, eh?

[Continued on page 20]

# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion,  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

OCTOBER, 1923

## To The Freshman Class

WE PRESUME that it befalls the editor's lot to write a special editorial to the Freshman. It is with a deep sense of reluctance that we set about to do this thing, for at best it can be nothing far short of a sermon, meaning that it will be preacherly.

To you gentlemen of the Class of '27 we extend a welcome hand. You have come to a great institution whose recruits are drawn from many states and numerous countries. Many of you think, perhaps, that you are rather important and you naturally feel your own presence here. The first thing for such of you as possess this feeling is to casually glance around you and you will find about eight hundred that are just what you are—Freshmen, and there are over a thousand here that rate far more than you or any of your brethren. This may seem a bit harsh to you, but ere you stay here long you will find this to be the exact situation. If it takes you all year to learn it—your money has been well spent.

We have said above that the University is a great institution. You may stay here many years and you will leave thinking the same thing. We congratulate you on your choice in coming here, and we admire your judgment. In the opinions of the vast majority here there can be no better found. We hope that you will feel the same and we know that you will if you are broadminded about the thing.

Advice is easy to offer. We might sit here and with pen and ink tell you many things which we believe; would be of help to you in the course of your college education. This, in

a way, would be foolish. This is one of the things that you have come here in search of, and should fellow students advise too strongly you will not be helped much in the long run, for to follow their advice relieves you of the burden and at the same time the advantage of thinking for yourself.

For the first few weeks, maybe months, some of you are going to feel worse than you have ever felt before. Time will wear this away, however.

Here there is almost unlimited freedom. The University asks only a few things of you—that you be a man, that you be honest, that you be square—and the rest is left to you. Some of you will do these things; some of you will not. To be brutally frank, some of you may be ruined while you are here. If this happens, for the sake of the University, students and alumni, don't be a mollicoddle, a weakling, and say that the University did it. No, you were a weakling; you were too little to confront temptation; you were everything that was wrong, and not the University.

Within the limits of the University campus there are gathered the most splendid group of men that we believe can be found. Within the ancient walls of many of her buildings you will learn. At her fountains you will drink. You will walk her paths. You will imbibe something regardless of your scholastic standing. Something that you have never felt before will win you to the University. In a word, there is something about the very atmosphere that will catch at you, pull you, and hold you throughout all your days here.

We trust that you will find the University to your liking,



If you find things otherwise then the fault is with you and not the University. We wish for you as a class all the fortune, happiness, and success possible.

## The Publications Union

WITH THE BEGINNING of this scholastic year there begins at the University a system relative to the publications that is entirely new here. This system, known as the University of North Carolina Publications Union, has come as the result of years of planning and over five years of hard work on the part of interested students. It is here, we trust to stay. At present the thing is admittedly a trial, and if it proves unsatisfactory the students may have the opportunity of killing it by submitting it to the student body for annulment.

The students, when the plan was framed, saw fit to include *The Magazine* in the trio of publications which it affects. The Editors and the members of *The Magazine* Board feel the greater responsibility cast upon their shoulders as the result of the increased circulation of the publication, and the students here may feel assured that we shall do all in our power to make it worthy of the position accorded it last year. We promise you that we are going to try, and try hard, to make it what it should be. Whether we succeed remains to be seen.

We do not hesitate to admit that *The Magazine* has not always held the position on the campus that it perhaps should have. Some of its policies in the past have been in a direction which we hold to be out of its sphere. Certain types of articles have been published herein during the past which will not appear within its covers this year. By thus putting the taboo on certain kinds of articles we believe that we are doing you a favor.

To repeat, we realize our increased responsibility. We hope that we shall be able to put out a publication that will command a good position. The first few months will be hard. We do not hope to please all; frankly, we are not going to try to do that.

## The Need of Something New

SOME THINGS, like wine, increase in value with increasing age; some things, like certain deeds, become better known, are held more sacred, become more traditional with age. Contrarily, however, with increasing usage some things are worn out, lose their vitality, fail, when employed, to win the desired effect. Under the influence of being worked overtime a thing held sacred in the hearts of many men will lose some of its reverence and cause cynics to scoff.

College yells are this way, and Carolina yells are no exception to the rule. We have warmed concrete bleachers and leaned over railings here for three years and in our time we have followed the lead in many cheers. You Freshmen have doubtless already heard Carolina students give cheers, and at this writing we predict!—and it is a long time before the first whistle will sound—that you

heard only three different yells; namely. "Split Carolina", "Spell Carolina", and "Yackety-Yack". We don't know how much longer, but we do know that for the past three years Carolina Freshmen have heard these same yells, and no more, with one possible exception. Two years ago a yell, somewhat similar in effect like that of a freight engine in starting, was attempted. It got a fair start and then lapsed into oblivion. "Scrubby" Rives got the thing started—he nursed it in its infancy, but the new baby soon died for want of proper nourishment.

These three old standbys named above are withering in their senility; they are near the end of a cycle of erosion and are covered with corrosion. The time has come when these three yells should be put in the reserve corps, or else pensioned, letting them become traditional memories. Too careless, or maybe with insufficient interest, or maybe on account of unadulterated laziness on the part of recent cheer leaders and assistants, no new yells have been solicited, so far as the public in general has known, and when we say "public" we mean students. As a last card the cheer leaders have resorted to the frequent employment of "Hark the Sound", and this has been a crying shame. We once heard a varsity man of four years experience say that the occasional singing of that song at a crucial moment had a wonderful effect upon the team. "We could go through Hell for that", he said, "because it always makes us feel as if you are playing the game just as hard as we are". But if we are to sing it three or four times during every game, then we might as well also sing "The Old Gray Mare". The effect will, after once becoming accustomed to it, become almost the same.

We want more yells, and we need new ones.

## Do You Belong?

ELSEWHERE in this issue you will find an article entitled "What's It All About?" For reasons best known to ourselves we are withholding the name of its author, leaving it to your imagination to guess who he is. To all save freshmen he is known.

The article may sound conceited. We believe that nothing was further from the author's mind. He says he was a big man on the University campus. He was, and one of the ablest leaders of his time. It was not his intention to feature the personal story. He knows that well enough himself, and we might as well say that he is one of that type who cares little of what other people think of him. It was his intent to warn, and his intent was a good one.

We agree with him in some things he says, but in others we think he is wrong. There are too many organizations on the campus; there are good ones, ones which would benefit any student; there are men here who are worshipers of the great god Join. But on the other hand does not almost everything connected in this way contribute something? Could not every organization be bettered? Could he not have put some of the orders of which he was a

member on their feet rather than criticize them? Did he himself ever reject an invitation to join anything?

We do not believe that Carolina men are fetish worshippers as he suggests. We admit that there are very few bids to organizations rejected here, but we do not believe that anything like the great majority of joiners unite with this intention only, nor with it as their main purpose. There are many men here who want to be "big men" on the campus, and they feel as if this is one of the surest ways of gaining that bigness that will give them notoriety. Men of this sort may be called campus leaders and "big men", but in reality they are the little men of their time.

We believe that organizations are the saving grace of the University student life. Without them life would be a humdrum existence. These very organizations that this man joined offered him training which he could have gotten nowhere else had he remained in school and sought this training at the same time. They are a part of one's education, and without them we would miss something which we hold to be of inestimable value to the average student. If for no other purpose on earth they certainly give one an opportunity to utilize his energy, rather than let it go to waste over a cigarette.



## Up the Chimney of Clean Fiction

BY WM. J. COCKE, JR.

At last a popular publisher has advertised to great advantage that a certain book is "the clean book". Thus one is happily led to believe that the pendulum is beginning to swing back from the sooty fiction of recent years which has aroused so much protest, and about which nothing has been done.

However reformers can find only comfort and no ground for self-congratulations in the decency of the most recent and popular books. For it seems to me that the improvement is due merely to a change of fashion. Man is the creature of fashion not only in clothes, automobiles, sports, and what not, but also in literature and especially does fashion affect that part of literature termed fiction.

During the past several years the world has been plunged headlong in a realistic fiction which has made realism a synonym for sordidness. This realistic novel's downfall was predicted by Archibald Marshall two years ago. It is falling now because of the dirt which it carries. For nothing can live except what is built on lofty idealism.

In this connection the observations of the characters of "The Dim Lantern"—this "clean book"—are found applicable. "They hate realism and pessimism. They say it is a canker at the heart of civilization. That all healthy nations are idealistic and optimistic. It is only when countries are senile that they grow cynical and sour". And again, "It is the dreams of men and women which shape their lives."

Also the virile writer, Gertrude Atherton, in her "Black Oxen" disparages what is now called "small-town" fiction by saying: "A few years before, it would have expired at birth even had a publisher been smug enough to offer it to a smug contented world. But," she goes on to assert, "affected nerves and pockets of the commonwealth," and an "irritable reaction knocked romance, optimism, aspiration, idealism, and the sane balanced judgment of life to smithereens." In this way she accounts for its creation,

and its acceptance by publishers and a reading public. For during the contentions that waged over the merits and demerits of this small-town fiction, the reading public was egged on by curiosity to see the fire that was producing so much smoke.

Also in "The Shaft in the Sky," by John Temple Graves, Jr., a trend away from sordid realism is plainly noticed. Graves has Sturtevant, the protagonist, reply to Bernard Shaw's question—"How does one know what is ugly and what is not?" by the answer—"I don't know how I know what is ugly and what is beautiful, but all your cleverness can't dodge the fact that I *do* know." We arrive at this conclusion, Graves says, by "no reasoning process . . . but through a medium of a certain quality in nature. A sixth sense . . . there *was* a faculty in the human makeup that gave power of discrimination."

Here one is reminded that though Booth Tarkington asserts himself to be a realist, he avoids "mentioning the spittoon". Tarkington does not write soot. He does not depend upon the portrayal of sensuous situations or sordid emotions for his interest. He does not, because, as he says: "I don't think that way."

In almost all this recent fiction we are startled by a breaking down of creeds in the use of the parts of speech. Corra Harris has one of her characters, an esthetic when it comes to literary composition, say: "There is no such thing as a pure literary style to-day. It is a jugglery of words, clever or worse. They are made to caper, prance, and toddle in imitation of us . . . There are no more passive verbs. DeQuincy would be as dumb as an oyster if he lived now! There are no more good little adjectives that kneel meekly behind steady old nouns because there are none. A noun knoweth not the day nor the hour when some enterprising author will throttle him down into a hard-working verb. All parts of speech have lost their



dignity and proper place in the sentence." The modern pseudo-intellectual believes, it seems, that parts of speech like the Sabbath were made for man and not man for parts of speech.

But I forget. I am to review a few of the most important and latest novels of the year. I find that all five of the books I have chosen are clean books. Thus we are not to look "Down the Chimney of Sooty Fiction"—a heading "The New York Times Book Review" gave to one of its late articles—but we are to look "Up the Chimney of Clean Fiction." All these books are worth-while, each for its own particular *raison d'être*.

The author's *raison d'être* for "Black Oxen" is to project upon the screen the novel situation of a woman of sixty years—Marie Zattiany—being rejuvenated by modern science so successfully that a man of thirty-four falls desperately, and surprisingly to himself, in love with her. The preliminary suspense in the plot, if it can be said that the book has a plot, centers around this beautiful and young Austrian countess who reminds old New Yorkers of their old time friend Mary Ogden. For a time she thwarts their suspicions of her, but finally she acknowledges that she is really Mary Ogden done over. The remainder of the book carries a sharp suspense in one's desire to see how Lee Clavering, the hero, will react when the Countess reveals to him her secret. Suspense is held further in the desire to know their differences in age, in experiences, and in viewpoints of life will assimilate should they marry.

Gertrude Atherton grasps every opportunity in this book to reflect her well thought-out opinions on the discordant features of our present day unrest. At times these observations may seem no condiment in the story. However, they do not become monotonous because she fits them into the conversation of the characters. So this Countess, a woman of the European diplomatic world, discusses with interest weighty world problems—Prussian Boshevism, Austro-Hungary and her hopes and ambitions before the war and after, society—and many phases of civilization.

The Countess deplors the lack of conversational powers in the American society woman. She declares, "One gets rather tired in New York of the unfinished sentence." And again, "It is seldom one has anything like real conversation. One has to go for that to those of our older women who have given up society to cultivate the intellects God gave them."

A delightfully drawn character is Gora Dwight, no "flapper author", but she is one who knew enough to write the "small-town" fiction so successfully that she became noted. Through her Gertrude Atherton airs her own views about modern vogue and the "sophisticats".

It is not every author who can write an interesting book with hardly a thread of a plot. However, that is what Gertrude Atherton has done in "Black Oxen".

"The shaft in the Sky" by John Temple Graves Jr., is

well written, well thought-out, and pleasing to read. The descriptions are not without vital coloring. The situations are commanding at times, the observations of life are interesting, and the portrayal of Washington political life, which the author seems to know well, very convincing. But here again is a lack of plot. One thinks of Graves as an essayist. He apparently has followed the advice which has given to George Elliot, a natural born essayist but no novelist, to "put over" her ideas to the public in the form of the novel.

The pith of the story is contained in the publisher's "blurb". "Mistaking in herself wounded vanity for implacable hate Alice Deering maneuvers unscrupulously against the destiny of the man who loves her. Not until the instant of her triumph when she sees him politically adrift, spiritually derelict, does she know herself." And in conclusion the "blurb" says, "It is distinctly and with distinction a story of Washington with its background of social intrigue and feminine influence."

Graves is strongest in his ability to point out the differences in the characteristics of his characters. For Instance he says, "To Senator Calhoun an audience was a woman to be lured with soft speech; to Hugh it was a supernaturally dreadful specter which might, with luck, dissolve itself into a charitable confusion. But to Sturtevant [the protagonist] it was an adversary to be skillfully approached, diplomatically disarmed, stuck in its weak spots, conquered . . . ." And then again, "Strong men like Gilchrist Sturtevant create their environment or go down in the attempt, able philosophic men like Hugh Cothran exploit their environment or ignore them. Arthur could neither create nor exploit; he could only reflect."

Unless you belong to that part of the world which "loves a lover", don't read "The Dim Lantern". It deals with lovers, flaunts their idealisms in your face, and has no apologies to make for it. The publishers announce that it is a marvelous love story—but that it is more than that—it is a drama of today which gives a true picture of those people who abuse the possession of wealth by pursuing pleasures alone."

Jane Barnes has her two lovers—one Evans Follette, crippled in spirit and body by the war, a boy lover before the war still has his same longings despite his handicaps. The other is Frederick Towne, rich, and influential. The former idealizes Jane as a lantern shining dimly through the mists that surround him, and though dim, his only beacon to guide and inspire him to break the shackles of war psychosis.

The latter would snatch her as he would a precious jewel to adorn his luxurious home and his prominence. Which of the two she shall choose creates the chief interest in the book.

There are two other sets of lovers, the troubled waters of whose wooing add spice and flavor to the book. The reader is pleased also with the author's treatment of the comradeship between Jane and her brother Baldwin.

But the real thorn in the flesh of the "high-brow" is Harold Bell Wright's "The Mine with the Iron Door". We laugh when we read the reviews of this work. It is impossible not to detect a condescending and patronizing tone assumed in them and not to smile at their patented and ironic endings: "But for anyone who likes that kind of a book it is very enjoyable." Wright is an excellent company. Scott is not good literature either, you know!

A very fair criticism of Mr. Wright's style recently appeared in "The New York Times Book Review" in which his short comings were pointed out. However, the critique went on to say that he is the world's most popular novelist; that his books reach the heart of men; that the larger part of humanity is touched sooner by the heart than by the mind, and that any one of his critics would be glad to change places with him.

It was Mary Roberts Rhinehart who said she would rather reach her audiences through the medium of their hearts than through their brains. This is the type of book that one finds "The Mine with the Iron Door" to be. It is a book that appeals to ones' emotions and delight for adventure. Mr. Wright disturbs the reader at first with a tale of strife and longing, but finally satisfies him with a happy ending.

The scene is laid in the Catalina mountains of Arizona. The author knows these mountains, and his descriptions of them are vivid. His character drawing of the two "old pards", seekers for gold in the Catalinas, is the cleverest bit of work in the book.

They create themselves as the story progresses by their quaint sayings. Bob, one of the "pardners", paraphrasing the scriptures says: "Says He, The Lord, to one bunch, 'When I was dead broke an' hungry an' thirsty an' all petered out, you ornary skunks wouldn't turn a hand to give me a lift an' so you don't need to figger that you're goin' to git in on the ground floor with me, now that I've struck pay dirt' and then to the other bunch he says, 'you're all right pardners; come on in and make your pile along with me 'cause 'I aint forgot how when I was a stranger you took me in. You grub-staked me when I was down and out, an' for that all I've got now is your'n."

The other characters do not stand out so boldly by what they say as by what is said about them. Marta, the adopted daughter of these two old prospectors, is the heroine and it is around her and her two lovers that the plot centers. One is a saintly man called Saint Jimmy, and the other is a supposedly escaped convict. However it would be relating too much to tell which one gains the hand of Marta.

Natachee, an educated Indian who has returned to the life of his fathers, gives the author the opportunity to inject a little mystery in the plot, and to express his opinions on the past inexcusable treatment of the Indian by the United States Government.

Corra Harris in "A Daughter of Adam" is as usual the facetious and philosophizing author. Nor does one grow

tired of her philosophy. She knows too well the trick of a novelist to impose her views, as author, upon her reader. She has the heroine tell her own story, and her bits of philosophy, deductive and observative, give one a clear vision of Nancy McPherson, red-haired and determined. The "Blurb" says, "The story is of the inheritance, spiritual as well as physical of the Land.

"When her father poured the contempt on her youthful ambitions, Nancy quitted home for New York, where she made a name and a good deal of money, and acquired a lover in Oliver Winchell. Then came the imperative summons to Redfields where her father was fighting his last fight, where Black Manson towered over the McPherson inheritance, and where the land with its wealth and silence laid hold of Nancy's imagination and heart." The story is of her struggles to keep the McPherson lands. The commanding interest is in Nancy's relations with Black Manson, a man of strong robust personality, spiritually and physically, and who is her father's self-proclaimed enemy. Will his magnetism which has overpowered other women draw Nancy or will she remain true to her city lover? One finds interest also in the way in which she is going to manage to pay off the debt her father owes.

Corra Harris speaks the feminine mind knowingly. For example, "But I know of nothing more fearsome than the trivial things upon which the lives of women turn, not upon what they do or think—" "We do not know how vain we are until our vanity has been wounded." "I distinctly remember making up my mind there behind his (Black Manson's) magnificent back never to marry him . . . It is not necessary to propose marriage in order to be rejected by a woman. She can do it with every kind of satisfaction, even if you scarcely know her and never entertained the remotest idea of flattering her with your attentions."

Also the author depicts well the burden's of the farmers. She says, "They are simple men, not chosen but born 'to the land'. Priesthood of the land, created during the first seven days. Their altars are the fields, and you will know them for priests of the land by their dusty garments and bowed shoulders as if with their very bodies they said, 'Thy will be done'."

Through these five books one notices lofty ideals proclaimed, and optimism prevailing in sharp contrast to the pessimism and sordidness of so many novels of the "young intellectuals". Mildred Wasson referring to these "radical books in a revealing review says that religion does not figure in them, and that she has found "no evidence of faith, turning a man from evil toward good—no instance where a character clung to the Rock of Ages."

This may be so. But Miss Wasson need not despair. For human destiny is really moulded only by what is good, what is beautiful, what is lofty, and what is true. And always there will be a class of fiction revealing as do the five books above these good things, and through it man will be brought very near to God.



# Student Government at Carolina Since the War

BY DEAN FRANCIS BRADSHAW

Begining back in the dim recesses of the prehistoric age of the campus, within the literary societies, student government at Carolina first became concrete in its present form in the 1880's with a mass meeting which pledged itself collectively and individually not to cheat on examinations and to report to the faculty any student who did cheat. In return for this pledge the students were given freedom from surveillance.

The next step in the development was the petition of another mass meeting, which complained of the embarrassment of reporting a fellow student to the faculty and asked for a student court before which charges could be laid. The court created and called them, then as now, the Student Council. Beginning with this sole function of trying cheating cases reported by students gradually expanded its jurisdiction, first, in 1909 by taking cognizance of drinking cases (State-wide prohibition was enacted in 1904), and since Rand, of the Class of 1916, was killed in 1912, the Student Council has acted against hazing. (The State Legislature had outlawed hazing that same year).

This widening of jurisdiction accomplished in an era of increasing order on the campus and produced increasing confidence, until campus government reached by 1918 that happy state where action was unusual and government was largely by tradition. For instance, in 1915-16, the Council met about twice. Conditions on the campus were really very good. This growth in effectiveness and student confidence carried with it, as a natural result, a greater faculty confidence.

When the Student Council was first organized, its decisions were subject to being over-ruled by the faculty, and a culprit who felt that he had been given too severe punishment could appeal to the faculty. Then under president Graham, it was University policy to consider the actions of the Student Council as final. It is needless to point out that this confidence came as a reward for successful activity. In another way, too, student government was strengthening its hold upon University officials.

At first the council was created as a court to which students might carry their cases, and a definite policy was laid down that cases originating with the faculty should be reported to the faculty Executive Committee, and these originating with students should be reported to the Student Council. With its gradual increase in prestige, the Council so commended itself to various members of the faculty that it became by no means, unusual for cases, especially of cheating, to be reported by faculty members to the Student Council.

In 1918, the war, the installation of the S. A. T. C. on the campus, and the military rule and spirit broke

the tradition of self-government. In 1919, when the University re-assembled on a peace time basis there were among the upperclassmen a few who had been underclassmen in the old days, who longed for things which were gone. They made a gallant effort to re-establish the student council and its authority over student life. In the face of two very trying groups of people—the one men who had never known of student government and doubted its ability to work for that reason; and of the older men who, coming back from the war, saw all the campus institutions and personalities as vastly smaller than they remembered them to be before, and they treated them, accordingly, with cynical contempt. With this break in tradition, and lack of student confidence in student government, there came at the same time the nation-wide increase in drinking, the advent of the military custom of dumping and the world-wide opposition of youth to law or authority.

It was but natural that student government should have to make a fight to live under such conditions. By this time there were a large number of men in the University faculty who were unfamiliar with student government and could only judge it by what they saw here at that time.

The Student Council of 1919-20, and their immediate successors, faced an enormous task unsustained by student or faculty confidences. It was a common phase at that time to hear the statement that the honor system was failing and that the Carolina spirit was dead. What this statement really indicated was that many people had failed to distinguish between the honor system and student government, which latter was, undoubtedly, fighting for its life against heavy odds, but the honor system itself was still in control of every classroom on the University campus and cheating was still rare, and the Carolina spirit was not dead, but those who should have been the natural leaders of the campus. The older men who had been here before the war had had the common experience of finding home institutions and home personalities smaller than they had appeared in their youth. The only thing thing needed to complicate that sort of situation was political partisanship and distrust, and these were present. I have never seen politics more bitter and accusations more sweeping than those which featured the annual elections on this campus for two years.

Drinking went into politics and some Council members were elected on wet tickets. Then the friends of student government wondered why there was so much inaction in cases of this sort. As if to add the final straw, some of the more radical of the student leaders chose this time of the Council's most ineffective activity, and of the faculty's



greatest skepticism to call for the abolition of the faculty Executive Committee and the complete withdrawal of the faculty from the student government. It is greatly wondered at that out of this sort of condition student government has emerged practically triumphant. It has been due to the vitality of a campus tradition, which inspired so many men with the desire to exercise the function of self-government. Then those members of the faculty who remembered with pleasure and longing the time when a government of this campus was not at all a problem, held to their faith in the ability of the students to re-establish this condition and trusted a Council, in spite of their knowledge of its weakness.

Not only has the Council largely regained the confidence of the student body, but it has extended again its jurisdiction. Taking cognizance of all matters which were opposed to the interest of good campus citizenship, even those these things were not expressly forbidden; rushing the high school athletics, campus rushing, the pickwick, rowdyism in the Carr Building—these are some of the things on which the Council took action that had never concerned a previous student government.

I believe that the campus as a whole has confidence in its ability to work out finally its own salvation. I believe that on the whole, the faculty has confidence in the Council's willingness and ability to act in cases of dishonesty and general campus disorder. I do not believe that either campus or faculty is convinced that student government, as represented by the student council, can meet the drinking situation. It remains a problem which is shared by all governing agencies or America.

One of the most encouraging facts about this year is the absence of factional spirit and the general confidence which all students have in the student officers which were finally elected, and I believe that the students are expecting next year's Council to broaden its powers and entrench its authority.

The student council at this University occupies a peculiar position in comparison with similar organizations in other colleges. Its jurisdiction established like the British Constitution by precedent rather than by written grant of authority, covers cheating, stealing, drinking, gambling, immorality, and rowdyism. It has actually taken action in the course of its development on every one of these things.

So far as I know, no Council, with the possible exception of Washington and Lee, covers such a territory. In effect, if not so recognized by law, the decisions of the Council are final. This is not true anywhere in the country to my knowledge, except at Princeton, where student government has been established longer than here, and it has been true at Princeton only within the last three years. At the same time, student government at this institution is without definite faculty recognition in that most faculty members do not carry cases to the Council. At some other institutions which have had student govern-

ment for a much shorter time, such as V. P. I., for instance, all cases of cheating are referred to the student council and may be over-ruled by the faculty.

This brief comparison will show that in general the University of North Carolina occupies a most advanced position in regard to the authority of student government. I doubt if any close student would question its practicability now. It has probably taken again its old place in the tradition of the campus. It has problems which it must solve, and solve soon, but it occupies a position which gives hope and basis for progress.

A report prepared some years ago by the United States Bureau of Education, based on a complete survey of student government in the United States, come to the conclusion that there are two fundamentals of success the first in order of both time and importance, is the student initiative; the second is faculty confidence. I suspect that these two are related as cause and effect.

The faculty of the University can never and will never relinquish its responsibility with which it is charged by the State, the Trustess, and the parents for supervising the conduct of a body of young men, over 30 percent of whom are eighteen years old and away from home for the first time in their lives. The legal right of government of the University rests first in the State, then the Trustees, then the faculty, and then the administration. This derivation of authority is unalterable. However, the faculty is undoubtedly willing and anxious that the students themselves, under the leadership of responsible upper classmen, shall develop through exercise their power of self-government, and should prepare themselves in the finest school of political and state-craft experience for the moral and political leadership which they must exercise if the University prepares them for their life out in the State. The faculty will never and ought never sit supinely by and see student life go to pieces, through student inaction, but they ought to, and will, sustain the Council in all the authority which it needs for the purpose of action. The only thing which can never build any government, student or otherwise, is the public confidence that follows upon wise action—the wise action must come before confidence. Authority can not be conferred until it has been exercised. For misunderstand the origin and nature of student government and to confess weakness. Student initiative first, faculty confidence, second.

Those friends of student government who sought to enjoy and magnify it by requests for the abolition of the the students to look to the faculty for authority is to faculty executive committee, had the cart before the horse.

This next year's Council, with the unusual unanimity of student vote behind President Allsbrook, has a chance to make history, if it will step out into the life of the campus and act; if it will grapple fearlessly and earnestly with those things on the campus which are familiar to us all, and which must be fought if life at Carolina is to re-

main sound, the year 1923-24 will go down in the annals of the campus as one in which the authority of the Student Council increased; and there is no one connected with the University who will begrudge or deny the Council its earned and exercised power, and may we soon cease to

look back in matters of student conduct and government to the good times "before the war", and look forward to the future, confident that better days are yet ahead to be brought to pass by student leadership, which is sure of its ground and unafraid to act.

## After Four Years Spent in Joining University Organizations, a Former Golden Fleece Man Asks: What's It All About?

What's it all about?

I sat on the post office steps and glanced down at the screaming colors that adorned my vest as I meditated on that question. I had reached the pinnacle of glory. I had made my final achievement. The little mystic pin that held on the brilliant colors signified my initiation into the last organization I would ever join at Carolina. There were only three more days before I graduated—three days before I would make my exit from the college joining world, and I had joined my last—my last and my tenth organization on the Carolina campus. And so I meditated—What's it all about?

It was late at night as I sat there on the old post office steps, absorbed in thought. I had just completed the initiation by bidding my newest set of dear damn brothers good night, had felt that inevitable momentary thrill as they pinned the colors on my vest, and showered upon me their congratulations. But now I was suffering the reaction. I had been through the mill too often. Practically the same mystic Greek words, almost identically the same handshake, had been given to me too many times. I had joined ten organizations since entering the University. So many of them were repetitions and duplicates of the others. After all, I mused, was it worth while?

There was some satisfaction in my feeling that I had been a big man at Carolina. I had been honored with just about everything that a man could be honored with, especially in the way of organizations. I glanced down at my decorated vest and counted pins that had seemed to put me in this artificial glory. I then reviewed my attainments in the joining line and it seemed that I had certainly belonged to my share of Carolina organizations. I was a member of all the principal social organizations and of several of the most important honorary and professional clubs. Something in me insisted that there was something wrong somewhere, that after all I was neither a king nor a prince, that after all is said and done, I had proved myself to be nothing less than a poor fish, a cedar-bird.

I walked down to old Gooch's that night, after long meditating on the subject on the post office steps, and as usual the regular night owls were lounging about the interior of the cafe. I noticed that nearly every boy there was adorned with one or more pins, and some had several

across their shirts or vests, even as I. The question again arose in my mind, and stared me grimly in the face: What's it all about?

Does the Carolina man love to join? Is he a fetish worshipper? Does he have a tendency to want to belong to everything in sight, and does he feel left in the cold when he is not a member? Does it become a sort of second nature to the average Carolina man to wish to fraternize, to group, to organize? All of these questions were instantly decided by me in favor of the affirmative. The average Carolina man likes to join. He revels in pins and Greek letters, in ceremonies and rituals, in secret grips and pass words. Ribbons are magnetic to the average student, and he loves to be known as a member, a selected man of almost any society or organization.

On the Carolina campus there are nearly two hundred organizations. They cover almost every field of possible organization. Some are social, some are professional, some are scholastic, some are honorary. Many have no stated purpose, no purpose except understood, taken-for-granted friendship, organization. Many more than that have the same ideals, the same purposes, the same aims. And many, many more than that have purposes which are vague and indefinite. Many start off with a certain aim but fail utterly to carry out that aim. Very few have lofty and needful purposes and carry them out without earnestness and enthusiasm, and with completeness.

This is a confession story. I have been through the mill, and I know what I am talking about, and I want to make myself clear so that one wishing to take a fool's advice may do so, and be thankful for it later. You have heard of my achievements. I have been what is known as a big man at the University. I am proud of my record in many ways, and yet I see where I have fallen down in many others. I have allowed a tendency to make me perform many mistakes, and I want to set down these few words in order that they may save some others from making the same mistakes.

When I came up here I caught the organization fever. I started off lightly, but when I became better known and began to accomplish a few little things in the way of athletics and society work and literary endeavors, the organizations began to call for me. I reveled in my sudden



popularity, and I joined, as I said before, everything that I was invited to join. Little did I consider the expenses of membership, nor did I consider whether I needed the organization or whether it needed me, or whether they were organizations rendering good, with high purposes and the active interest to carry out those purposes. By the time of my last initiation, at the end of my senior year, I had become mixed up with so many groups and orders that I had no time for anything else, and I hardly knew what boys I should make my closest friends. None of the secret grips could be distinguished by me on the instant, so many had I learned.

There are too many dead letter organizations on the Carolina campus, too many organizations in force just for the sake of organization. I am not agitating for a movement against these in the way of throwing anybody out, or anything like that. The dead clubs will die on their own lack of interest, but I am writing to advise against a perpetuation of such tradition, and the contin-

uation of organizing without sufficient purposes to warrant organizing. And I am writing to advise prospective candidates to weigh carefully every invitation offered them, and to accept only those which after a long and careful consideration would seem to offer them advantages enough to warrant acceptance.

Don't join any and everything. Be sure that you will be better off or that you can help put across something of value before you accept any invitation. Weigh what the organization has to offer you.

If the undergraduates will learn this lesson the organizations which are not needed on the campus will die off quickly, naturally, and of their own accord. It is a lesson well worth heeding, and a lesson that one will not regret that he has learned. Then when he finishes his senior year he will not be forced to look down on a vest with a row of pins, some of which indicate nothing, and sigh miserably:

"What's it all about?"

## Mr. and Mrs. "Hap" Hazard

[Continued from page 11]

"But the gloves, 'Hap'?"

"Oh, yes, the gloves. She left them in the car, and I didn't find them until I reached home. I was just too tired to go back, so I brought them in the house to carry to Andy's office in the morning. They haven't been married but a week, you know, and she has been going up there quite often today which is the first day he's been there."

By this time Helen was nearly ready for bed. What a glorious, wonderful, grand feeling it was to have your own husband in your own Love Bower. She was just about to cut off the light when she remembered the 'phone call she had made that afternoon.

"Hap!" she begged querulously, "whose woman's voice was that I heard when I was talking to you this afternoon?"

"Woman's voice? I don't know what you are talking about."

Helen's ears became very much alive again. Was there some deception after all? She paled slightly again. Yes—a woman's voice, and then, I heard you say 'For God's sake, keep quiet, I'm talking to my wife'."

"Why are you asking me so many foolish questions, Helen? I was only talking to my office boy. And he being young has a very girlish voice."

And then Helen turned out the light.

## CURTAIN

What cares the crowd if Harlequin sobs  
After the curain is down?

What cares the crowd if Columbine sighs  
That her lover is only a clown?

Harlequin, get back to thy garret;  
Columbine, walk ye the street.

The lights are out and the play is done,  
It's reality now that you meet.

*Spencer Gilliam.*

## DREAM SPIRITS

When nature waves her poppied wand,  
And sunbeams haste to cover,  
So children hie to slumber beds  
And lover flies to lover.

'Tis then my limbs relax to rest,  
When lo! my thoughts, unfettered,  
Shake off their dusty mortal chains  
For regions yet unlettered;

They hide and seek among the stars  
That tremble at their boldness;  
And cradle in the crescent moon,  
They wonder at her coldness.

But back to earth, and breathless all,  
They flee from demons chasing—  
The vision shifts and next across,  
The Milky Way they're racing.

They pause to rest their fragile wings  
On Cleopatra's bowers—  
Then swiftly back to help me dream  
Away dawnthe ing hours.

*A. R. Whitehurst.*



For the Particular Benefit of Freshmen and Newcomers  
Unfamiliar with the Situation. *Henry D. Duls* has Written

## About Co-eds

One of the most serious problems to be decided on the campus today is: Who are the co-eds anyway? After a session of summer school, we are convinced that women are supreme and therefore, the boys must be the co-eds.

But last winter we met an entirely different situation, *The Tar-Heel*, being controlled by a bunch of the illiterati, got naughty and in an extra edition attempted to instruct the honorable trustees as to the inadvisability of co-education. This was followed by a straw vote of the students, which proved to be straw by its results. "Out with the co-eds," said the ballots. "No women for Carolina. This is a male paradise."

There seemed to be some difference of opinion on this point, however. Discussion was aroused throughout the State and the campus fairly buzzed with excitement. The co-eds themselves took the ground that the present facilities for women were inadequate and they needed a new building. They had to admit that there was space enough in the two so-called dormitories, namely Russell Inn and Roberson House, to handle all the women then on the Hill with the assistance of private homes. So they were asked to specify just what facility was inadequate. It finally came out that the inadequate facility was a bath tub. There was only one for all the co-eds on the Hill last year. As a campus wit remarked: "What the co-eds want is not another building but another bath tub."

President Chase, speaking for the official University in chapel one morning, outlined the policy which the University "has now and has always had" with regard to women. "The University is not strictly speaking a co-educational institution," he said. "As long as North Carolina has an A-class College for Women, as the one in Greensboro, there is no good reason why the University should admit women unrestrictedly. There are only two conditions under which women are admitted. First, it is the undoubted privilege of women to enter the graduate and professional schools of the University since the work

given there cannot be obtained anywhere else in the state. Second, after having had the first two years of college work in some other institution, women may enter the junior and senior classes of the undergraduate University to take advantage of superior advanced training offered here.

"The only exception to the above ruling is for women who live in town. They may enter any class or school, which is only fair."

Following this, press comment began throughout the state and the *Tar Heel* entered into a sort of mudslinging contest with the *News and Observer*. The *Observer* won out, though, as the decision of the University trustees showed. They appropriated \$100,000 for a woman's building and even went so far as to locate that building on the lot just east of the Episcopal church. Thus they ended, or at least established an armistice to a war which has raged since 1892 when the first co-ed invaded the campus.

But what next? The first brick laid in the new building will be the first shot fired in the renewal of the war. In the meanwhile, the co-eds on the campus have taken steps to entrench themselves firmly by various means, one of which is the establishment of sororities. A local sorority was established which drew up regalia and paraphernalia and patiently awaited permission from University authorities to petition a national Greek-letter organization. Meanwhile a chapter of a national sorority was installed by another group of the co-eds without permission. This caused a split in the ranks of the fair army and a young Civil War ensued among faculty wives and co-eds. The official university, being composed of mere mortal men, very prudently kept out of the controversy and simply granted permission to the local to petition.

Such was the Armistice of 1923, though between whom and because of what, we do not know.

---

## TRIOLOGY

New York. The city of in and out.  
 Cosmos.  
 Eight million faces.  
 Everything written on faces.  
 Things to be painted and kept  
 In great galleries,  
 In musty attics,  
 In hearts.  
 Things to crase  
 From the faces  
 And from memories.  
 Things one wishes that one had never seen.  
 Great ships from nowhere,  
 Swift, mysterious.  
 Cargoes dissolved into the  
 Conglomerate of New York.

Chicago. City of meat.  
 City of gristle and bone.  
 No one should starve  
 In Chicago;  
 But the waters of Michigan cover more than  
 Sand.  
 Roar of prairie touched winds.  
 Clash of steel.  
 Girder and beam  
 Hide mother and children.  
 Chicago nights are cold.  
 The sun is not always warm  
 Except on the Boulevard.  
 There are places there it cannot reach.  
 Down at the water-front  
 When the sun is hot  
 The lake whispers of  
 Cold secrets.

Boston. City of teacups.  
 A shabby old man with fine eyes  
 And a soft voice  
 Drank from a paper thin cup of finest china.  
 The handle was broken.  
 A beggar accepted pennies and said,  
 "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world".  
 A cold old lady died:  
 A cold doctor said "Lack of nutrition".  
 The old lady would not sell her folios.  
 Motionless almost.  
 Echoes, echoes,  
 Echoes in learned polysyllables. *Spenser Gilliam.*

## THE PIRATE'S SONG

I'm a silly sailor and I sing a silly song,  
 For tonight the moon is shining, and the wine is in the  
 air,  
 Oh, the Captain's mate is dippy and he howls in accents  
 long  
 For tonight blue waves are lapping, and the wine is  
 cold and clear.  
 My tho'ts are bound to wander, like lazy louts away,,  
 To the treasure that I've hidden, or my town upon  
 the quay;  
 How should I spend my treasure? Should I give it all away  
 Or should I buy a power boat, like that demon on the  
 way?  
 Perhaps I'll build a castle—or perhaps I'll build a town—  
 Full of silver lights a-glitter, and palm trees all around,  
 With fair maidens like the moonbeams, and gallants  
 like the clouds,  
 And the throb of hidden music, and the meery hum of  
 crowds.  
 Or perhaps I'll keep it hidden on an island 'neath a palm,  
 For 'twas surely fun to steal it, and to keep it can't  
 be harm.  
 I'm young and strong, and Captain; and my men are  
 true as gold.  
 (All except my cursed shadow, and I've thrown him  
 in the hold.)  
 Oh, I'll keep the waves still by me, and I'll live in a  
 rocking yawl,  
 I'll taste the brine of salty wine, and fight like a bloody  
 squall.  
 I'll be the red of the dreaded sea, me and my howling  
 mates.  
 The sea'll be dreaded because of me, and, 'o course  
 my silly mate.  
 I'm a pirate and I'm happy, and it helps my craft along;  
 Perhaps I'm loony, simply mooney, 'bout a pale and  
 silver moon,  
 But, anyhow, I'm Captain, and I'll steer my craft with  
 song,  
 'Bout the wine, the sea, the starlight; and, also, 'bout  
 the moon.



## THE DAVIE POPLAR

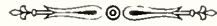
Amid the campus venerable  
 The ancient landmark stands,  
 And holds aloft to Lord of earth  
 An ivy-covered hand.  
 The branches—gnarled fingers—make  
 Their mute appeal to god,  
 Who sends the sunshine and the rain  
 To feed the learned sod.  
 For generations go and come  
 Beneath the aged tree,  
 While blessings from its spreading hand  
 Are loaned to you and me. *A. R. Whitehurst.*

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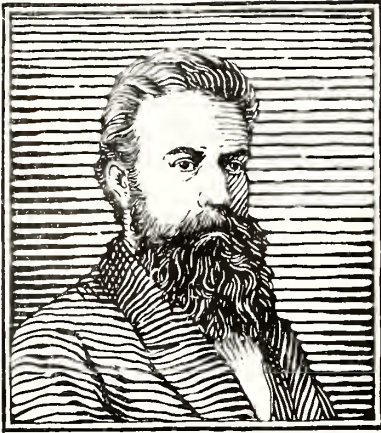


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WILLIAM KONRAD ROENTGEN  
1845-1923

Born in Lennep, Prussia. Educated at Zurich. Awarded the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society in 1896 jointly with Philip Lenard for discovery of X-rays. Won the Nobel Prize in physics in 1901.

## “I did not think— I investigated”

One day in 1895, Roentgen noticed that a cardboard coated with fluorescent material glowed while a nearby Pluecker tube was in action. “What did you think?” an English scientist asked him. “I did not think; I investigated,” was the reply.

Roentgen covered the tube with black paper. Still the cardboard glowed. He took photographs through a pine door and discovered on them a white band corresponding to the lead beading on the door. His investigation led to the discovery of X-rays.

Roentgen's rays have proved an inestimable boon to humanity. In the hands of doctor and surgeon they are saving life and reducing suffering. In the hands of the scientist they are yielding new knowledge—even of the arrangement and structure of atoms. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have contributed greatly to these ends by developing more powerful and efficacious X-ray tubes.



The General Electric Company manufactures everything electric—from fans to powerful locomotives, from tiny lamps to mighty power plants. Its products are used around the world.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor. Published by the  
Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina

Old Series Vol. 54

Number 2

New Series Vol. 41

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Articles in the MAGAZINE are not necessarily the opinion of the editor of the publication.

Address all communications to the *Editor* or *Business Manager*, CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1923.

# *The Dawn of a New Day*

AS WE SIT, pen in hand, to write these opening lines for the second issue of *The Magazine*, dozens of subjects have slowly crept into our mind as a possible "best seller" for this page. Some of these subjects were discarded immediately; others were weighed but slightly. We have narrowed the host of ideas down to one. Frankly, it is an age-old subject. Yet, for the best interests of the University, it is today an epochal one; one which has dwelled upon the lips and minds of campus leaders since the beginning of this scholastic year; one which has taken root in the minds of executives and faculty alike; and one which will soon mark the salvation or the downfall of an impending order which will possibly contribute more to the upbuilding of the University than any other one intangible thing. We refer to that thing known as "The Carolina Spirit."

Some of you gentlemen of the aristocracy (if it is not beneath your dignity to read these pages); some of you who delight in thinking yourselves reserved and who think that a burst of enthusiasm is beneath your station; some of you sophomore snobs and all-to-dignified seniors smiled in derision as you read those last three words in the above paragraph. Some of you may even have laughed outright. You will say, "Why the Carolina spirit is dead." Yes; just so long as you think so, it is true. But on the other hand, you gentlemen who even occasionally have a serious thought, who have the welfare and interests of the University at heart, you who love the University and make no apologies for it will stop. You will agree that the time has come to speak of such. You will say, "No, it is not dead."

One of the great faults with the existing circumstances, we believe, lies in the fact that we really think our school spirit dead. It has long been considered so. During the year 1920-21 a group of students in an attempt to do something funny held a mock funeral, and buried what they called the Carolina Spirit in front of the Library, under the shade of a young oak. They were acting in accord with what they thought to be existing circumstances. Perhaps the act in their minds was justifiable, but it was a poor joke. You seldom hear one maintain that there is such a thing in existence here. Possibly not, to your way of thinking. We cast the issue aside with the statement that has almost become a part of us, "We have grown to such a size that it is impossible to gain that old feeling of intimacy; hence, there can be no great amount of spirit."

In several meetings of interested and highly representative groups during the past six weeks this very condition has been discussed at great length and from every angle. The concensus of opinion does not agree with the view-point of that take-it-for-granted group to which we have referred repeatedly. After hearing and taking part in these discussions we deny that the spirit of the University is dead. It is not. We believe the Carolina spirit is dormant. It lies couched in every individual here. Deep down in us we feel the thing, and an athletic contest is not required to bring it out. None of us ever fail to defend the University when it is the subject of attack. That is a manifestation of it. We support our teams with our presence. That, too, is a manifestation of it. True, cheering is perhaps the best expression of such, and here is perhaps our weakest point.

We repeat our conviction that the Carolina spirit is here. It has been asleep. Now is the time to awaken it. A small group working with this as its goal can accomplish wonders, but a spirit of co-operation must be aroused if the goal is to be reached. What the student body needs is a leader, and it has needed one for the past year and a half.

Perhaps the logical man for this position should be the cheer-leader. He is perhaps in the public eye more than any other single individual. His opportunities to arouse a fighting spirit are four-fold that of any other student. But for him to do so he must be a man, not a clown; he must be admired, respected, one whom we can look upon as a man we are proud to follow. He must have vivacity, a winning personality, poise, be something of an acrobat, and he must be above reproach so far as it is possible for a human to be so. Such a bill will be hard to fill, but it has been done and can be done again. And then we need more than three men to lead us.

We headed this article "The Dawn of a New Day." We believe it a fitting one. The possibility of a new day dawning upon the campus in so far as college spirit is concerned is bright. It is as if the sun of willingness has been hid for a few years behind clouds of timidity, unwillingness, insufficient respect, and maybe sheer laziness; and now, as if by some unknown force, the clouds are thinning, and there is the possibility of the sun's breaking through, flooding the campus with the light of college spirit, and marking the rebirth of a day unknown to us. Spirit is here. Shall it come to the surface?





# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

November, 1923



In Her Comedy of the Old South MISS LUCY M. COBB  
takes a Delightful Character and His Son

## *Gaius and Gaius Jr.\**

Both of whom are graduates of the University, and  
develops a comedy that will highly amuse you

"The Chief character in the play, Mr. Gaius Mayfield, is drawn from life, from descriptions of him given by friends and relatives. He is self-willed, hot tempered, dictatorial and very proud. However only two incidents are true to fact: that of the town incorporating against his hauling on Sunday, and his fear of dying when he got sick." The comedy is to be presented along with two others at the regular November Carolina Playmakers' production.—Editor.

THE TIME: *The fall of 1859.*

### THE CHARACTERS

MR. GAIUS MAYFIELD  
MRS. MAYFIELD  
GAIUS MAYFIELD, JR.  
DR. FOSTER  
BENJAMIN, *a colored boy*  
TOM, *an old colored man*  
LIZ, *a colored maid*

THE SETTING: *The scene is the sitting room adjoining the bedroom of the old Mayfield home at Demopolis, N. C. The windows are draped with lace curtains over which are cornices of gilt. A mahogany sewing table, mahogany chairs upholstered in horsehair, a round table with marble top furnished in good taste a room of ante-bellum days. At the rear in the centre is a door leading into Gaius Mayfield's bed room. On the right is a fireplace with bookcases. On the left at the back is a whatnot, by a window; in front of this a door leading into the hall. In the center of the room newspapers and books are piled on the marble-topped table; a large arm chair is before the fireplace. There is also a small serving table with a small rocking chair near it. A steel engraving of the signing of the Declaration of Independence hangs over the mantelpiece on which is a key basket, and a row of medicine bottles, two medicine glasses, two spoons and two white candles in small plain candlesticks. A small glass pitcher half-full of water is beside the bottles.*

*When the curtain rises it is evening, soon after tea; and Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield are discovered in the sitting room. She is sewing, sitting in the small rocking chair by the sew-*

*ing table. He sits in the large arm chair near the table on which is a lamp hung with glass pendants. He is reading an Atlanta paper, now and then putting it down and glaring over it through black-rimmed glasses at his wife. Drawers are pulled open, and other noises such as those made by a man trying to find his own things are heard in the bedroom at the rear. Then Gaius, Jr. calls.*

GAIUS, JR. Mother!

MRS. MAYFIELD. Yes, son.

GAIUS, JR. Did Mammy do up the shirt I told her to? That new fashioned one I got from New York?

MRS. MAYFIELD. Yes, son, look in the lower bureau drawer and—

[Mrs. Mayfield is a small, middle-aged woman, rather pretty in a faded way. She is dressed in a full-skirted black silk dress worn over a hoop skirt. She wears a round white lace collar pinned with a miniature of her husband. One can see she has personality, but circumstances and her husband's overpowering will have made her subservient to him.]

GAIUS M. [He interrupts her. He is a dignified, portly man of fifty odd years, dictatorial and consequential in his manner of the grand gentleman. He is a good deal older than his wife, his hair and pointed beard being white. He wears a black broad-cloth long-tailed suit, a white shirt with the open collar of the time, with black neckerchief fastened in the back.]

GAIUS M. [He speaks abruptly and peremptorily. In staccato sentences.] Let the boy find his own things. Why is he dressing this time of night anyway?

MRS. M. Emily Winn is giving a dance for her cousin Jessamine from Carolina, and Gaius is invited.

GAIUS M. Well, does the young fool have to go because he's invited? When I was young—

\*Copyright by The Carolina Playmakers. All rights reserved. Permission to produce may be secured by addressing Frederick H. Koch, Director, Chapel Hill, N. C.

MRS. M. [*Interrupting him.*] Now father, you know when you were young back in Carolina you were the best dancer in the country!

GAIUS M. [*Somewhat appeased.*] Well, I didn't dance when there was something better to do.

MRS. M. Well, Gaius has finished the book work you gave him.

GAIUS M. Great Scott, Madam! What is a little book-keeping to a Carolina college man? In my day when men left the University they assumed grave responsibilities. I took charge of this plantation before I was twenty-one.

MRS. M. Gaius is only twenty.

GAIUS M. Yes, and the young jackanapes must have his boots from London, his broadcloth clothes made by a New York tailor—made from the same piece as his father's.

MRS. M. [*Soothingly.*] But, Father, you must see him in them when he is dressed! You'll be proud of your son! None of the young beaux at the party will match him.

GAIUS M. Humph! He'd better not come back and tell me he's been attentive to that Foster girl. I'll—

MRS. M. Mr. Mayfield, don't threaten. You know what happens when you get excited!

GAIUS M. Madam, I'm not excited. I tell you the doctor says my heart is all right. An ignoramus like that Foster doesn't know what he is talking about. But to be on the safe side, I will take a few of my drops. [*He goes to mantel-piece, pours out medicine into a spoon, then into a glass, pours in water, and takes his dose.*] This section has reached a most deplorable condition, a most deplorable one, when a no-nothing doctor like Foster can practice here, and his daughter be received in polite society. Tells me nothing is the matter when I *know* I've nearly died several times. Only urges no excitement. Bah! Gentlemen's sons ought to study the art of medicine. Who wants a rank plebian admitted into his family circle?

MRS. M. I'm sure—

GAIUS M. [*Impatiently.*] Excuse me, Madam, you women are always sure of things of which you know nothing.

[*Liz, a young darkey maid dressed in black, with white kerchief and red and yellow head-rag, appears at hall door and drops a curtsey.*]

MRS. M. What is it, Liz?

GAIUS M. What do you want, girl?

LIZ. [*She trembles as she speaks.*] Please ma'am, please sir, Ben wants to know kin he speak to you?

GAIUS M. Tell him to come in.

[*Liz drops another curtsey and goes out. Ben comes in. He is a half grown negro boy, dressed in plaid blue and red shirt, and non-descript trousers. He holds a ragged cap in his hand and stands first on one foot, then on the other, while he talks, rolls his eyes, and seems to be afraid to speak.*]

BEN. Please, sir, de conjure woman says ez how if we all don' stop wuckin' on Sunday, the Old Boy gwine ter

get us sure. Me and Sam, we's pinto to ax about quittin' it, sir.

GAIUS M. Oh, confound you and Sam and yer conjure woman! You young niggers are just too infernally lazy to lift one leg above the other. This is an emergency, I tell you, an emergency. You know you never do work on Sunday. But you'll work this time. You do nothing the other six days of the week.

BEN. But, Marsa, de black cats am a-scratchin' at de yearth, and de squinch owls am a-squinchin, and ever' time us niggers crosses de road from de South field, a rabbit runs across our paf.

GAIUS M. [*Rising and going toward Sam, who slinks away from him. He works himself into a passion.*] Oh, damn you black Africans and your superstitions; it'll take more than black cats and owls and rabbits to make me let you stop work, you lazy nigger. Get out o' here and don't you come back here with your conjure tales. Get out, I say!

[*Ben leaves more frightened than ever.*]

GAIUS M. [*Sits down in the big chair from which he had risen.*] Maria, give me my medicine quick. These black rascals will be the death of me yet. If I die—

MRS. M. [*Soothing him.*] Oh, father don't talk of dying!

[*She goes to mantle-piece, takes up a small bottle, drops a few drops of medicine into a glass, pours in water, and takes the glass to her husband. He sits, holding his hand on his heart as he drinks the contents of the glass.*]

GAIUS M. Zounds, Maria, maybe these darkies are right. I'll reconsider this Sunday business. I'd hate to die [*gasping*] and—

MRS. M. There, there, father! [*Patting him on the shoulder.*] I'm glad for you to do the right thing. You remember you were sorry and sick after that road affair.

GAIUS M. [*Getting up.*] I'm better now. [*He stretches himself*] I'm all right. I'll be—I'll be—Oh, confound it, Excuse me, Maria, but I'll be consarned if I do remember—No! these lazy niggers shall work when I say so. Did they have any Sunday in Africa? Tell me, Madam!

MRS. M. [*She starts to speak, but closes her lips firmly and sits down to her sewing.*]

GAIUS, JR. [*Entering.*] Mother, does your son's appearance suit you?

[*He is dressed in a new black broadcloth suit made in the same style as his father's. He is a youth of twenty, as tall as his father, but slender. He is quite immaculate and shows that he feels much delighted with himself in his new clothes. His father puts down his paper and glares over his spectacles at his son.*]

GAIUS M. 'Tis not his appearance I'm interested in, but his deportment. I hope, sir, you'll have the grace to remember the honor of your forebears and pay no attention to that upstart, Betty Foster.

MRS. M. AND GAIUS, JR. Father!



GAIUS, JR. Don't call her an upstart. She is a charming girl!

GAIUS M. Charming, fiddlesticks! From such ancestry! Humph! Your judgment is worth just that of any other young puppy.

GAIUS, JR. [*Heatedly.*] Her father is a reputable physician who attends you when you're sick.

GAIUS M. Only because I can get no gentleman in this God-forsaken country. He doesn't even know enough to tell when I'm desperately ill! In Carolina—

GAIUS, JR. [*Aside to his mother.*] Oh, let me get away before he begins to reminisce of Carolina. [*Facing her.*] Am I dressed correctly, Mother?

[GAIUS M. resumes the reading of his newspaper.]

MRS. M. Just as you should be, son. [*She surveys him proudly, flicks a bit of imaginary dust from his coat.*] Son, you look so well you'll please your father. I wonder if this wouldn't be a good time to tell him about the trouble with Simeon Hatcher.

GAIUS, JR. [*In despair.*] Is there ever a good time to tell him troubles unless he thinks he's dying and so is repentant?

MRS. M. Be careful what you say, Son. He's had to have medicine twice in the last half hour.

GAIUS, JR. Dr. Foster says we needn't fear for his heart. He's hot headed. That's his only real trouble!

MRS. M. Hush! He may hear you.

GAIUS, JR. Father! [*Gaius Mayfield puts down his paper and looks over it at Gaius, Jr.*] Can't we let up on this Sunday work? Sim Hatcher says Uncle Enoch and all the older darkies are giving him trouble about working that south field on Sunday.

GAIUS M. It is only in an emergency like this after a spell of dry weather when the ground gets right do I make 'em work. If they get too uppety I told Sim to use the lash.

MRS. M. Poor old Enoch!

GAIUS M. Don't get sentimental, Madam. You know our darkies are seldom whipped. We are too good to them. That is the trouble. Up North in the mills they beat the women and children if they don't turn out enough work. I read in the *Atlanta Constitution* only yesterday where an overseer in a factory up in Philadelphia whipped a sixteen year old girl almost to death.

GAIUS, JR. But, father, whipping does them no good. They say the devil will get them if they work on Sunday.

GAIUS M. African superstition! Gad, they are mine and I'll do as I damn please with them. Excuse, me, Maria! As I please. A young buck of a nigger came to me just now, and here you're pleading for the old ones!

MRS. M. Father, I said no good would come from this work on the Lord's Day.

GAIUS, JR. Both old Annie, and the conjure woman who lives at the Minn place say "the portents are a-pintin' at trouble" and have been since that first Sunday the niggers worked. All the darkies stand by Annie.

GAIUS M. [*Angrily.*] Am I afraid of such confounded superstitions? One day is as good as another if the weather is right for hoeing.

MRS. M. Father, I don't like to remind you—

GAIUS M. Then don't do it, Madam.

MRS. M. Father, I must. When you thought you were going to die last fall, how sorry you were for the Cherryville affair!

GAIUS M. Gad, Madam.

MRS. M. To think a Mayfield would disturb public worship with the creaking of his wagons, and the cursing of his darkies! I hate to feel the unspoken reproach of our neighbors and friends.

GAIUS M. Humph! I haven't found much of it unspoken. If they didn't like the sounds of honest toil, they needn't put their church-house by the road.

GAIUS, JR. Father, I am humiliated that they had to write in their records of incorporation, that they incorporated their town to keep your wagons out on Sunday, but this Sunday field work is even worse than that.

GAIUS M. [*With anger.*] And since when has a son had the right to insult his father by talking of humiliation? By gad, young man, you'd better clear out to your infernal party or I'll make you clear out! Where is my cane? [*He stalks angrily around the room.*] You rely on the mildness of my temper to excuse you for your insolence!

MRS. M. Son, say something to him.

GAIUS, JR. Father, I didn't intend to make you angry.

GAIUS M. You didn't, eh, well, get out of here! You with the manners of poor white trash, dressed in the clothes of a gentleman. Now, mind you, you're to be back at 12 o'clock. Honest working folks like me get up at 5 o'clock. I don't want any young whippersnapper disturbing my rest.

GAIUS, JR. I'll go up the back stairs.

GAIUS M. Gad, sir, do as I tell you.

MRS. M. Yes, son, I'll leave a fire for you.

GAIUS, JR. Thank you, Mother. Goodbye. [*He goes over to his mother and kisses her.*] Goodbye, Father.

MRS. M. Goodbye dear, have a good time. And, son, be sure to hang your new suit back in the hall wardrobe when you come in.

GAIUS, JR. All right, mother. I will.

[*Gaius, Jr. goes out.*]

MRS. M. [*Pleadingly to her husband.*] Father, you'll do as Gaius asked, won't you?

GAIUS M. Mrs. Mayfield, I've given my orders, I'll be obeyed.

MRS. M. You gave orders about the hauling, but when the Lord sent that sickness upon you, you grew sorry. You promised then to stop breaking the Sabbath.

GAIUS M. Who says I'm sick now? Because I played the fool and weakened once, do you think I'll continue to do so? No, Madam, your husband is no old fool. An occasional emergency must be met with common sense. While the weather permits this work must be done.



MRS. M. Poor old darkies, they're too feeble to work seven days in the week!

GAIUS M. Feeble! Humph! It's just that foolish conjure woman's talk. Those old darkies can put in a better day's work now than many of their grandchildren. Old and young both are just trifling. I tell you, Mrs. Mayfield, no time can be wasted on this plantation when you encourage your son to dress in the style of his father. Time was when such extravagance was not permitted. Black broadcloth, made in New York. Just like his father's. I must say the young scamp looked well when he left just now. You, madam, are bad enough but I shall not tell him how handsome he has become.

MRS. M. Yes, hasn't he? Why, my dear, just the other day, Mrs. Tallichet said to me, "How strikingly like his father young Gaius is growing." [Mr. M. strokes his chin, smiles, showing that he is very much pleased].

MRS. M. He is, too.

GAIUS M. Mrs. Tallichet is an observant woman.

MRS. M. She saw Gaius and Betty Foster together and said, "What a handsome couple!"

GAIUS M. Madam, please do not couple the name of my son with that of old Foster's child.

MRS. M. Father, father, after that last spell when you thought you were dying, you said you'd not interfere if Gaius really loved Betty.

GAIUS M. There you go again reminding me of illnesses. Don't I suffer enough without that? Madam, it may be "No fool like an old fool," but I say, "No fool like a sick man." I'll keep no promises extorted from me when I'm on my dying bed.

MRS. M. Extorted, my dear. You freely offered to accept the girl.

GAIUS M. Well, I will not. No Mayfield has yet married a descendant of old Abe Foster and while there's breath in my body none shall.

MRS. M. You've grown to depend on Dr. Foster to keep it there!

GAIUS M. Madam! I shall go to bed. With a son going against his father's wishes and his mother abetting him in his disobedience, no wonder that I often come near death's door. No wonder that I—

[He sits down in his chair and leans over to unlace his shoes but having been talking heatedly all the evening, his new position makes the blood rush to his head. As he raises his head, he gasps.]

Quick, Madam! Open the window. I may be dying!

[Mrs. M. rushes to windows and opens them. Then goes to mantel-piece and prepares the medicine and brings it to her husband.]

MRS. M. [Soothingly.] There, there, dear, you simply got over heated.

GAIUS M. [Gasps, closes his eyes, opens them slowly, feels his body on each side, and finds he is all right.]

MRS. M. Shall I call Tom to pull your boots off?

GAIUS M. Yes, Mrs. Mayfield. [With deliberation.]

I'll tell him. Maybe Sim can let 'em rest next Sunday.

MRS. M. [She goes to door at back and calls.] Tom! Oh, Tom!

[A voice answers.]

Yaas'm!

[A whitehaired darkey appears in door of bedroom and walks over to Mr. Mayfield.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[The curtain goes down and rises again on the same scene. The time supposed to have elapsed is from the time of the last scene until 5 o'clock the next morning. The stage is almost dark. Gaius Mayfield staggers into the sitting room from the bedroom door holding in his hand a lighted candle. Mrs. Mayfield follows him and lights lamp on the table. Mr. M. drops down into a chair and speaks with great fear and anxiety in his voice. He is dressed in the same black broadcloth he wore the night before, but his clothes do not meet in front. A wide expanse of white shirt front is shown; his waistcoat cannot be made to meet. No part of his clothing can be adjusted to its corresponding part.]

GAIUS M. [He gasps as he speaks. He has attained a sanctimonious humble expression contrasting quite strongly with his former fierce one.] Oh, my dear! Call Gaius. Tell him to ride at once to Dr. Foster. I am desperately ill!

MRS. M. [Leaving him, goes to hall door and calls.] Gaius, Gaius.

GAIUS, JR. [From outside] Yes, mother.

MRS. M. Your father is sick! Dress quickly and ride for Dr. Foster.

GAIUS, JR. All right, mother, I will.

[Mrs. M. goes back to her husband.]

GAIUS M. Come to me, my dear one. Take my hand. [She holds his hand feeling his pulse.] Gaius can go faster than one of the servants but I may not be here when the doctor comes. [Quite pathetically.] Look at my body. See how I am swelling. [He feels his body, so does Mrs. Mayfield.]

MRS. M. My dear, be calm. It does not feel swollen.

GAIUS M. But it is, Maria. [Excited.] Don't you see— my clothes will not meet? Maria, hold my hand. This may be the last time you can look on your poor patient, suffering husband.

MRS. M. No, my dear. No. Where does it hurt? Can I give you some drops? [She lets go her husband's hand and starts toward the mantel-piece.] There are none for the swelling.

GAIUS M. [In despair.] Oh! Don't let me die! Suppose you mix all the bottles.

[She goes to mantel-piece, pours out medicine from each of the three bottles, puts water in glass, and brings it to her husband.]

MRS. M. Here it is. [He drinks. After a pause.] Now don't you feel better?

GAIUS M. [Impatiently, until he says "the good doctor" the second time.] Better, my love! I cannot be better till

good doctor comes, but [*In despair.*] I shall die before he gets here—the good doctor!

MRS. M. Is there any pain?

GAIUS M. [*Grows more impatient.*] Of course there is pain for I am getting bigger. [*He feels about on his body with both hands.*] What can this be? Lord A'mighty, where is the pain? I must be in pain for I am dying of dropsy.

MRS. M. No, no, there! [*She puts her hand on his forehead.*] Your temperature is all right. You have no fever. You can't be very sick.

GAIUS M. [*His voice rising.*] But I *am* very sick! I must be dying! Madam, will you let your husband die?

MRS. M. Calm yourself, Mr. Mayfield. The doctor will soon be here.

GAIUS M. [*Still more excitedly.*] Calm, calm! How can I be calm when I am swelling up like a balloon.

MRS. M. [*Going to comfort him.*]

GAIUS M. [*Speaking vehemently.*] No, no, be careful. I am swelling up—like a balloon. I shall die! I cannot stand this! Oh, my God! Don't let me die. I'll let my niggers rest on Sunday, hard times or no hard times. Don't let me die, Lord! Call old Tom, Maria.

MRS. M. The doctor will soon be here. Don't be excited. [*She goes to hall door and calls.*] Tom! Tom! [*She comes back to her husband.*] Calm yourself, my dear!

GAIUS M. [*More Excitedly.*] Calm yourself in the face of death. Con—Oh, forgive me, Lord. This is no time for calmness, I must talk to the Lord. Oh, Lord, I'll let the niggers never work on Sunday and do any other thing you want if you'll just stand by me now! Oh, Lord, make him ride fast! I fear I shall burst. Don't let me burst before the doctor comes!

[*He pulls away from his wife and writhes around in his chair, occasionally feeling parts of his body as before. Uncle Tom, Ben, and Liz have come in. Liz from bedroom door at back, Uncle Tom and Ben from hall door. They stand in respectful attitudes near rear wall, then Liz comes up near her mistress, drops a curtsy and speaks.*]

LIZ. What kin I do, Missus?

MRS. M. Put on a kettle of water. Have Tom fix the fire. Get some cloths from the press in the other room.

LIZ. [*She curtsies.*] Yes, Missus.

GAIUS M. [*Sitting up straight in his chair.*] Tom, Tom, come here!

TOM. Yes, sir, Marsa, here I is.

[*He goes over to Gaius Mayfield.*]

GAIUS M. Tom, you old niggers needn't work any more on Sunday.

TOM. Thanky', Marsa, Thanky' Sir.

GAIUS M. Ben!

BEN. Yes, sir, Marsa.

GAIUS M. Ben, what's that in your hand?

BEN. Jes er rabbit foot, sir. Nothin' but a rabbit foot!

GAIUS M. Ben, you needn't be afraid of that black ape

of a conjure woman, you nor the rest of you young niggers. There'll be no more Sunday work!

BEN. 'Thanky', sir, thanky'.

GAIUS M. Oh, Lord, I'm damned, I'm damned. What else do you want? Maria, am I going down any?

MRS. M. You certainly are not swelling any more.

GAIUS M. Oh, Lord, let me go down just a little. Oh, lordy, let me go down. 'That would be a vile end for a gentleman like me! To burst!

MRS. M. Let me put some hot cloths on you. Liz, dip the cloths in the kettle and bring them here.

[*Liz brings cloths soaked in hot water. When Mrs. M. goes to put them on her husband, he pushes her away.*]

GAIUS M. No, no, I might burst like a—baked apple if I get hot. Take those damnable cloths away! Take them away. Do you want your husband to explode? Oh, Lord, send the doctor.

LIZ. Here he comes now.

DR. FOSTER. How-do-you-do, Mrs. Mayfield.

[*Dr. Foster enters with young Gaius. He is about forty-five, fair and fat with a shrewd twinkle in his eye. He looks as if he can't believe the situation is serious. He puts down his bag, goes over to Gaius M. and feels his pulse, and speaks gently.*]

DR. FOSTER. [*To Gaius M.*] Your tongue. [*Gaius puts out his tongue.*] Um!! [*He thumps the patient's body on both sides, listens above his heart, thumps him on his stomach.*]

GAIUS M. Careful, doctor, careful.

DR. FOSTER. [*To Mrs. Mayfield.*] What time was he taken?

MRS. M. He got up at five and when he couldn't make his clothes meet, he called me. About 5:10, I suppose.

GAIUS M. Five, zounds! It was about two!

DR. FOSTER. Um—um—about three quarters of an hour ago. What have you done for him?

GAIUS M. [*Interrupting.*] Done, doctor, *done*! Not a damned thing!—Oh, Lord, forgive me! Do something quick, doctor.

MRS. M. I've given him his drops.

DR. FOSTER. How many times?

MRS. M. At least three times. I mixed them all together once.

GAIUS M. I know I am dying! I am going to explode!

DR. FOSTER. Mr. Mayfield, are your affairs in order?

GAIUS M. My affairs? Good God, man! [*It seems that he realizes he must be very sick, now that it is confirmed by the doctor.*]

DR. FOSTER. Have you no messages to leave? No sins to repent of? [*He winks at Mrs. Mayfield who doesn't see him wink.*]

GAIUS M. Oh, Lord let me live to do it. Don't let me die till the niggers rest next Sunday. Wife, wife, send the Cherryville church that organ money. [*He groans.*] Oh, Lord, where is Gaius?



GAIUS, JR. Here I am, Father.

GAIUS M. Gaius, do you really love that girl?

GAIUS, JR. I swear I do!

GAIUS M. Then, boy, marry her—with my blessing!

DR. FOSTER. Mr. Mayfield, try to be calm. Such moments of reparation seldom come. Do you wish to put in writing what you have just said?

GAIUS M. In writing! Yes, in any con—um—um—in any old thing. Can this poor dropsied hand write? [*He holds up his hand which looks like the hand of any well man.*] For God's sake, doctor, you write it. I'll sign whatever you write!

DR. FOSTER. Mrs. Mayfield, take care of him while I write. [*He winks at Gaius, Jr., and Mrs. Mayfield whose faces have worn an anxious expression. This time they both catch the wink. Dr. F. goes to table at center and writes. Mrs. Mayfield holds her husband's left hand with her left, and standing behind him rubs back his hair with her right.*]

GAIUS M. Careful, careful, Maria. Is the skin on my forehead stretched?

MRS. M. It seems to be about as usual, dear.

GAIUS M. Oh, what a good wife you have been. With never a cross word between us. Oh, Lord, let me show her I love her before—I burst. Dear Maria, you know I love you.

MRS. M. Yes father, I—

DR. FOSTER. [*Interrupts.*] Now sign here Mr. Mayfield. I've written all the things you mentioned, the Sunday work, the Cherryville Church, your son's marriage—is that all?

GAIUS M. Not swearing too often and loving my wife.

MRS. M. No, my dear, I know you love me, and if I lost you, would a paper help me?

DR. FOSTER. This paper promises the Lord and man that if he is allowed to live, he'll treat his niggers kindly, and give them no Sunday work, the Church shall have the promised money, and Gaius, Jr. shall marry whom he pleases. Is that all right?

GAIUS M. Yes—Oh, Lord, I promise you all this and any other confounded thing you want. [*Dr. Foster takes paper to him and he signs it. He makes a supreme effort and speaks.*] Gaius, put on your broadcloth coat, and send for the girl and preacher. I'll see you married before I pass away.

GAIUS, JR. Father, you are good for many a day, yet.

GAIUS M. No, my hour has come. Put on your broadcloth and fetch Betty.

DR. FOSTER. Your father is not in immediate danger. Do as he tells you.

GAIUS M. Go, son, go quick!

GAIUS, JR. [*As he goes into the adjoining room.*] Very well, father.

GAIUS M. Doctor, he is a fine son—a fine son!

GAIUS, JR. [*Then calling back from within.*] Mother, Mother! Where are my new broadcloth clothes? The ones like Father's?

MRS. M. In the wardrobe, where you put them when you came from the party last night, I suppose.

GAIUS, JR. No, they aren't. Where can they be? Here are father's with his watch in his pocket, where are mine?

[*Mr. M. at the word "watch" feels in his pocket.*]

DR. FOSTER. [*Chuckling merrily.*] I was wondering where you got your new suit, Mr. Mayfield?

GAIUS M. My new suit? Gaius has the new suit off the same piece as mine. I've got no new suit. Mine was made sometime ago.

DR. FOSTER. [*Laughing heartily.*] What do you have on, then?

GAIUS M. [*He picks up one of his coat tails and feels in his pocket.*] Well, I'll be—Is this Gaius's coat? In this his waistcoat? God A'mighty, then I'm not dying! I shall not burst!

DR. FOSTER. Not a bit of it. You're a well man all right.

GAIUS M. But all that medicine I took! Won't it kill me?

DR. FOSTER. Colored water, mostly. No, it doesn't kill.

GAIUS M. [*He begins to fume, but, changes his mind.*]

MRS. M. Oh, my dear! You're really not sick! [*She leans over and kisses his forehead. He pats her hand.*] Oh!

GAIUS M. Well, well—I—I—

GAIUS, JR. [*He has come in from the bedroom at Dr. F's laugh, and carries a black suit of clothes over his arm.*] Then, Father, your promise doesn't hold?

GAIUS M. Hell, it doesn't—O Lord, forgive me! Who said it doesn't?

[*Curtain.*]

### SYCAMORE

Stark, shadowy ghost of summer gone,

Appalling still my beating heart,

When with the wind in motion start

Your limbs, so white, forlorn

And sad against the sky;

As darkening clouds go gliding by

Ere night is born.

—S. G.



*Whether or not you are one of that little band of restless spirits who dash across the pond to vacation abroad you will enjoy the inimitably told experiences of*

## GARETH AND EUROPA

*Sketches of an adventure in this Year of Prose, 1923*

By J. OSLER BAILEY

*"So Gareth all for glory underwent  
The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage;  
Ate with young lads his portion by the door,  
And couched at night with grimy kitchen-knives."*

—Tennyson.

I

LIKE, perhaps, a man about to spring a proposal on his well-beloved, athrill with finely mixed anticipation and dread, my companion and I waited for the midnight train going North, one night last June. We were going from the here into the somewhere,—and that is a venture to shake the uninitiate.

For an hour before train time we paced about the station,—and even took a turn about our city, sat with a sort of reverence on one of its park benches beneath the summer moon, and looked with the thrill of parting along its almost deserted streets. Then the train came.

Both of us managed to get a bit of sleep before we reached Norlina, where, just as dawn was breaking in the eastern sky, we changed for Norfolk. From then on we were fully alert with the sort of heart-freshening feeling that always comes to him who arises at dawn. Once in Norfolk, we carried our bags to the Y. M. C. A. and set out to find a ship going—somewhere. That is an easy enough thing to think about, but to us it was a serious business. The shipping board in both Norfolk and Newport News turned us down.

An old salt or two down by the waterfront advised us to go on to New York. To New York—Mecca—! At the end of one fruitless and footweary day, I was eager to try anything, and my companion agreed with me.

We had barely enough money to pay our passage to New York on the Old Dominion liner leaving that night. But, as I said to M., we were looking for adventure, and the more quickly we became flat broke in New York City, the sooner we would find it! We resolved to go.

It was my first ocean trip, and as we sailed down the bay that night the summer moon shed a most blessed light on our spirits, and a fresh salt breeze gave us heart again to look forward gladly.

Well!—We reached New York without seeing any whales, on Sunday evening we landed far down in the warehouse district of the city. Our fellow passengers took taxis and were whirled magically out of sight, leaving us alone. I had pictured in New York a city of

jostling throngs, everywhere,—as I first entered it, it was a city of red-brick buildings and dingy, deserted streets. We would perhaps have been able to go somewhere, if we had known where we wanted to go. After a walk of several blocks we espied a couple of "cops" of the Irish persuasion, whom we interrogated. Their directions for finding a "Y" included several "L." rides and a subway or two. We were not ready for "L."s just then, so we inquired the way to a dinky little hostelry that had seen its best days and had been swallowed by warehouses and water-front trade. A one-legged man with an Irish burr led us up to a gas-lit room, containing a bed, a chair, and a shaky-looking washstand.

What to do? We were sure of a ship out the next day; and so decided to see New York that night. After much walking we found our way to Broadway,—but a vastly strange Broadway, to the one we had seen in books and the press. No white way, few lights, and very few people! Of course it was Sunday night, and we were down by Canal Street, but—Broadway! (Later I found the real "Broadway", and it more than fulfilled expectations). Wandering at random, we soon found ourselves in one of those marvellous underground cities, a New York subway station. We put our nickles in the little slot and hurried with the crowd into the train,—the doors clicked automatically, and we were gone at lightning speed into an underworld.

Mile after mile we sped, the people about us paying no more attention to what was frightful and strange to us than we would have paid to a street car in our native city. They are a strange breed,—these New Yorkers! For the most part, those on our train, bound for Coney Island, were Jews; very few seemed to be the old-fashioned American type; stony-faced they were, attending their own business, yet friendly enough when approached, as I know now. Strange things can happen to a Southerner on a New York subway: on one occasion, a beautiful lady entered the train, already packed to standing. I arose to let her have my seat. Before she could approach, a fat little, Soviet-eyed man in a Van-Dyke beard flopped into it. I got mad; then tapped him on the shoulder to tell him that I intended to give the seat to the lady. He said not a word, but arose, hung to a strap, and held his newspaper in his free hand. By this time the lady had turned her back on the whole tableau. After an irresolute moment or two, I sat back

down in my own seat. I tried at first to look heroic, and then indifferent but succeeded I am afraid, in both feeling and looking quite silly. Never again shall I offer a seat to anyone in a subway train.

It is one thing to be very, very determined to sail on a ship to Europe, and it is quite another thing to convince a hard-boiled shipping agent that he needs your services, when there are hundreds of experienced seamen standing in line for work. For three days we walked the Manhattan water front, and up and down the piers along Hoboken. It availed us nothing! We were worn-out at the end of each day, and always hungry. On the third day our meals were uniformly that cheapest of foods,—hotdogs! Where our room rent for the next night was to come from, we did not know. We had been trying to get a job together; but on Wednesday night we talked it over and decided that if we could "land" a ship separately, we had better do it.

The next morning, acting on a tip from a seaman, I went to the U. S. Sea Service Bureau; and found it was the place I should have sought out first of all.

A hundred or so men crowded the room,—of all nationalities, all races, all tongues; all seamen, and all wanting jobs. The first thing I remember about that office is a huge, loud-voiced man swearing at the crowd to "keep away from that gate! I never hired a man from that gate in my life,—sit down there in the back and take it easy!" Another distinct impression was that no college student need apply there,—he chased a score or more of them away with energy while I waited. I had been warned before not to let it be known that I was a college man,—students are not wanted on the seas! And indeed, as I came to think of it afterwards, the typical collegian, with his slicked hair, trousers too long, and self-appreciative air would have been strangely (to say the least) out of place in a ship's galley.

Finally I pressed my way through the mob of Chinese, South Americans, and whatnots into the presence of Omnipotence. He gave me work. "Stay on this several weeks," he said, "then come back and I'll give you a job going to sea!"

Elated, I went back to the room for my clothes; my companion was gone, and had left a note saying that he had taken a coastwise steamer. Alone, then, I was,—in New York!

The job I had landed consisted of a position as messboy on the United States Emergency Fleet, laid up in Staten Sound,—at the little jerk-water town of Linoleumville, on the back side of Staten Island; the town was inside the corporate limits of New York City, but was, I think, the most typical comic-sheet "hick" town I have ever seen.

After the war, the U. S. Navy's Merchant Marine found itself with several hundred more ships than it needed for peace time commerce. The vessels, worth

perhaps a million each, were far too valuable to be scrapped, and no private concern would pay a reasonable price for them. So they were assembled into groups of twenty or more and anchored in secluded spots along the coast. Here, to prevent their swift deterioration, two ships in each fleet, called "mothers", are fully provisioned and commandeered by a crew whose duty it is to constantly scrape and paint the fleet. Of course it is a tremendous waste of taxpayer's money,—but there seems to be no alternative.

There were two such fleets at Linoleumville; and I was slated for Messman on the *City of Joliet*, Fleet No. 2.

Seamen are a type, but I was never able to put my finger on just their typical points; about the only things common to all of them are tattooed arms, a liking for illegal spirits, and profanity. This business of imagining sailors in nifty blue suits, singing "What ho, My lads!" is altogether "bunk". They wear overalls, and sing, "Yes, We have no bananas!"

I ran into an interesting group of personalities on this first ship. The steward, my immediate superior, was a Dutchman, and quite a young man. His avowed purpose in coming out on a "standby" job—all seamen despise "standbys," unless they are dead broke,—was to save up enough money to get married; each pay day he would go ashore with the intention of spending but a small amount, would get a bit "high" and come back as broke as ever. He was an easy-going sort of fellow, and so long as no one bothered him, he preferred to sleep all day and let things slide.

The saloon—officer's dining room—messman was the most congenial spirit I discovered on the *City of Joliet*. He was a young fellow from Tennessee who had taken to the sea for adventure's cause. It seemed, to hear him talk, he had already been long a soldier in the ranks of adventure, before he came to New York. He told me, as we walked up the long stretch of beach for the mail each evening, tales of hunting snakes in Arizona, and queer stories of days among the dope fiends in their Memphis river-dives.

A seaman can eat anything, and is perfectly glad to get the chance; his staple is potatoes,—three times a day. In the morning the potatoes are boiled in the jacket; at noon they are skinned and boiled in plain water with a touch of salt; and at night the ones left over from dinner are "fried" in the oven. Of course there are variables in a sea menu, but no variables occur in the quality of the cooking; all sea cooks, so far as I have been able to observe, are devoid of any sense of taste whatever.

A sailor's etiquette embraces these cardinal points: get as much as you can, eat as much as you can, and growl, growl, growl! His code of ethics, as expressed to me on one occasion, is—"Hurray for me,—you; I got mine, you got yours!"

My supply of clean shirts was getting low after three weeks on the *Joliet*. I planned to leave on a Monday



morning for the Sea Service Bureau, to claim my "sea-going ship". Contrary to all sailor's practices, I decided to have my clothes done-up at the laundry. So I marched into Linoleumville with a sizeable bundle of varied apparel, in search of the necessary establishment. None was to be found; but as a last resort, the young lady at the Post Office agreed to send the clothes by her younger brother to a Chinese laundry in the adjoining town of Port Richmond, when he should go there for the mail. This was Thursday, and I especially requested that they should be ready by Saturday.

Saturday, I took the afternoon off and hied me to Port Richmond for my clothes. A young Chinaman who could barely understand English, and could not at all manipulate it, managed after some effort to convey to me that they would not be washed until Monday with the week's washing. I yearned for them then; I'd wash them myself. "No can gettee—all a mixee", he declared. I had to scoot back to Linoleumville to clean up the supper dishes, but that night I journeyed back to see the manager, an older, large-paunched Oriental. Nothing doing, he said; my shirts were all mixed with all the others that had come in during the week, and could not be extracted before Wednesday. I finally got him to understand that I hoped to leave the country on Monday, and desired to export the shirts contemporaneously. He agreed to let me have them, unwashed, for a fee of \$2.50, the full quota for washing them, if I would call for them on Sunday morning. In desperation, I parted with my hard-earned shekels and returned on the Sabbath to claim my own. Sure enough he had them all. When I got back to the ship, I was so disgusted with the whole business that I dumped the whole bundle in a tub, with a good deal of washing powder, and applied the steam. I thought that if I should let them boil while I handed out dinner and washed up the dishes, they would perhaps be nearly clean.

After two hours I went back: the water was black enough, but so were my shirts; I know better now, but on that occasion I had thoughtlessly dumped the entire wash, sox and shirts together, into the selfsame tub. After two hours boiling, the color of the sox was pretty tenaciously embedded in my best collars.

Try soda and lime as I might, the streaks would not come out. It was in the wee hours of Monday morning that I ran the iron over the last blue-stained shirt!

I left the *City of Joliet* in a drizzling rain the next morning,—a rain that well-nigh ruined the new straw hat I had indulged.

The Bureau had nothing for me, at once. I put up at the Bowery "Y"—the best place in New York City to sleep for 50c a night.

Tuesday I was assigned to the *Eastern Leader*, loaded with grain for England.

The first cook on this ship was one of the queerest specimens I have ever seen; nearly all sea cooks have

their peculiarities, but this particular one had been shell-shocked during the war, which perhaps added to his stock of curiosities. One amusement he had, which delighted him beyond all measure: he expected me to share his fun with glee and thankfulness. He had a huge, ugly pet, a spider, which he fed regularly after each meal. I would be set to catching flies; and carefully he would pull the wings off them one at a time, then he would force them to crawl, with his fingers for guides, directly into the maw of Nemesis. When the spider pounced upon one of the helpless creatures and closed its jaws on the fly's neck, his glee was like that of a schoolboy at a game; he would chuckle and punch me in the ribs, and I knew I needs must laugh and congratulate him on his skill.

When he tired of this, his custom was to throw flies into the electric fan to see its whirling blades knock them senseless.

The steward was a smart young fellow, the ex-chief-cook. I took a liking to him at once, as stewards go; but unfortunately the port steward sent a man out to relieve him after three days. This man was the hardest working and most profane man I came across during my trip. He was hunchbacked, ugly, and muscled like Hugo's famous bell-ringer of Notre Dame. "They ain't nothin' dainty about me," he said once, when I offered him a separate plate for his cereal pudding. "I've eat my dinner settin' on the curbstone with two day's grease on my hands many-a-time, and I ain't goin' out for bein' dainty now." Stores came on while he was with us, and he worked me,—and himself, to be fair,—unmercifully for the three days he remained with us. He had his own cook with him, a likeable young Italian, Tony.

But this steward had an uphill job; the younger one had been very popular, and his successor was looked on by all the crew with distrust. His was not, to tell the truth, a likeable personality from any viewpoint: he talked out of one side of his mouth, like the "hard boy" in the vaudeville skits, and was altogether too bossy. As Tony put it, "He walka round, walka round, walka round lika da cocka roach all day."

We had been scheduled to sail at once, but a strike of some nature among the wheat workers in England held us up. But I knew we would sail sometime, and so kept up my patience. We were lying along-side a pier in Brooklyn, all this time, and each night I could catch an express subway for Times Square and be on the white way in twenty minutes.

I came to find out, from personal experience, that this world is not such a huge affair, after all. I was sitting in the second balcony of the Garrick Theater, enjoying Shaw's "Devil's Disciple", and between the acts glancing over the headlines of my *News and Observer*. The gentleman next to me went back for a glass of water, and when he returned nearly bowled me over by saying that two ladies in the back had asked him if I were not



O. B. of Raleigh, N. C. I was astounded when I turned around at once, to see an old school-teacher friend of mine, from the home town. We exchanged greetings in a brief tete-a-tete after the show: she was in New York attending Columbia, and had noticed me because she saw my *News and Observer*.

After the Spanish steward, a mean little Scotchman came on board. I could not help disliking him from the very first, for a very good reason. I had gone through a good deal in order to get my place, and of all things I did not want to get fired just before sailing. But the steward brought a number of his friends on board with him, and one of them was to take my job. Obviously, he did not have the nerve or the heart to fire me himself, for he instructed the departing Spaniard to hand me my resignation as his last official act. He refused to do it, and came around and told me about the whole conspiracy. I resolved then that if he fired me, I would take the whole business up to the captain. I slaved desperately those first few days with him; I resolved that he should not find any good excuse for putting me away. The second day, he asked me, in a harsh voice, where the potatoes were stored. I told him as straightforwardly as possibly, "Back aft". This was an opportunity to provoke me to back-talk: he railed at me for being an impudent rascal, because I did not specify whether starboard or port aft. I had plainly seen him inspecting the stores, including the potatoes and onions, the day before. I held my peace!

The steward was not very popular with the skipper, either, in spite of the fact that his whole soul seemed bent to please that worthy. He overdid it, I think, and there was the rub: he managed to incur the captain's contempt rather than his favor. He seemed a born menial; he bullied those under him, and scraped to those above him. When he spoke to the captain, his cap was in his hand.

A good many folk, I have observed, are no bigger than a row of gold braid and a pile of "swank",—at least they are afraid of it. He was one of them. Many a time did he prepare special dishes for His Majesty, and was often so devoid of any sense of propriety as to carry food into the saloon himself and present it to the captain with a lot of bowing and scraping, in the presence of all the officers. Consequently, his popularity waned with all the crew.

The steward's protege hung around for several days, but I did not intend to get fired, so he finally disappeared. The steward's cook, a Norwegian, got a chance to ship for Germany,—the sailor's Paradise,—and left us; then Frenchy came back on board.

Frenchy and I struck up quite a friendship; he was a congenial fellow, and was by far the best educated and most intellectual person in the crew. Well read he was in both French and English, and he spoke Spanish quite fluently. He had run away from boarding school when he was fourteen, he said, and gone to sea. He had

circled the globe several times; had taken part in the War as a French Officer, had been wounded three times, and kissed by the Queen of Roumania while in a hospital; he had danced in a Broadway musical comedy, and knew a good deal of the lore, and a good many people, of Greenwich town. Yet he was only 22 years old.

I roomed with two rare treats, on the ship. Number 1, El Hombre, was a Chilean Spaniard, the saloon messman; and Number Two, Willie, was a Brooklyn lad of about 17, who had run away from home.

El Hombre was a tenor singer of some ability,—he showed me newspaper clippings praising his concerts,—going to sea, he said, to save enough money to study in Rome. He had a good high school education, and spoke Italian and English well, in addition to his native tongue.

On the first of August, we finally were tugged away from our snug dock, and out into the seas, for Southampton, England. As we slid out of the harbor, I stood on the poop deck and tried to take a snapshot of New York City. I had seen a good deal of it, from the west side and Greenwich town, to the east side and the Bowery I had taken in Times Square and Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn and Staten Island. I found it a huge town, swarming with many, many kinds of people; there were the best and the finest, the lowest and the meanest! I found it a city of human people, as well as of rock and stone; a city of a few rich folks, and many, many poor ones,—a city of few Americans, and many, many people who, underneath all their rags, their jabbering, and their strange ways, were trying as best they could to become Americans.

I did not get sick on the way over; the boat rocked a bit, and frightened me, but it was not until we struck a miniature storm on the homeward trail that I succumbed to the dread of the seas, *mal de mer*. But at that, I did not find it the terrible sort of thing I had been fearing.

After 14 days we reached our port.

England at last! I found Britain different, far different, from America. When I had gone ashore and come back aboard the ship, Frenchy asked me, "What do you think of England?" I said "Victorian!", and I have not changed my opinion. It is Victorian, in dress, in manners, in everything. The lads on the streets, "chaps" they call them over there—ten-year-olds in long trousers, were accurate reproductions of the impossible looking boys that illustrate Dicken's works. The monotone in women's dress is truly Victorian. I did not find English girls pretty,—they were colorful of cheek, but I did not see, in something over a week in England, a single really pretty girl. Their clothes, for one thing, are worn with consummate awkwardness; not altogether their fault, it is true, for the even coolness of the weather and the daily morning showers make silk and light colors impossible. But, somehow, they do not wear them temptingly as our American girls do. To be sure, English girls might look a bit better if they would paint a trifle,—they use not one

whit of even face powder, and when I mentioned their washed-out appearance to a Britisher he was shocked that I did not find them perfectly adorable; he said that a girl in England using paint would be ostracised at once. In spite of all these notions of propriety, the general moral tone in England is far below the American level.

For one thing, England is overcrowded, and is out of work. When our ship came into dock, a hundred or more men and boys lined the pier, waiting; and as soon as they could, they were aboard, looking for anything at all to do, or a scrap to eat. We fed a number of them,—including several American seamen from the Leviathan who had been jailed for drunkenness while the Leviathan was in port,—every day we were there.

I wanted to go to London, so I got a lad to work for me,—all he wanted for his labor was a bit to eat; he was an ex-service man, at that. The town parks, or commons, are flooded each night with the people who must sleep there. Ex-soldiers are permitted to beg,—in London I saw many an able-bodied man holding up placards with printed jokes and pictures on them, asking for alms. They want jobs; the English masses are not bums; but they cannot work when there is no work to do.

I took a third-class coach,—exactly like a first-class coach, except that it had a different legend on the door,—from Southampton to London town. I must comment, that I have never seen a more beautiful countryside. There seemed to be no such thing as waste land,—even as open country,—the farms are far too close together for that. The fields are cut into little plots, divided from one another by hedge-rows as carefully trimmed in many cases as the hedges about our front yards. English houses are two-story brick affairs set, without exception, in the midst of a neat little flower garden; pretty, to say the least. I am of the opinion that there is not a single wooden house in England. Neither do Englishmen, except the very wealthy, have steam heat; and, yes, they have no bathtubs!

I had no idea I was in London until the train stopped at the Waterloo station, in the very heart of it. The streets did not look just as I thought streets in the world's greatest city should look,—it seemed to me a rather middle-sized town, with its mediocre three and four story buildings! But it was really London, for I crossed the Thames, and walked along the Strand to Trafalgar.

The greatest part of the day, I spent in the British Museum peering at the ancestors of His Royal Highness, King Tut; in the National Art Gallery, of which I have a very confused recollection; and in Westminster Abbey. The Abbey impressed me most of all,—for sixpence a guide took a party of us into the chapels where the rulers of England lie buried. History commanded us to reverence, and the beauty of the old Abbey, grown gray with glorious usage, commanded us to awe.

I could not help thinking, as we stood before the shrines where England's past lay buried, of the verse that America's first citizen loved so well:

*"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave."*

Before I quitted London, I had the privilege of standing in the outskirts of a crowd of Londoners watching in curious glee, as their grandfather's watched, a performance by Mr. Punch and Lady Judy.

From Southampton we sailed around England, and up the Tyne to Newcastle. The scenery up the Tyne is the most picturesque I have ever seen. The entire course of the river is embattled with high-rising banks, on the summits of which stand quaint, dingy-looking brick houses. Even the new ones, not yet completed, have the appearance of not having been touched for hundreds of years.

Newcastle proved to be a dirty city, full of poverty, piled high upon the banks of a sluggish stream. An old castle, surrounded now by a huge railroad crossing,—the largest in the world, they say,—gives the city its name. I was interested in the old structure, and spent one afternoon exploring it,—it is now partly used as a museum of antiquities. After the museum, on the first floor, long, dark corridors and winding lanes, breaking into little, round cells and turret stairways, lead above.

It was enough to disconcert a body interested in antiquity to find that the old castle, being near the river front, is now much used as a rendezvous for sailors and their sweethearts. I ran into a party of them, playing hide-and-seek in the corridors, after I had started down from the topmost turret. I hardly cared to go through the party so I tried to find my way out through another winding lane, got lost, and between dodging girls and wandering in circles through dark lanes, it is a wonder I found my way out at all.

We sailed around the North of Scotland, and back to America again. It was wonderful to be able to come back home, to America!

In closing this perhaps too personal reminiscence, bear with me to add one little song, composed by a sailor on the *Eastern Leader*, considered by him a masterpiece, and sung with heroic gusto by all the crew:

*"We are on a Shipping Board Ship  
From New York Bay.  
We get our hash and beans  
Three times a day.  
Oh, how the crew does yell  
When they hear that dinner bell,  
Oh, how the hash does smell,  
Three times a day."*

"Hip, hip, Hurray! O. K. passed by Censor,

Frenchy, Cook and Pot Washer."



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion,  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

NOVEMBER, 1923

## Trinity and the Future

PERHAPS it has been worked over-time already, but we feel the necessity of adding a few words to a subject which has been heatedly discussed for several weeks. We feel that it is hardly possible to say too much about anything which has made such an impression as has the recent Carolina-Trinity football game.

There are several points relative to the game which we feel open for attack, but in this instance we are interested primarily in the conduct of the Trinity team, in part. Some of the players were clean and would grace any field in such capacity; and some of them would fit very well in a bar-room brawl.

We feel that some steps should be taken by University officials as regards future contest with the Durham school. This institution's teams have always been clean. We have seldom heard even our most bitter enemies accuse us of dirty work in such a contest, and we like to believe that the demonstration of athletic fairness is representative of the University and every phase of its life.

This being the case, what good comes from playing a school which will tolerate such sportmanship? No honor can come from defeating such a team, nothing but disgrace should it defeat us in points scored. If Trinity College itself will not require gentlemanly conduct of all its athletes, and if her coaches cannot train them to play football and will not coach them in the rudiments of clean play, then we favor complete severance of athletic relations.

## Food for Thought

IN ORDER FOR ANY WORK to be done well, for any worker to be at his best, those conditions under which he lives and labors must be highly suitable to him. It matters not what the work may be, whether tooth-pulling or tomb-digging, if environment is not in accord with brain and brawn, then there is going to be a flaw somewhere.

A student's duties and activities are to him his work. His reward is his peace of mind, his satisfaction, the enjoyment he gets out of the continuation of just these things. If his conditions are not highly suitable, his work will not and can not be at its best. If he finds himself not in accord with the theories, laws, manners, methods, and conduct of his superiors, he can not do his best. If he alone is out of tune, then the matter is not of so great import; the college upon which he is attendant is bigger than the individual; but where this is true of a large number of students toward the same circumstances and individuals, things are wrong and where such conditions exist it seems to us that they should be at least acknowledged and corrected where possible.

We have no documentary evidence against any one; we have no personal grievances against anyone whom we have in mind; we do not think that there are a great many discords here; but we do believe that there are some things relative to the circumstances to which we refer that can and should be corrected. There are a few things in the University which we believe could be remedied with no great amount of injury to either the University or indi-



viduals. Conditions exist here relative to a few things which we believe would better the lot of the students were they corrected.

The University is operated for the education of the youth of today, and where there is a little wrong much evil can arise. We suggest that the matter be given consideration.

## Evolution

AT TIMES DURING THE POLITICAL HISTORY of the United States Congress has by various means exerted a tremendous influence on the presidents and cabinets, more tremendous than is their due, and have even gone so far as to dictate to him.

However imperfect the simile may be we believe that to a certain extent the same situation is arising and growing at the University. As we see it, student government means that the students are to govern themselves through the student councils that represent them. The faculty and Executive Committee serve as a check on them. They work in unison, for the general betterment of the students and the University alike.

To us it seems that a change is gradually coming about and is increasing slightly all the while. We have no particular case in mind, nor are we hitting at anybody in particular, but it is evident that the change is taking place. At least this is the view of quite a few men on the campus, prominent in its life. Student government is gradually leaning toward the above mentioned parties, they taking steps that we believe without their sphere. This tendency should be checked now if the present form of government is to continue. It is quite obvious that all the faculty are not in accord with the system, and should some of them get the opportunity, students will see that thing held dear by them for so long a time gradually slip from their hands and a new form of government be initiated.

So long as students sit idly by and let the thing continue,

just so long are the existing conditions going to prevail. Once getting a firm grasp, the faculty will not relinquish it, and it should be checked before it gains a strong foothold.

## Thieves, Apples, and a System

WE WERE EXTREMELY SHOCKED, some time ago by a open letter in *The Tar Heel*, to learn that the so-called "apple honor system" was being violated to the extent of several dollars a day. Had we merely heard a rumor to this effect we would have doubted; but the author of the letter spoke with authority.

The system of putting apples at convenient points about the campus, matter it not by whom it is done, is a genuine service to the student body. But the thing was not started with this end in view. A self-help student initiated the movement last year in order to gain money to help defray his college expenses. Others have followed suit and now several men are operating under the same system.

It does not matter to what extent the thefts are committed. It is simply the fact that in a school where honor has always been considered its highest virtue promiscuous stealing is occurring daily. If the system was operated by a corporation worth millions perhaps the thing would be treated lightly, but even then as stealing. We can conceive of nothing more despicable, nothing more damnable than to deliberately rob a man who has the determination to so humble himself as to work his way through college. Any one, regardless of his class affiliation or position on the campus, who will commit such an act is unworthy to be called a man, especially a Carolina man. Rather should he live with vultures in the woods; he would be more at home.

And to offer rewards for the apprehension of the culprits! Where is anything consistent with the honor system in that? Such procedure is flaunting red in the face of an already angry bull. Even thieves wait until darkness.



## FUTILITY

Like a kite was I on the winds of chance,  
Held low by the cord of circumstance;  
Fettered near earth, while I aspired  
In purple clouds to be attired;  
Above the things of common clay,  
Not knowing change of night and day,  
Unconcerned with work and toil,  
Scorning to labor on earthly soil:

Such I was when I dared defy  
The things that were and are.

On the four winds I rode above the earth  
But my discontent aroused God's mirth;  
And when God laughs, the winds are stilled  
And all of space with silence filled.  
The cord grew slack, the breeze grew slight;  
No more I felt the cold wind's bite  
Drifting from despised height  
Here on the earth that I hate to light.

The winds rise up but I no more;  
And still I hear God laugh. —S. G.

*"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."*

# BROTHERS

By

BESSIE DAVENPORT

THE canary swung in its cage, and looked at the bright sunshine outside. All the morning it had been singing, songs of spring, of love and of happiness; but now, as if suddenly aware of its cage or convinced of the futility of songs in this world of reality, it was silent.

"Dick."

The figure in the chair by the window stirred as if waked from his reverie by the very silence, and then spoke again.

"Dick, sing that last one again."

Dick fluttered about in his cage at the sound of the speakers voice, but refused to repeat his song.

The boy, Oscar Guibert, looked up at the cage and smiled. His face revealed in the full light of the morning seemed unutterably old and tired; but his body seated in the great wheel chair seemed only as a child's—in reality, he was seventeen or eighteen years old. From birth his lower limbs had been paralyzed, and consequently his body had never been developed. His features were delicate, his eyes of the deepest blue, and the whole surmounted by a shock of reddish yellow hair; the peculiar shade of freckles belonging to this hair, however, were conspicuously lacking.

The boy raised his head and listened. His quick ear had caught the sound of his brother's whistle far down the street. He glanced around the shabby room to be sure that all was neat. Sometimes when the pain was not too bad, Paul would go to the store and let him clean up the room. He loved to do it, only quite often he was not able. He heard Paul come up the front steps (he wished their room faced the street so that he could see him), through the hall, and then bound up the stairs, and Paul stood in the doorway.

"How now, Cheerio?"

How splendid he was, thought Oscar, how big and strong, with the little humorous twist to his mouth, and his unruly yellow hair falling over his forehead. For Paul occupied the high altar in his brother's heart; and in keeping with his hero-worship, he was suddenly filled with rage that Paul, his Paul, should be so burdened and weighted down with difficulties.

Noting the change in his brother's countenance, Paul came quickly forward, and leaned over the chair.

"What's the matter, old man, having it bad again to-day?"

"Oh, no," Oscar hastened to assure him, "I'm feeling fine".

"Honest?"

"Honest."

Paul, satisfied now, produced a book from under his arm.

"Here's the 'Corn Huskers' you asked me to get last week. 'Some Chinese Ghosts' was out of the library."

Oscar smiled as he took the book. "Thank's so much. How's business to-day?"

Paul paused in his rapid search through the table drawer.

"Pretty good. Do you know, something funny happened this morning. A lady came in, and while I was trying on a pair of shoes for her, the little girl wandered back to the rear end of the store and ran into the boss. It's pretty dark back there, y' know, and she was standing right under the skylight when old Hill saw her. With her long yellow curls and white dress, she did look mighty sweet, but Hill just fell for her. She got him by the thumb and went leading him around all over the store; and if she'd asked him for the show-window, she'd got it. And I asked him for a \$2.00 raise just a minute before, and he refused."

"Oh, Paul, no!"

"Yep, but don't worry, I'll get a job worth two of his some day." Paul found the papers he was looking for, and stuck them in his pocket.

"Are you going to send those sketches off to-night?"

"Yes, I thought I'd try some new magazines this time." Paul strove to make his voice sound matter-of-fact, but succeeded only partially.

"I'll have to hurry now, or I'll be late at the store, and there'll be the dickens to pay."

"Why don't you try leading Hill around by the thumb?" Oscar asked.

Paul grunted.

"Anything I can do before I go?" he inquired.

When Paul had gone, Oscar sat for a few moments without moving. A long afternoon stretched before him

with nothing to do. True he could read, but over-use had weakened his eyes until he was unable to use them very long at a time. His gaze wandered out of the window, and over the none too clean back yard. Flies swarming over a garbage can made him feel sick, and he looked away quickly to the hills far-a-way. The strong heavy odor of cabbage rose from the kitchen beneath him, making the air feel thick, even greasy. But it was not of himself or these physical discomforts that he was thinking. "It's not fair for Paul with his talent for drawing to have to clerk in a shoestore for twenty dollars a week," he told himself passionately. It is true he had been getting more in New York, but the doctor had expressly forbidden Oscar to stay there during the summer. And since moving to the small town of Hambresville their financial condition had been poorer, if possible, than in the city.

Late in the afternoon, but two long hours before Paul would come home, Oscar heard a rap on his door. Surprised, but delighted, he called, "Come in."

His landlady entered, a stout motherly soul of forty or so.

"Well, Mr. Oscar, and how are you feeling to-day?"

"Fine, thank you, Mrs. Falls. Come in and have a seat."

"You're looking better. Here's a piece of my first peach pie, I thought maybe you'd like it."

"Thank you, so much, it looks good." And then as Mrs. Falls continued standing, "Won't you have a seat?"

"No, I haven't got but just a minute. I hate to tell you, Mr. Oscar, but I'll have to go up fifty cents on your room rent this week. Mr. Falls told me to do it last week, but I just hated to."

Oscar remained silent, and Mrs. Falls continued, "It's a pity you couldn't get something to do,—just with your hands, I mean. I heard of a case last week—There goes Jane calling me again, I'll have to go, but you understand it's nothing personal. I'm having to raise everyone."

"Yes, I understand, Mrs. Falls. Good-bye."

"Oscar's feelings were close akin to despair as Mrs. Falls made her departure. More expense. Why did there always have to be more expense? And why, oh why couldn't he do something to help? Evidently neither he nor Mrs. Falls was taking into account the numerous days which he spent lying in his bed writhing with pain. Even his brother did not realize the intensity of the attacks which left the boy white-faced and weak. Quite irrelevantly he remembered a rent in his brother's shirt which he had intended trying to mend. The irony of this small task as a solution to his great problem suddenly struck him, and smiling wryly at himself he wheeled his chair to the little trunk and set about his task. Having finished it, he was making his way back to the window when he noticed a letter lying on the floor, evidently dropped by Paul when he crammed the papers in his pocket.

et. As letters were not common in this household, Oscar picked it up, and turned it over. It was addressed to his brother. In the upper lefthand corner was a name that brought a quick "oh" from him. Paul had forgotten to show it to him. Breathlessly, he pulled the letter from the envelope, his eyes hurriedly skimmed the heading, and the acknowledgment of two pictures, and seized on the line:

"To say that I am pleased does not express my feelings—I am afraid to believe what I see—I do not mean to say that your work is perfect. It is not. There are many impossible crudities which only years of work and study will erase.

"But yours is the divine gift, my boy, and with your glorious youth you can carry the torch far. Come to me at once."

And there was signed the name of all names that Paul worshipped, the greatest of living artists to-day.

The sun finally sank, and dusk filled the room, and still the white-faced boy sat crouched over the letter. At first, wonder, pride and joy had contended for supremacy—pride in Paul's success and all that it meant to him. But even as the full realization struck him, his face clouded. Paul study? and work on his pictures? How? Where would he, Oscar be? Paul could manage for himself alone, but with a helpless cripple to provide for, always dragging and holding him back.... His thoughts went around in a circle like some caged animal. Fate mocked him at every turn; that fate was embodied in him, a useless piece of humanity, made it no easier to bear. Beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. Dusk seemed to have increased rather than relieved the heat. The canary, as if suddenly overcome with its desire for freedom, flew from one side of its cage to the other, making vain attempts to escape; but the boy did not raise his head.

At last his bitterness burnt itself out by its very intensity, but the determination remained to keep this opportunity somehow from slipping through Paul's fingers. He realized now that Paul had meant to keep the letter from him, in order to spare him useless regret. His love for his brother swept over him anew, warming and stifling him. Paul must have a chance to succeed. What was he to stop him? what indeed! He was of no use to anyone, not even himself. If it were not for him—. A new light dawned slowly in his eyes, suffused his countenance, and as the idea grew in his mind, parted his lips in a smile such as the Madonna might have worn.

Some thirty minutes later, Paul entered the room, but a very subdued Paul. Even through his preoccupation, Oscar noticed it; only his eyes asked the question.

"I guess I might as well let you have it right off the bat, old top, but I'm fired."

Oscar smiled; he spoke quietly, assuringly, "Forget it; you'll find something better to do." [Continued on page 27]



Taking up the question of expressing one's self  
WM. J. COCKE, JR. defends the Literary Societies as

## A CAMPUS RESERVOIR

TIME WAS, and not so long ago either, when the community required the art of public speaking solely of its preacher, its lawyer and its school teacher. Because they were proficient in this art the community delegated to them the duty, not only to speak for it, but more—to think and to act for it.

At Sunday School picnics, Confederate Veteran reunions, Fourth of July celebrations, school commencements and in those very infrequent meetings which brought the people together to discuss their civic problems these three dignitaries were heroes. All eyes, filled with pride, were focused upon them. To the exclusion of all others, they were called upon to make clear the purpose of the meeting, to point out the proper course of action, to extol, to expound, to cheer or to thrill as the exigencies of the hour required. At such times a sort of halo crowned the heads of Parson Jones, Lawyer Tucker, and Professor James while their audience sat mutely, rapturously, drinking in the words of wisdom and wondering whence came so great inspiration.

Wonderful changes have taken place in community life and obligations since these days. Human activities have multiplied. The spirit to serve so possesses the individual now that our communities are little more than numberless clubs studying and debating the vital problems that daily arise, and recommending the proper solutions. The Kiwanis Club, The Rotary Club, The Lions Club, The Civitan Club, The Moose Club, on *ad infinitum*. Every well informed person is expected to be a living, active, vital, and efficient part in these activities. He can not meet the demands of this civic duty unless he be able to express, before his fellows, his views, simply and convincingly.

In this new order of things not only Parson Jones, Lawyer Tucker, and Professor James but also Doctor Brown, Merchant Clark, Druggist Smith, Engineer Johnson, and Banker Jackson must each take his place in these community services if he would let even his next door neighbors know that he lives at all. The possession of knowledge, experience, emotions, convictions, is counted slight attainment now unless one has the power to get them over to one's fellows. The question no longer is: "Have you a degree?" but "What worth-while thing can you tell us and very quickly?"

Thus the necessity for everyone to know how to speak well in public is an inescapable obligation that has come along in the recent general quickening of public interest in matters relating to the home, the community, and the state and in the clearer conception by the individual of his own civic duties.

There is one agency at Carolina that specializes in developing this very vital art of public speaking. This agency is the Literary Societies. They are preparing their members to meet a qualification demanded of every student when he shall leave the "Hill" to take his place in his community. And when one considers the necessity for such training, it is amazing that so many Carolina men are neglecting the opportunity which the Societies offer.

There are reasons for this indifference. Many have not looked ahead to the time when the question "What worth-while thing can you tell us and very quickly?" will be hurled at them to measure their real height in the community; indeed, hurled at them from many quarters as a challenge to University training and efficiency. And of course they have not seriously weighed the Literary Society's exercises as a preparation to meet these inevitable tests.

Then again many have considered these advantages and have decided that they haven't the time to avail themselves of them. They have not thought of trying out a more systematic, methodical manner of study that might economize their time and thus dispel the difficulty. However convincing or self-satisfying these or other reasons and excuses may be to those who make them, the stern fact is that the neglect of the training the Literary Societies offer must, when the community's question comes, find expression in the humiliating response: "I can not tell you anything for I don't know how." Disappointing! Disparaging! Mortifying!

Aside from the practicalities, there are what one might call esthetic reasons for membership in the Literary Societies. In no phase of our University life does one find rivalry so keen as that which exists between the Di and Phi Societies. To be a member of one of these societies is to feel this rivalry, to breathe it, to live in its stimulating atmosphere. One feels his intellectual muscles wax, his sinews grow strong, his being expand as he sees his own society, a part of himself, straining every tissue and nerve, striving to succeed over its rival in one intellectual battle after another.

And then within the society. The members meeting on a common ground in a common helpful purpose. Friendships formed that shall follow through life and that shall sweeten and flavor and strengthen it.

Why are we here if lesson-getting be all? Among other aims we are here surely to get thoughts, to get the power to express them, to get inspirations, to get friendships. The Literary Societies are a veritable campus reservoir overflowing with these good things.

All of us know a few real community  
 "Characters". P. G. GRANT deals with one in  
**A Few Sidelights on Success**

By JASPER JENKINS

**D**ON'T come lumberin' up that-a-way er you'll skeer that squeevey out there."

I obeyed this earnest threat—command—entreaty of the man with the gun who turned carefully and balefully glared at me from behind a clump of sedge. I recognized him easily, for two reasons. I had known him all my life, and he had not changed appreciably in those years. Besides, it was a well known fact that Jasper Jenkins spent most of his time somewhere in these marshes, and I naturally expected to find him here.

"Any ducks down that-a-way?" he asked, pointing in the direction of Whitewood, and adding at the same time, "I see you haint got none."

I assured him that I was not after ducks, and that I had seen a few during the afternoon.

We were on the eastern end of Hardison Island in Onslow County, North Carolina. This island was formerly one of the many live oak hummocks along the coast here, which are separated from the mainland by the sound—the shallow, narrow, winding inland waterway which runs along nearly all of the Atlantic coast of the United States. The island had been cleared by the early settlers of this community, and, with the one adjoining it and separated from it only by a low uncleared live oak grove, comprised some four hundred acres of excellent farm land.

"You ain't after ducks!" were the hunters next words. "Then I'd like to know what you are after. You are as much like Ned Hill, who used to own this very island, as anything in the world. He'd never do nothing but poke around and shoot ducks. The only diff'rence is, he wuz allus drunk, while, as far as I know, you don't drink nothin' but grape wine, and you are a little bit keerful wi' that."

"Oh, I am not as bad as he, am I?" I said, "though, like him, I want to own these islands, and that is why I am over here."

"You're as much alike as two kingfishers," he replied. "The only difference is, he couldn't burn as much powder as you, fer he had to pour his'n in at the muzzle of a muzzle-loader, and you burn it as fast as you ken git it in a breech-loader, er one o' them automatics."

I smiled at the second "only difference", as well as at the comparison, for two kingfishers do bear a striking resemblance to each other or to any other kingfisher.

He was grinning amiably during this conversation, as he kept one eye on the game which I was about to frighten. The "squeevey" or crested grebe came within range, and a well-directed shot by the hunter put him in the game bag.

He interpreted my smile to mean that I thought that there was nothing in common between myself and Ned Hill.

"You don't b'lieve it!" he exclaimed. "Why, I know when he wuz born jest as good as I know when you wuz born, and the only diff'rence is, you got a little eddication, and don't stay home all the time, while he never got any futher'n Wilmington, and never went there after the place went dry. If it 'ad gone dry twenty years sooner, he'd still been livin' and a-owned these islands right now, Yes-sur, he drunk it up, 'n' burnt it up in that ol' musket, 'n' wasted it on durn fool ideas to git out o'work."

He refilled his pipe, and started in anew. I settled myself to hear his story, most of which was more or less familiar to me.

"No s'r, a man who don't do nothing but poke aroun' with a gun ain't a-goin' t'git anywheres. After the war, old man John Hill was the richest man around here. These islands, 'n' th' Hobbs place off on the main wuz wuth mor'n any two plantations in this part o' the county. He didn't live long after that, 'n' when his old lady died, Ned got all the property, but he never used nothin' but the gun, 'till he drunk all the money up, and then he commenced to sell anything he could git his hands on. He drunk all the furniture 'n' books, 'n' two er three little places down on the sound. Then he drunk the home place, and these islands went the same way.

"Yes, s'r, 'n' you're goin' the same way. You don't drink, but you're shif'less, 'n' good-natured, 'n' easy-goin', 'n' lazy, 'n' now you got some of his new-fangled ideas. What d'ye want wi' the islands? Why, that's the bes' lan' 'n' th' world. It's a shame—yes s'r, plum' scandalous—to waste it."

I told him that I thought I saw several thousand a year in the islands if I should get them. That hog raising would not require much work on a place like this.

"Jes like him, the only difference is, he wuz goin' t'raise cattle, 'n' you're goin' to raise hogs, but both of you wanted to git out o'work. Don't y'know that nobody never made nothing out'n hogs in this country? D'ye know what become o'them cattle? Ned had about six hundred o'them here. He kept buyin' 'n' never sold none. Said he wuz goin' at it on a big scale. I expect he could a' made some money out'n 'em, but when he started to ship the fust ones, he found out it'd take a lot o'work every time he wanted to sell any so he drove the whole bunch to the backwoods, and jest about give them to some backwoodsmen. Yes, s'r, I seen Ned get drunk 'n' go out the road 'n' brag that if his cows'd give corn likker



'stead o'milk he'd git rich. I'll bet that if they'd a'give corn likker, Ned would a' learned how to milk which is more'n he ever did do.

"You don't git drunk, but you can't get rich without working. Look at Ed Simpson. Started wi' nothin' not so many years ago, 'n' now he's got a good home. Many's the mornin' I've started to the marshes to git some ducks afore they left the ponds, and passed Ed's house when 'tweren't sun-up, 'n' he wuz out working like a house a-fire. I got some good land, 'n' if I hadn't been laid up with rheumatiz all my life I'd a' been independent—yes s'r—plum' independent. But, Ed was able, 'n' you're jest as able as he is, 'n' you've got ten times as much land, without buyin' these islands."

I smiled at the thought of rheumatism that would permit a man to spend fifteen hours each day in the marsh, wet and cold, but would not permit him to work on the farm. It was well known that a man could have done in a year all that Jasper Jenkins had done in the way of useful work in seventy years.

"But I am going to work," I insisted, "and I think I could make some easy money out of these islands."

"Work! Ned was allus a-going to work. Did you ever row up the channel agin' a strong ebb tide? Y've got to put your oars in the water as soon as ye shuv off er you're goin' to sea. You've got to start pullin' right away, and keep it up. Look at John Midgett! Went to sleep in his boat a-dreamin' about the time when he wouldn't have to work, 'n' woke up way down to Brown's inlet, 'n' come nigh gettin' drowned, 'n' lost all the fish he'd caught. An' there's Jasper Harrison, who used to stay in that ol' shack on Sandy P'int. Nobody never went inside the place because he kep' it locked all the time. Everybody wondered what he wuz a-doin', until one night Lub Millis wuz a-fishin' way down 'bout the bar, 'n' found him tryin' his new contraption. Lub called out 'n' asked him what he wuz a-doin', 'n' he said he wuz a-goin' to live

without workin'. He had a new-fangled mill that wuz a-goin' to run by the tide, 'n' grind corn. Y'know where he wound up?—In the poorhouse. Yes, s'r, on the county. No, s'r, y'can't git nowhere fishin' fer new schemes. Every fish that bites yer hook ain't a trout. More'n likely it's a catfish.

"But maybe you'll git along. If you're like your father, you'll do somethin'. There's Jim Tucker, who's much like you, 'n' come back here 'n' started farmin' 'n' raisin' chickens—yes s'r, raisin' chickens—a man raisin' chickens!—on Ragged P'int. 'S only been a few years ago, 'n' now he's married, 'n' happy, 'n' wuth a good bit o'money. He works, but it looks like he has lots o'time to loaf. Yes, s'r, brains pays. Y'don't git old 'fore you're time, if y'keer fer y'rself. He's gittin' 'long fine as frog hair. Fine wife, good children. I went up thre to see him oncet. Heerd so much of him. Thought I could spare the time, so I went up the river to see him. Well, s'r, that's the durndest farm y'vever saw. Everything spick and span as a doll's house. Looks like a toy farm. You're as good as he is, 'n' you've got a better start. I hetcha y'kin make money—brains and work,—that's all it takes."

I told him I had come over to see about draining a part of the islands, building some fences, and other little things that I thought I should do if I bought them. We strolled off across the fields, and he began to tell me how I should do it. We talked over various methods of feeding, and pasturing, and marketing.

Half an hour later I left him chasing another bunch of ducks, which his keen eyes had detected, dropping into a far-off pond. His last words were:

"You can do it. You are your father's son. A little brains, 'n' a little work, that's all it takes, 'n' we'll be proud of you. By George, we'll make you sheriff! We need some young blood in the county."



### A FAREWELL

You couldn't understand, they told me;  
 And they knew more than I;  
 But my youth was blind and could not see,  
 I could but strive and try  
 To kindle sleeping fire  
 With breath of my desire.  
 You never cared, perhaps never knew  
 What my love might have meant.  
 What they told me I find but too true;  
 Farewell, my passion's spent.



# A HANDFUL

By EARL HARTSELL

IF, as a result of this daring crime, I should be asked to spend the balance of the winter in the Federal prison at Atlanta, I want it distinctly understood that the fault lies not with me, but with the Editor of *The Carolina Magazine*. Allow me to make a full confession of his guilt.

It came about in this wise: The Editor and I were seated on the well-known post-office steps one night about a week ago and the topic of conversation was copy for the pages of the Magazine.

"What we need is a little humor," said he, and looked at me as though he suspected me of having some concealed in my shirt or on my hip. I tried to look as innocent of the offense as I conscientiously believe that I am. Just then a Freshman came up and dropped a letter in the big mail box at the foot of the steps. Presently a co-ed approached, dropping in three letters and a handful of picture post cards.

"George," I said to the editor—he still lets me call him George on informal occasions—"there's more humor in that doggoned mail box than you or I ever dreamed of."

"Well, why don't you get it out?" he demanded.

"It would be slightly embarrassing to make an extended visit to Atlanta just at present," I said by way of excusing myself.

"Oh, don't worry about that," he reassured me in his most patronizingly reassuring manner. "You will be protected by the mighty influence of myself and the University Publications Union." (You know how grandiloquent and convincing George sounds when he throws a line like that.)

Well, I was sufficiently reassured, and late that night I avoided the vigilance of the Chapel Hill police force and broke into the mail box. I took only a handful of letters, and out of that handful I have selected a few that I judged would interest readers of George's *Magazine*. Here they are without editing of any sort:

[This first one is not chosen on the basis of literary merit but rather because it is typical of ninety percent of the number examined.]

DEAR DAD:

I am getting along just fine and like it better and better every day. I will need about fifty (50) dollars to pay my board bill for next month and etc. Hope you are all well.

Your son,  
Jack.

[The following was written in a graceful feminine hand on scented note-paper of a silver-grayish tint.]

DEAR MAY:

Oh, my dear, you just *ought* to be up here at Chapel Hill with me. You'd positively be *thrilled* to death. It's the most *thrilling* place I ever saw. And so many of the nicest, handsomest, *thrillingest* boys, and just a few of we girls and of *Course*, we are kept on the rush *all* the time. I haven't picked out a fellow yet, but I'm trying to be impartial and treat 'em all alike—you know—just to give myself time to pick out one for my *very* own that's tall and handsome and broad-shouldered and *thrilling* etc, etc. One of the men on the football team smiled at me the other day—the *thrillingest* smile—I know he's just *crazy* to meet me and of *Course*, May, such things can be arranged, you know.

Oh, May, you could never, *never* guess what name they call we girls by up here. They call us "*co-eds*" Isn't that the darlindest name you ever heard—And you just ought to hear these boys pronounce it. They're really very fond of we girls you know, and when they say "Oh, she's a *co-ed*"—what they really seem to say is: "Oh, she's an *angel*!" Don't you think it's just *splendid* to be so appreciated by one's environment, so to speak?

You were asking me about Tom, May. Now I'll tell you frankly, I'm getting plenty good and tired of Tom. But you mustn't breathe it to him. Poor dear, I'm really sorry for him. Tom's always been such a darling to me, and of course his heart is *set* on marrying me, but May, now be honest, don't you think I deserve a *little* better man than Tom is? I don't mean better morally or physically or in any *one* way, but better *every* way. There's just hundreds of 'em right here in Chapel Hill and what I'm going to do—now please don't tell on me, May—is to keep stringing Tom along until I can find some fellow like I told you about—and then poor, dear Tom will have to look out for himself.

Write and tell me all about yourself. I'd just be *thrilled* to death if you'd write and tell me you were engaged to some perfectly *thrilling* man you've met somewhere.

Yours devotedly,  
Grace.

[Same notepaper, same handwriting, same scent.]

MY DARLINGEST SWEETEST TOM:—

Oh, how lonesome and blue everything is up here, without you, dearest. Seems like I can't think anything all day long but just T-O-M, Tom. How am I going to be a good little girl and pass my work if I keep that up, Dear? But I'd rather flunk out on *every single* thing than to think I was neglecting my own precious man. You asked me in your last letter if I loved you. Why dear, how can you ask such a *foolish, foolish* question? You *know* I love you.

Sweetie, promise me one thing. If May Wells should say anything to you about me, tell me what it is won't you? And, Tom, don't believe a *word* that she tells you. That bad girl wants to take my Tom away from me, so she does, and she's just hateful enough to say *anything*.

Well, sweetheart, I must get down to my books. I've spent so much time thinking about you today that I just haven't time to write you a decent letter. But you'll forgive me, I know.

Lovingly your,  
Grace.

[The last of the series is from the pen of a freshman of the more voluble type.]

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

I guess I have treated you-all kind of shabby since I come up here not writing more than two or three lines in every letter like you said in your last letter but I'll try to make up for it in this letter and write you a good long newsy letter like you asked me to in your last letter and tell you everything that's happened up to date.

This sure is a fine place up here I'm liking it fine there are so many fine boys from all over the state—only they don't call us boys up here it's always *men*. I like that fine too. It sounds so much more dignified than just *boys* and I guess after all I'm getting to be about the age where I ought to put away childish things—as Shakespeare says.

You asked me something about my room-mate he's a senior and seems to be a fine fellow and I like him fine. He is a student of philosophy and a bunch of his friends come in every night to talk it over with him. You can't

study philosophy, you know, you just have to get it by talking. I listen in on these bull sessions as they call them (that don't mean nothing you wouldn't want me to say, Mother) ever now and then. Of course a Freshman isn't supposed to understand that kind of discussion but I can get pretty near all of it. I don't know whether its because I got a little better head than the average freshman or why it is. Anyhow I butted in on some of their argumints and they always pay careful attention to what I say and one of my roommate's friends tolled me that I ought to apply for a job as a professor in the philosophy department. My room-mate tells me that I am a Moron I guess you know what that means. I didn't at first and was about to look it up in the dictionary but he tolled me to never mind that it meant a man of unusual intellectual ability. So you see your son has already distinguished myself some what.

But I was going to tell you about the philosophy argumint. My roommate was saying that everything is something else and he picks up a pencil and says that it aint a pencil. He says its more that just pencil cause its got to be pencil and no-pencil and if you aint got no-pencil you can't have no pencil—its perfectly clear you see when you study it out because that no-pencil means the wood on the outside of the pencil and of course it wouldnt be a pencil if it didn't have the outside or no-pencil part. Some of the fellows didn't see through it but I guessed it the first time and that's when my room-mate said I was a moron.

I'm not going out for football this year. Several of the fellows that knew my record in high school tried to get me to go out but they wont let a freshman play on the varsity team and they isn't much honor in making the freshman team so I am going to wait and make the varsity next year.

This letter is going to be awful long I expect it will cost me extra postage—and that makes me think I need about 25 dollars to buy postage stamps and incidentals.

It is getting late and I must close and get to work on my books—and that makes me think—you'd better make that check for fifty dollars instead of 25 because I've got to buy another English book.

With love your son,  
Charles.



TO—

Tonight my Muse attends some other;  
Some youth who struggles even as I.  
In vain I woo, she courts some brother,  
And scorning, she passes me by.

The simplest rhyme, the simplest metre  
Will not respond, but eludes my call.

Should my Muse come, what theme would greet her?  
My thoughts are nothing, my thoughts are all.

In truth I know not; I cannot say.  
I can think of nothing, Dear, save you;  
So I can but put my pen away,  
I have not art to give you your due.

H. C.



# A REVERIE

JORDAN R. GALLOWAY

I AM OLD: I have passed my three score and ten and mine are regrets, maybe. I sit alone tonight and that is the usual with me. I have reared in my time three sons, but the joy of my life, my only daughter, died in the flower of her youth. She was all that I desired: but the memory of her is sweet. My partner is dead. Her three sons have gone. God! I am alone.

In my boyhood days I had a dog—Laddie. He was the sole joy of my existence then, loving, playful, companion of my every mood. In the field on tramps he was ever with me, running ahead of me only to return, yelping, falling at my feet, jumping all over me in his playfulness: my friend. Fishing: lying sleepily beside me, or maybe he sat beside me, watching the cork with the attentiveness of a lion stalking his prey,—my understanding, feeling, knowing companion,—my friend. At night: in my hours of study Laddie was always there, sticking his nose in my book, more eager to learn than I; and at my bed-time hour, standing there, poised, watchful, he saw me to bed and was then my companion in dreams,—my friend. Laddie was always there.

But years ago my friend died. Left alone I entered into young manhood, but my friend was gone. I would never find another to take his place. I never did.

Then there came into my life a woman. To every man there is a woman. Such as he wants her he will find her, giving more, perhaps, than he, but there if he wills to find her,—his partner, his love.

Such as she I found. We loved, knew it, and married. Earth was heaven then. So was she! My comfort in hours of sadness, my advisor in hours of doubt, my balm in hours of woe—my partner, my love. We reared three sons; the daughter, I have told you, died. She was to

them more, perhaps, than she was to me. To them was she partner, playfellow, lover, care-taker, esteem, pride, ambition, hope, but greater than all these, mother. Never knew I my own mother, she dying when I was young. I never remember her to have clasped me to her breast and to have branded my lips with a kiss poured forth from the inner depths of her mother's love, emblazoned with that known to few such women, no men. Such as this had my boys. Such as this made me look more tenderly upon my own wife, for in my dreams such was my own mother, and in these dreams my parched lips were drawn to hers and saturated anew with a mother's love. Thus was my wife, my dream-mother, my partner, my love.

She too died, but not before our sons had gone forth to work, woo, win, and marry as we had done. I would not leave the home my love had made for me. Everything is as it was ere she died, and will so remain.

Tonight, I sit alone. A warm fire sends forth heat with a merry crackle; a soft light from my old reading lamp,—my love's gift,—falls about me; I sit in my old morris chair, the gift of my three sons; a toy cradle and a doll sit in the corner by the fireplace. I have with me my one solace: my pipe. Mellowed with years, sweeter than the honey of Hymettus, my pipe is all that remains of years ago. With each puffed cloud of curling smoke a garland of yesterday is woven and by the hand of Fate is placed upon my head. In each cloud there is a picture: boyhood days, Laddie, my young manhood, love, my daughter, my sons. But I am not sad. Rather am I glad, so great a comfort is this, my pipe,—my solace. Each day grows sweeter in my limited years and so my pipe,—my only solace.

I sit alone, with my pipe.



ALUMNI BUILDING



## INFINITY

Now, the earth's of a size that fills with awe the midget  
minds of men,  
And worlds there are that are greater far within our  
mortal ken;  
They tell us their size in meaningless miles, whose lengths  
have never been trod,—  
But the greatest of these is a molecule in the matchless  
body of God!

We count in years the life of a man and we say that a  
man is old  
If his years are more than full three score, but the age of  
the Earth's untold:  
Uncounted aeons have bruised their feet in grinding to  
dust its rock,  
Yet the span of a sphere, in the sight of God, is one tick  
of Eternity's clock!



## TO—

Where the round moon rides  
O'er the purple tides,  
The nights for love are sweet and long;  
There my soul abides  
With but you besides,  
Away from the world and its wrong.

Where the sea gull floats  
And the many boats  
Swiftly and silently run by;  
Where the soft breeze quotes  
The sweet dreamy notes,  
Singing the sea a lullaby.

Where the cool winds blow  
From the salt waves flow;  
Where the sun sets in pinks and creams,  
It's there I would go  
For I love it so  
With just you, in the land of dreams. —H.S.F.



## JUSTIFICATION

It is only since  
I found God's footprints  
In the dust which bears my shame  
That I have scoffed at  
Divinity —H. S. F.

## THE PASSING CROWD

Did you ever notice people  
As they're passing to and fro,  
And wonder what their hurry is  
And where on earth they go?

Have you stood on a city corner  
And watched them passing by  
This man with the smiling lips,  
This man with a sigh?

And this man goes with lagging feet  
As tho' his hopes are dead,  
And this one with a sprightly step  
And holding high his head.

A haughty lady passes by,  
Quiet style from head to feet,  
A gaudy one is just behind  
A painted "woman of the street".

The teamster with his horse and cart,  
The millionaire in his sedan,  
They all pass by the one who waits,  
Both high and low of man.

They all pass by the one who waits,  
And all in one great quest,  
For each man seeks the thing he needs,  
Or wants and loves the best.

And some go by with healthy look,  
And some go by in pain,  
But all who pass both young and old,  
Pass in search of gain.

—J. S.



## DESCENT

The fantastic flames;  
The flickering firelight;  
Drowsiness creeping;  
My St. Bernard sleeping  
In the plush on the floor

The dank dreary drip;  
Despair of the raindrops;  
Aching repining;  
My little cur whining  
In filth of the gutter.

—L. E.

## BROTHERS

*[Continued from page 19]*

Nine o'clock was Oscar's, and therefore Paul's bedtime. Oscar fixed his own medicine to-night. After the customary tonic, he glanced quietly at Paul, and then taking down the tiny white vial which was touched only in cases of extreme pain, he emptied the contents into his hand and then into his mouth.

As Paul lifted him bodily and placed him in his bed, it seemed to Oscar that he was more tender than usual to-night. And after laying him down, Paul leaned over and kissed him on the cheek, then turned away quickly as if half ashamed. He spoke to Oscar once as he lay down beside him, but Oscar did not answer, and he was glad the boy had dropped asleep so quickly.

But Oscar had left the cheap little room and was standing in a great salon. On every side were people, and from every side came murmured praise of the great new work of art. And standing near the picture was Paul, bowing and smiling. He was pale but very happy, Oscar could see that, but he could not see the picture. He pushed his way first this way and then that, but succeeded only in catching a glimpse of the great picture; it seemed to be a man with a crown of light on his head. "How queer," thought Oscar drowsily.

And the moon came through the window, and formed a halo about the pale face of the boy.

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B. G. PROCTOR, *Cashier*

ERIC H. COPELAND, *Asst. Cashier*

## MADNESS

If my power was as mighty as my desire  
These are the things I would do:

I would grasp the moon in my two hands  
And choke its ghastly grin.  
I would wrap it up in hell-black clouds  
And bind it with ropes of evil stars.

I would uproot the willows and mimosa trees  
And burn them with fires of hate.  
The flames would rise to the heavens  
As I piled on violins and roses.

All things I have loved would glut the flames:  
My Byron, my Shelley, my Browning, my Keats  
Would flame blood red and pain white  
And turn to ashes grey.

All sweet perfumes I would throw in the blaze,  
I would breathe the acrid smoke;  
As I strangled and my soul passed to hell,  
I would curse my love who is false.

—S. G.

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## DERELICT

He sits alone on a bench  
In City Hall Park  
In the shadow of that famous statue  
Called Civic Virtue,  
Outlined against the morning sky.  
A frayed cap of untold seasons  
Crowns a fringe of white hair  
Long unshorn.  
A wisp of mustache  
Of greyish white  
And a bulbous nose, mottled red,  
Peep out  
From the folds of a faded coat,  
Of rents and patches  
And ugly bulges.  
He reads in the paper  
Which was his blanket  
In the night gone by.  
Great tears roll down two  
Wrinkled cheeks.  
He reads of the opera  
And a new Star's  
Triumph.

Tears they are  
Of bitter memory.  
Once he also stood on the threshold,  
But the lure of the brimming cup  
Dragged him  
Down, Down!  
Now he sings at the curb for pennies  
From lunch time  
Crowds.  
The sun rises.  
The shadow of that famous statue  
Called Civic Virtue  
Slowly recedes  
From the figure  
Huddled  
On the bench  
Alone.

—H. W.

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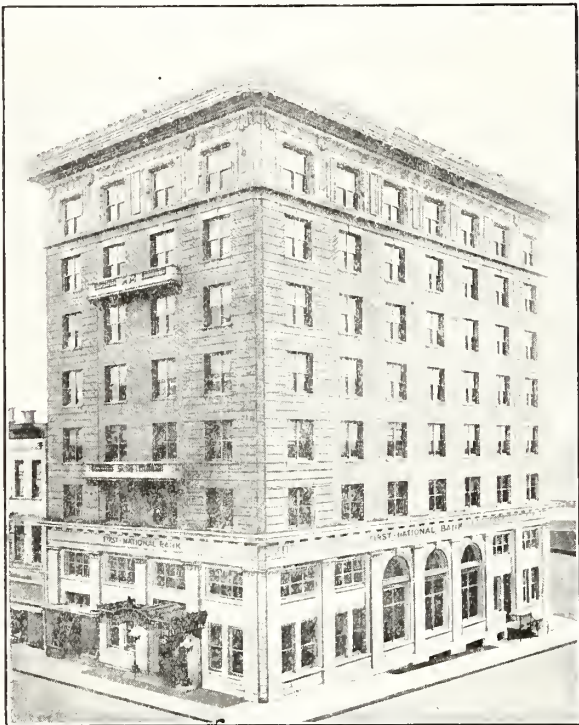
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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor. Published by the  
University of North Carolina Publications Union

Old Series Vol. 54

Number 3

New Series Vol. 41

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Articles in the MAGAZINE are not necessarily the opinion of the editor of the publication.

Address all communications to the *Editor* or *Business Manager*, CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1923.



# *A Memorial as an Illustration*

Several years ago following the death of the beloved Graham, then President of the University, it was decided that a great memorial was to be erected here in honor of the man that had spent his life and energies for the upbuilding of the institution which he so loved. This was a fitting step, and we know of nothing more in keeping with the spirit of the man than just the type of memorial that was to be erected: a building which was to be a center of student life and activity, where the forces and energies of the campus were to meet and work together for the advancement of those things which the former President held so dear.

A campaign was begun amid great enthusiasm, manifesting itself in spirit wherever University alumni and friends were gathered. Work was begun with great gusto; things went well for a time; it looked as if it would be easy to gain the desired \$400,000 which was to be expended on the building. Then a slump came. A seeming lethargy either swept over the campaigners, or else the alumni and friends (mostly the alumni, we suspect) lost their enthusiasm and with it went their financial assistance. And so the campaign for a while ceased. Something went wrong, or else something never was right from the beginning.

And then came the desire on the part of those interested most to have the thing finished,—to again set out to raise the money which was to be so fittingly and usefully spent in honor of the man that had done so much for the University, his Alma Mater. We went outside and got a professional campaign manager to come here, organize and direct the campaign that was to cease only when the goal was reached. The campaign was organized, and approximately fifty campaigners, students here at the time, went out all over the state to solicit funds to bring the amount up to the desired sum. They worked hard, we believe, but what happened? There is yet a long way to go, and most of the alumni have been seen. They have not yet lost hope, and it is believed in some circles that the goal will be reached ere the next year begins,—meaning before 1924.

Today, almost a month before this new year comes in, there are many thousands of dollars yet to be raised if the desired \$400,000 is to be secured. A few weeks past we were told that there was "approximately

\$250,000 or \$275,000 subscribed." Yes, there are quite a few thousands yet to be subscribed. And the campaign has been a long one, one well organized at least part of the time, and one which has cost many hours of effort.

Obviously there is something wrong somewhere. What is this thing? Is it due to the fact that we have not tried hard enough? Have we gone about the thing in the wrong way? Is not the cause a worthy one? Or is the trouble couched in the individuals whom it was hoped would contribute to this cause? We believe that the trouble lies in the last named factor.

ing here which does not bind us to the University in after years. Yes; we shall keep the memory of the old place, but it will be a selfish memory. We shall be too busy, too much involved with our personal affairs to turn aside a moment to do something for the place that gave us our training.

But there are some men here who love the University with such fervor that they, we believe, will never act as the majority of the alumni have done in the last few months. But they are in the minority. We said in the November issue that we believed the spirit here. It is in such men as these that it is to be found. But the problem is to spread it. It is done on "great occasions," but such are few and far between, and the fervor at such times runs through quarters, halves and innings. In just such men as these the spirit will never die. We have that to be thankful for. What we hope to see, what we believe will gradually come about, is the re-awakening of the more or less fabled spirit of intimacy, of love, of loyalty.

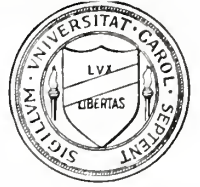
Part of the recent trouble may be placed at the door of the alumni due to the fact that they have not kept in touch with the University as they perhaps should have. But this is not all their fault. Part of it rests on the University's shoulders, but with the Alumni Department now doing such admirable work, in time to come this cannot be used as an excuse. But what of those that have gone out in recent years? Why do they not respond as we believe they should? Why do they not profess the loyalty that is fitting to alumni?

Something is and has been wrong. We predict that ten years from now the same problem will have to be faced as regards students who are here today. We will respond little better than the present alumni are responding. Why? Because there is something lack-



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

December, 1923



The Japanese, so Different from Other People of the World,  
Have Always been the Subject of Much Speculation.

## *At the Festival of Lanterns*

Here is a story told by ALFRED CHURCH, full of a side of their life which has never been fully understood by those who do not thoroughly know the people

Plum Blossom was kneeling on a straw mat placed before the altar dedicated to the worship of her ancestors.

"I am going out," she told the spirits. "I go to the cemetery for the Festival of Lanterns. I beseech," she prayed, "your guidance while I am absent."

The words were spoken almost perfunctorily as though in accordance with an often-practiced ceremony. It was her custom thus to inform the spirits of her intended departure from the house, even when she was going on matters of petty daily obligations. But to-night the situation was somehow different; instead of rising abruptly at the close of the ritual, she remained before the god-shelf in thought.

Then again she addressed the gods.

"You will not be lonely this night while I am gone for you will be with me at the cemetery. But I must ask one favor: I pray that you will give me leisure that for a short time I may talk with the spirit of Taro-san."

With these words Plum Blossom finished her genuflections and, rising, pushed open the *shoji* and stepped out on the *engawa*. It was the third night of the festival,—the night when the countless myriads of spirit-ancestors return to Nirvana after their three days' visit with the mortals of the world. Already the hillsides skirting the harbor were being pricked into delicate outline by the illuminations of thousands of gossamer lanterns swinging lazily in the breeze of the summer evening.

Below her, surrounding the harbor, the old Japanese city was settling into repose. In the streets the raucous cries of the vendors of sweet-meats ceased. From the bay there rose to her the faint songs of laborers returning to their homes in Sampans which she could see nudging their way sleepily among the rolling junks near shore. Lights appeared on the steamers in the harbor; lights which sketched invitingly the white superstructure and the gangways

running down to the water's edge, their reflections dancing on the darkening surface until the ships seemed anchored by swaying ropes of fire. Nearer by, Plum Blossom saw the paper walls of the houses become bright as one after another the living-rooms were illuminated and showed with grotesque shadows the movements of the busy housewives within.

Again her eyes sought the cemeteries of the distant hillsides. Even as she watched, the sombre shade of the deep cryptomerias was brightened by the lighting of infinite lanterns where family parties were fore-gathering for their last night of the festival. About each lantern she knew was grouped a family circle making merry with rice wine and cakes. It was a custom in which she had participated often enough before and had taken as but a part of the year's routine; there was barely a day which failed to bring some particular responsibility to one who was nice in the matter of religious ceremonial.

But to-night she was almost rebellious. In a few minutes she, too, would be seated in a jinricksha and trailing along behind the vehicles of her father, her elder brother, and her mother on her way to the family plot in one of those hillside cemeteries. The miniature boat of straw, to be used for the voyage of those spirits of her fathers back to eternity, had been ready since morning; had she not herself stocked it with wine and cakes against the exigencies of the voyage in strange oceans? At her feet on the *engawa* were piled the supplies for the merry-making at the cemetery—tall *sake* bottles of a pale blue faience, purple *furoshiki* enwrapping boxes of cakes and rice paste, a long harp-like *koto* and a samisen or two to furnish the musical diversion of the evening. As her eye took in each detail of the arrangements, the rebellious spirit in her arose anew. To Plum Blossom the scheme of things which demanded respect for deceased ancestors was worthy in itself, but it was incomplete in that, on this night of the festival, it made no provision for her



being with the spirit of one who, in the flesh, had been dearer to her than grandsires whom she had never known.

"But, Taro-san, I *will* be with you this night."

Plum Blossom said the words to herself with a new resolve. She felt that she stood between two civilizations; the old which taught but her three obediences to father, husband, or son; and the new which had made it possible for her to mingle socially with the young people of her time, a mingling which had brought her into intimate associations with Taro Tajima, a young officer in the Imperial navy who, but for an untimely explosion of a big gun in the spring maneuvers, would now be her husband. It was this struggle between the allegiance to past tradition and present interests which was coming to a head on this the last night of the Festival of the Lanterns. For two days past she had been content to think of the spirit of Taro as being appeased by the attentions of his own brothers and sisters, but now that the lanterns were being lighted for the third night and the boats prepared for their ghostly burden and the return of the spirits for another long year, Plum Blossom found that, even at the risk of displeasing her immediate family and her ancestors, she must talk with Taro Tajima, with the spirit of him who had been her betrothed.

"At the foot of the old LuChu Pine, Taro-san. I will be there so soon as the purifying fires are lighted and the first boats are launched."

She breathed the words almost aloud, and then turned from the *engawa* and its panorama of hills and waters and lights and shadows and stepped within the house to go with the family to the Deshima burying-ground.

\* \* \* \*

A few minutes' walk from the town, where the old feudal highway turns to enter the Prince's grounds, on a low embankment overhanging the sea, grows the LuChu Pine, so called in memory of a pair of disconsolate LuChuan lovers who had ended an unhappy life by hanging themselves from its branches. From the tree it was possible to scramble down to the rocky shore below, which, except at low water, is completely washed by the waves. But now that the tide is rising the only place from which Plum Blossom—for it is here that she has come—could launch her little ship which was to bear away the spirit of Taro Tajima was a huge boulder fallen from the cliff above, the top of which even at high water would be dry. It was a pretty spot that she had chosen for their meeting and one dear to them while the naval officer still lived,—even as it had been dear to many before them.

Once arrived at the tree, the girl busied herself with final preparations. In the light of the stars it was a fairly easy matter to grasp a root of the old pine and swing down to the boulder with her sampan of straw

and her little bundle of provisions. Here she stocked the boat with a tiny bottle of rice wine and a few sweet cakes; then she adjusted to the slender mast the silken sails displaying in Chinese characters the words she had written there that morning—*Namu Amida Butsu*, "Have mercy on me thou Buddha, Amida." To scramble back up the cliff to the diminutive shrine at the foot of the old pine was not so easy; but this, too, Plum Blossom accomplished. She lighted a few sticks of incense and placed them on the altar.

Even as she did so the city behind her sprang into a new activity. Before each house front the fires of purification were lighted; the streets were alive with strange shadow shapes whose distorted reflections reached out uncannily to cover tiled roofs or cast a gloom down the dusty whiteness of the roadways. From the cemeteries of the distant hills came the faint, stifled shouts of "Doi!" doi!" while the young men of the city rushed their miniature boats with their frail burdens down to the sea-shore for the launching and the return of the spirits to their element. As the bearers reached the wharves of the city in greater numbers the shouting increased. "Doi! doi!—Doi! doi!—Doi! doi!" Out in the harbor a myriad of little boats bearing the eternal words, *Namu Amida Butsu*, on their white sails rose and fell gently on the waves—a spirit fleet. One by one the lanterns of the burial grounds flickered and expired leaving the white stones of the cemeteries once more to the gloom of the ancient cryptomerias.

At the foot of the LuChu Pine a cool breeze caressed the girl's cheek and hair.

"Taro!" The exclamations broke from the lips of Plum Blossom more with the fullness of realized expectation than with surprise.

"Taro; thou art come?"

The rise and fall of the waters of the sea on the boulders below was accompanied by a murmur as of voices from a far-off world, voices which completely answered the girl's questions:

"I am come, Ume-ko."

Once more Plum Blossom spoke:

"And I have a thousand things to talk with thee about, my Taro. Wilt thou hear them? Thou must know that my father wills that I marry; and, oh, Taro, it is to thine own commander that he hath betrothed me. In thy wisdom of the two worlds advise me. Dost thou think it right that this should be?"

Overhead the LuChu Pine sighed knowingly; from somewhere in his drooping branches a cone dropped to the girl's lap. To Plum Blossom it was an omen of courage and confidence.

In her moment of exaltation she looked off into the future, over the dark tides of the water dotted with the lights of candles which were guiding the spirit ships of the town by thousands to their bourne. The



waters reflected myriads of stars in their dark surface, reflections no more sprite-like than the elfish lights of the phantom ships. Beyond all this she was dimly conscious of the solemn outline of the castellated crest of a mountain rising sheer from the sea. As she dreamed, the jagged outline was silvered by the rising moon.

"And, Taro,"—how far away her voice seemed!—"what is, then, thy will? Shall I stay on for this, and each year see thee but for a moment on this third night of the Festival of Lanterns?"

For answer came the deep-toned voice of the temple of Hongwanji booming out the hour of mid-night. As the first note was struck, Plum Blossom flinched. By the time of the twelfth stroke the spirit of Taro must be in the little sampan and started on its journey to infinity, to that Nirvana which must claim it until another mid-summer festival. Over the hills each note reverberated and thundered with the voice of a stern deity; other bells in fainter note and farther distance took up the cry of mid-night. The city was quieting down. Off there at the wharves the cries of "Doi! doi!—Doi! doi!" were melting into the liquid of the night. In the streets the fires of purifications burnt but as solemn embers glowing a dull red in the shadows of the stone walls.

Plum Blossom rose hastily and glided down the embankment to the boulder below. In her hurry to light the candle at the bow of her ship she let the night breeze catch the flame of her match so that it flared grotesquely and went out.

The same breeze again played fitfully with her hair and cheek. A second match secured the lighting of the candles; the little boat was safely launched. As the last stroke of the heavy bell was thrown back from the hills, the boat drifted off for a few feet with the return of the swell, then stopped and twisted aimlessly in the water about one of the boulders.

"Taro, thy will is—?"

At last, caught by a gentle land breeze, the small sail filled, the candle flared wildly and showed again the prayer to Buddha—*Namu Amida Butsu*—then, in the strengthening gust of the ocean winds, flickered and went out.

From the sudden dark of her little world of boulder and tree and wave she saw a star leave its place in the firmament and shoot out and down in an arc which swept across the mountain and was lost in the sea. No sooner had it disappeared than a second trembled in the heavens and then it, too, raced after its fellows.

Was this, then, her answer?

Afar out the spirit-ship was drifting in the path of the golden moon-fire leading to the mountain.

"Have mercy on me thou Buddha, Amida," prayed Plum Blossom. "*Namu Amida Butsu.*"

The girl leaned far out over the water to watch the ship fade into eternity. More than ever the sea seemed to her the emblem of infinity as the white sail passes from the light and was lost in the darkness.

"Taro, wait for me. I am coming."

The disturbed water rippled softly about the boulder.



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## THE SEAL OF HATE

*The Author, E. R. Patterson, Involves the Eternal Woman*

### I

Old people are credited with some very uncanny actions, and why old Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan chose to make her home far out on one of the country drives had always been a mystery to all who knew her. Some said it was the natural love for quietness, which comes to all humans in later years; some said she lived in such an unfrequented location because it had been left her by a loving husband, whose memory the old lady cherished above all earthly things; and still others, who always dwell in the realm of skepticism, said that she had been deprived of rational thinking and ought to be living in the state asylum rather than in the lonely house quite a few miles from the heart of the city. Whatever the real cause of Mrs. Morgan's isolation might have been, no man was able to say; but it was a known fact that she had once been a notorious society belle and had made many men threaten to resort to the dreaded noose or to throw themselves in the dark river. This fact, in itself caused the rising generation about the city to regard the old house on the drive as a sort of purgatory for such individuals.

In the spring, the country drives around New York are places of exceptional beauty. The trees, the freshly plowed fields, the scant growth of struggling wild daisies, and the ribbonlike stretch of smooth pavement all join to make the drive places sought for by the tired workers who do not often have a chance to enjoy such beauty. But the business world of the great city was not alone in its enjoyment of the beautiful roads. What man and maid, experiencing the pangs of an eager love, do not worship a long ride on a beautiful moonlit country road in the springtime?

In the spring of 1917, the beginning of that well-remembered period of pathos, which will always have a hallowed spot in the minds of all Americans who were living at that time, the people of New York frequented more than ever the roads, which nature had adorned seemingly for the use of city dwellers. In a time when all men are fellows, when every man is working in unison for a noble end, when a nation has sworn to help drive a menacing cloud from the free people of the earth, the people in that nation strive instinctively to form a closer union with the All Powerful. And nature is God on earth; the love of nature is the love of God. It was perfectly natural that the

people of New York should take new interest in the natural beauty around the city because their ambitions had joined to become the ambition of a nation, the ambition of that nation was noble, and a noble ambition is a godly purpose. Noble deeds of men are closely associated with nature, because the creation of a beautiful earth was the most noble of all God's deeds.

Old Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan was a great lover of nature, which might have been the reason for her living in the country. But she had great advantages over the beauty-seeking inhabitants of the city, because she could sit on her vine covered porch, and view the wondrous scenes of the springtime, which were unfolded about the old house. The house was set well back from the road, and no fence separated the spacious yard from the public thoroughfare. The large oak trees, the fragrant myrtle bushes, and the dark, low, cedars with their peaked tops made a veritable miniature park out of the space before the house. Some ancient inhabitant of the lot had been so thoughtful as to build several rustic seats between the trees, and these, bending with decay and overgrown with bark at each end, offered a perfect picture of a one-time scene of long forgotten romances.

It was a custom of Mrs. Morgan to sit on the porch and watch the sun go down behind the distant trees, and to listen at that army of small insects which are so sure to make their music in the early eventide. On one particular evening, the old lady was so enraptured by the setting sun with all its kaleidoscopic glory, the spring atmosphere and the yellow glow of a rising moon, that she forgot the dishes that were to be cleaned and sat humming an ancient love tune which the surroundings might have brought back to memory. The night riders were beginning to come out on the drive, and Mrs. Morgan watched them, revelling in the fact that all the nature lovers were not gone from the world. Soon her low humming stopped, for a long, gray, highly polished automobile had silently come to a halt before the old lady's home. The metal parts of the car glimmered in the faint moonlight and the old woman heard the low murmurings of a man and a girl. She smiled, because the days of her youth were unforgettable and her memory of beautiful moonlight nights was everlasting. In a few moments the door of the car opened and its occupants stepped out on the road and walked slowly into Mrs. Morgan's yard.



The man was tall, wore a uniform, and was leaning slightly towards the girl who had her arm around that of her lover. Her hair was beautiful under the pale moon, which sent golden beams through it, making it more glorious than ever. They evidently did not think that the house was occupied, for they walked around in the yard until they found a seat under one of the blossoming myrtle trees. They were screened from the old lady's view by the scattering cedar trees, but she could hear the deep murmurings of the man intermingling with the girl's low contralto. Mrs. Morgan could easily have let them known of her presence, but she was not annoyed by them nor them by her, so why should she break up a tryst in such wonderful surroundings?

For two hours the couple remained in the yard, and then they departed as slowly and as unconcerned as they had arrived. The big automobile began to purr softly when they had entered, and in a few moments they were gone. Mrs. Morgan did not regard the event with any great concern, because she was old enough to realize the psychology of two lovers and she had had a son of her own, who had been killed in the Spanish-American war. She well remembered the tender words he had spoken about his sweetheart before he left, fully realizing the liability of his never returning. When the car had been gone a few minutes the old lady rose and went into the house.

The next morning, for some reason which she herself could not fathom, Mrs. Morgan went to the old bench on which the man and the girl had sat the night before. She sat down on the bench herself, and began to gaze at the road which stretched away in the early morning mist. Perhaps the long gone memories of youth were being brought back by the incident of the night before, perhaps the old lady was longing for the days of that youth, or perhaps she was thinking of her husband who had and always would have her undying devotion. Her face grew sad as she realized the impossibility of living through her youthful days again or of ever seeing her husband. She sat thus for a half hour, and as she rose to go, a colored object, lying at the foot of a nearby cedar, caught her attention. All women are curious, especially old women; perhaps it was this trait of curiosity that caused Mrs. Morgan to pick up the object. It was a blue envelope, dampened by the early morning dew which had caused the ink of the address to spread into large dark streaks. Nevertheless the name could be discerned. The old lady hesitated a moment, but when she thought of how the lovers had taken possession of her yard, she removed and read the letter. A faint smile spread over her face as she replaced the letter in the envelope. But something else caught her attention on the back of the letter. It was a large seal of red wax on whose

surface the figure of a flying dove was artistically impressed. She examined it for a moment and then dropped the letter into her apron pocket.

## II

It was raining in New York, and the rain was one of these slow, cold, drizzles accompanied by a chilling wind which pierced the heaviest overcoat. A man came down from the great arched door of the Cosmopolitan Club, stepping on the hard gray steps made dangerous by the rain, and pulling the heavy fur collar of his coat closer about his neck as he walked. He stood for a few minutes on the curb, looking up and down the wet street, which dimly reflected the arc-lamps swinging in the cold wind. Two dull, dreary, ringing sounds floated from some tower clock, which seemed to defy the elements with such punctuality on a night like this. The slippery streets were almost deserted, the sole traffic being two or three automobiles with their headlights sending yellow streaks of light into the falling drops of water, and with their tires playing a dreary, monotonous tune on the wet pavement. One of these cars, which happened to be a taxicab, slowed down and drew up alongside the curb where the man stood. When the door opened he stepped into the car which continued its way up the gloomy, deserted street.

Ten minutes later, the same car stopped before a tall apartment building in the northern section of the city and the man with the heavy overcoat stepped out, paid the chauffeur, and started to ascend the iron steps which led into the building. But he stopped when he saw another man, without an overcoat, and who wore a slouched hat pulled well down over his face as if to ward off the cold wind, walking slowly down the sidewalk. The man limped slightly on his left leg, and his left shoulder seemed to be about two inches lower than his right, which caused an appearance of shrugging at each step. As the approaching man drew near the steps upon which the other man was standing, the dim light burning in the small hall of the apartment house shone on the part of his face which the dripping hat did not cover. A white prominent chin, with a dull red streak running from the corner of his mouth to the back of his jawbone, was revealed in the glow of the small light. Strange events take place in the late hours of the night and the early hours of the morning in big cities. Here before the cold gray entrance of an apartment house, a strange drama was enacted, with only the darkness of a stormy night acting as a silent spectator.

When the walking man's face was revealed fully, an exclamation of mingled joy and surprise broke from the man on the steps.

"Wait! Man—well I'll be damned! Tom! You are Tom Douglas?"



The man on the sidewalk whirled around at the sound of the excited voice as if he had been warned of some immediate danger.

"What did you—Yes I'm Tom Douglas. What—? Joyce! You! Good God, man, I thought you were killed on the Somme front!"

The two men embraced each other as if they had been children. Two ex-soldiers had met for the first time since one of them had been carried off the battlefield torn and bleeding, with no thought of a chance to recover. His buddy had wept, spilling tears on an already blood-soaked field, and swearing to uproot the whole German Empire. No friendship is stronger, more lasting, than those formed during times of strife. These two men had lived together in an earthly hell, shared their very lives with each other, fought to save the reputation of what was to them the greatest nation on earth, their homes, and had parted on a battlefield, one thinking the other was dead and the other thinking that sure death awaited his fellow.

"But Tom," said Joyce to the lame man, "What's the matter with you? You have no coat, your face is so white. You are not sick, are you?"

"I'm not sick in body," answered Tom Douglas. "But my spirit is beaten, beaten cruelly to the ground. It's a long story, the story of thousands of poor devils. But why revive such thoughts. 'Joy,' is it really you that I'm talking to? Seeing you is enough to revive the sickest man."

"But man you are cold. Don't stand out here in this beastly rain. Come up to my room and we'll talk, talk and talk. God, but it's good to see you again." Saying this, Joyce grabbed the other man by the arm and almost carried him into the house.

Albert M. Joyce was a Bohemian, in the modern sense of the word. He loved art, as the great paintings and marble statues in his rooms proclaimed. He was a worshiper of music and was somewhat of a musician himself, being able to play a piano as well as some who call themselves artists. He had a cosmopolitan set of friends; they resided anywhere between San Francisco and New York, and he had made a few acquaintances during his two years in France. His father had been owner of an influential newspaper, and now the younger Joyce was climbing fast to his father's position.

The room into which Tom Douglas was led was so spacious and richly furnished that it might have represented the habitation of some rich prince. Large sliding doors, beautifully panelled and polished, formed the main entrance. A great glass and gold chandelier, reflecting the bright red glow which was sent out from a large open fireplace of gray stone, looked as if it might have been transported from the halls of Versailles. The walls were lined with great pictures, which hung above book cases running all the

way around the room. The floor was laden with heavy rugs. In the center of the room, under the chandelier, stood a large table whose surface shone like a mirror and whose richly carved legs only added to its beauty. A settee whose upholstering reminded one of priceless Persian tapestry, stretched along the side of the table nearest the fireplace. Two great chairs were placed on either side of the table, behind the settee. Two high and broad French windows, which were hung with long colored velvet, completed an aspect that Louis XIV would have envied.

When Tom Douglas entered this room, he gasped in amazement. It was so unlike the character of the man he had known in France, a fighter, a cold-blooded killer of enemies, and a brother to all friends. Then his face hardened as he muttered: "Oh, my God, the unfairness of things."

"Take a seat," offered the owner of the room, "while I take off this coat and get something to drink and some cigars. It is two-thirty, but we are going to have a long tête-à-tête. I haven't had a long talk with a sensible man since I left France."

Douglas sank down into the deep-cushioned settee and gazed into the crackling fire, which looked as if it had just been built up. The flickering streams of light illuminated his white face, which wore an expression of mingled hardness and sadness. The thoughts which had raced through his brain since he had stepped off the troop ship two years ago, burning thoughts of a soldier who had sacrificed to his country the very temple of his soul, and who had received nothing but a few short-lived praises which the givers themselves had forgotten. For two years his maimed body had caused him to wander in an unsympathetic land of people whom he had helped save from anarchy. Now he had met one of his comrades of the regiment, who had been living in ease and luxury, since the last days of that earthly hell. Had the whole scheme of life changed? Had his mind been biased and overwhelmed with prejudice, because he was one of those unfortunates which every war produces? Nobody but an ex-soldier can realize the utter maze of questioning thoughts which rush to one, when that individual has seen the very catechism of life opened on every page in a realistic dream of death, blood, and suffering.

Douglas was awakened from the confusion of thoughts by the voice of Joyce in the next room, who was dismissing a servant. In a moment he entered the room, bringing whiskey and cigars.

"Here, old fellow," said the returning man, "take a drink of this. Maybe it will brace you up. I'm sure it will taste good after being out on such a night as this. It reminds me of that night we spent north of Chateau-Thierry. I'll never forget the mud, the cold, and the never ending attacks of those damn Germans. They never had a chance to break through, but, oh!

my God, they were worrisome. But tell me about yourself. It is really old Tom Douglas? Man, speak and be spoken to. Do you realize that I haven't seen you since January, 1917, and that when those stretcher-bearers carried you off the field, I never even imagined seeing you again?"

"Well, I was shot up pretty badly, but I managed to pull through, with the aid of a very human doctor that attended me. When I became conscious, I was lying on a spotless white bed in a spotless room, in a hospital about forty miles from Paris. Oh, such a change from that black field of mud. I felt as if I had been through purgatory and was now resting in heaven attended by angels. The doctors and nurses were so careful and considerate of me. The nurses told me that I had raved about some man whom I had been trying to drag out of a shell hole. The last thing I remember on the battlefield was that you were pulling my body to a sitting position, and a big shell which burst a few yards away. I must have dreamed afterwards that I was trying to drag you out of some place. It is a miracle that we are sitting here tonight." He paused a minute, and drank some of the whiskey which Joyce had poured out and lit a cigar.

"We are here, at least," said Joyce. "So we might as well enjoy ourselves. Take as much of the drink and as many cigars as you like. How long did you stay in the hospital?"

"The doctors told me that it would be best to remain in bed for four months, at least," answered Douglas. "When the longest four months I have ever spent had gone by, I was sent to a convalescent hospital in the outskirts of Paris. There I remained three months, and at the end of that time I was able to stand alone. But my shoulder and leg. Although I could use them very well, they had been shattered beyond all hope of ever becoming natural again. 'Joy,' the remorse of being maimed for life is the most burning of all feelings."

"But think of the thousands that never returned at all," put in the Bohemian. "Just to be able to talk and see your friends, is better than to be buried in France forever."

"Yes," returned Douglas, "if you could talk with and see friends. But all my friends are gone. You are the first sympathetic person I've seen in weeks. When I landed there was an enthusiastic welcome which lasted about two days. After then, it was work for yourself and get settled to the old life the best you could. But there is no going back to the old life for a wounded man. I sought my old employer and asked him if he could take me in to do some sort of work. He told me that he was sorry but business had declined so that there was absolutely nothing which I might do. My regular job had been taken by some slick-haired dude who had done clerical work in the quartermaster

corps. But my old employer was satisfied with his work, and he could not have afforded to discharge the bookkeeper flatly. I was not alone in my misfortune, though. Thousands were wandering in New York and in all the other big cities seeking their old jobs. It was the same story with most of them."

"But surely you could find something to do," said Joyce. "Millions of ex-soldiers are working now."

"Yes, I did find something to do," said Douglas ironically, "but I had no ambition, I had no desire to live. There was nothing to live for. I had no family, I had no friends, and no backing to start a business of my own. I drifted from one job to another. Now I am working as night clerk in a small cigar store, a position which the American Legion procured for me. But even now my lameness is a big drawback. There is something which caused people to look upon me as a sort of outcast or derelict. What has happened to the American people? Have they lost all sense of appreciation for the greatest service on earth? Congress was about to vote the ex-soldiers a bonus, but some unseeing representatives, supposed to stand for the needs of a nation, fought the idea down."

"Maybe we will get the bonus yet," put in Joyce. "The American Legion is increasing its membership so fast that it will inevitably establish political influence."

"The influence of the American Legion will never be greater than the influence of the army itself," answered Douglas. "It's the people upon whom we must depend. But the people. The ideas of the people. Oh, Joyce, what happened to the American people while we were winning the war for them in France? Some great change that I am unable to fathom has taken place. When I left in 1917 the people lived. Now they pretend to live but they are rushing, rushing, rushing."

"The girl, in whose love I had built my hopes, my dreams, my ambitions, and the burning spirit that gave me superhuman abilities to help save the world from a tyrant, has forsaken me. And the most confusing part of it, she has forsaken her honor as well. That fact shattered my spirit worse than that German shell shattered my body. My sweetheart, the one woman I loved with all my heart, soul and body, has become a woman of the scarlet letter. My God, 'Joy' the despondency caused by unfaithfulness, unfaithfulness linked with an overwhelming catastrophe, is unimaginable."

"I have seen her only once since I came back. She left a letter at the War Office for me saying that it would be impossible for me to see her, but with the aid of some of her old friends, I found and was able to talk to her. At first she would not explain the letter, but I guessed the truth and she did not deny it. Her remorse was terrible. I had learned in France to

*(Continued on Page 14)*

# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion,  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

DECEMBER, 1923

## *Art*

At last the movement seems to be thoroughly under way whereby there is to be at least an attempt to foster the finer arts of life at the University! We mean by that, ladies and gentlemen, that an earnest attempt is being made to establish a center for at least an art collection within the boundaries of the University.

Some of you are going to scoff. But the senior class decided recently that their gift to the University would be in the form of a contribution to the fund established by last year's graduating class towards putting up a building as an art center, or maybe towards purchasing a pipe organ, or anything suitable which will promote such an atmosphere here.

This, we believe, is a decided step forward. That side of the University's life is almost totally lacking, and that side is just one which we think should be given mature consideration and promoted if possible. Last year quite a bit of comment was caused when a few of the leading men on the campus brought the matter up for discussion in various places. Some little writing was done about it. Hence, the start.

The senior class of this year has fallen in line. Something really endurable, something really worthy of the highest is at least being initiated. Again, this

side of our life here is lacking, and such would go a long way towards bridging the gap. We hope that the classes to come see fit to fall in line with the movement and do all possible to promote it.



## *Laundry Advertisements*

On several occasions last year where there were groups assembled to discuss campus affairs of more or less importance, in many more or less casual discussions, and at times this year, we have heard the University Laundry management criticized for advertising in University publications. These students have invariably contended that as students we must send our clothes to the University Laundry, and therefore why the advertising? Why put the burden thus on the students? Why make the per capita laundry cost more than it is already?

And so it is. Everybody interested enough in the matter to discuss it has put the blame on the management and criticized policy, contending that it has done no good. In a recent interview with the Superintendent of the establishment in question he made it clear to us that the advertising cost the student body absolutely nothing. Student work is done on a cost



basis only, no money is made off their work, and as much as possible from outside sources is turned into the pockets of the campus.

The Laundry is forced to keep in touch with the student body. There are interests that the laundry wishes to keep alive; there is information that must be imparted to the students; there are directions that must be given them. Advertising in the college publications is the best means by which this can be accomplished. It is done by means of profits on laundry sent by others than students, and the returns on such are turned into student pockets and enterprises.



### *Campus Traffic*

The time has come in Chapel Hill, and on the campus especially, when it is dangerous for the pedestrian to put his foot outside a building lest he run the imminent risk of being run down by a speeding automobile. On Franklin street the races are held daily; for the tryouts they come one block east and run on Cameron Avenue, directly through the center of the campus. This thing ought to be stopped.

We have noticed with fear and trembling now for some year or more the mania that people have for speeding through the campus. The campus, as we understand it, was made for student pedestrians primarily, and not for speeders. This latter class are very forgetful of the fact, it seems, and also of the fact that the pedestrian, in any sort of traffic, has the right of way over any type of vehicle. But in Chapel Hill everything is so different. If you chance to be crossing Cameron Avenue and an automobile is rapidly approaching, you are the one to either speed up or slow down, for drivers have passed this stage in these parts. They are the all-important, they own the highway, you are on foot and it is your humble and solemn duty to "dodge, brother, dodge."

Memorial drives headed by and coming from the University have never made much headway. It has always been hard to raise funds from our alumni in any sort of drive. If some precautionary steps are not made pretty soon there will be need of another organization on the campus: The Cameron Avenue Memorial Association.



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### *Invisible Presence*

Fragrant shadows slumber  
On gathering pillows of mist.  
Is it a dream? Or does the cool dusk  
Fold its sombre hood about me  
And bear me aloft from the valley  
Far away upon the night-dew  
To you?

No harvest moon  
Need light my way, for thoughts  
Fly swifter than her truant beams.  
I have left my other self  
There in the twilight with its companion.  
I am with you. Have you no welcome?

But how are you to know that  
Always  
I am with you?

*A. R. Hitchurst*

## THE SEAL OF HATE

*(Continued from Page 11)*

meet the worst and most critical situation with calm, but this one, so surprising, so unexpected, dumfounding, so terrible, was too much for me. An overwhelming wave of anger toward the woman surged up within me, but when I realized the uselessness of any rash action on my part, it all was gone. I tried to persuade her to tell me the name of the man, but she said that was impossible. Ah! I said man, but I should have said beast, low down, skulking beast who wore the mere shell of a human, a traitor to the whole scheme of civilization."

At this point in Douglas' dramatic speech, Joyce filled the two glasses again and drank his down. He let another cigar and waited for the other man to continue.

"I searched everywhere for a clue to find the scoundrel; among her friends, in my own recollections, but it was useless. But I did find a letter, that the devil had written to her, and enough evidence to convict him in any court of justice. A few months after I saw her, I was walking out on the South Road and met an old lady carrying a basket of flowers. The basket seemed to be heavy, so I offered to carry it for her. I had no idea who she was or where she lived, but I soon learned that she lived in a stately old place which stands near the point where the Carlton Road comes in. You've seen the place often, I expect. The lady was very grateful to me for my slight service, and when we reached the house, she invited me in to have a glass of tea. As I was in no particular hurry, I went in. The house is as quaint and beautiful on the inside as it is stately on the outside, and the old lady was a perfect aristocrat in speech and manners. Seeing my uniform, she told me that she had had a son killed in the war with Spain and that I reminded her of him. Then she seemed to remember something, and suddenly asked me if I knew a girl named Helen. I was surprised somewhat for that had been my former sweetheart's name, and I told her that I knew a girl very well by that name. Then she brought a letter from a desk and asked me if I had ever seen it before. To my great surprise, the letter was addressed to my former sweetheart. I asked the old lady to tell me the circumstance under which she had obtained the letter. A man and a girl had lost it in her yard one night during the spring I departed for France. The letter had been dated the fifteenth of May and I left the first of March. I told the old lady that I knew the girl to whom the letter was addressed and I asked her to allow me to read it. She hesitated at first, but she must have noticed my nervousness, because she gave me the letter. It began "dearest" and ended with a single letter "A". I thanked God that the man had not written his full name for I would have been in hell or

in Sing-Sing prison at this moment. What's the matter with you, Joyce, you look as if you might think I'm a Bolshevik or a madman?"

"Don't you think—the evidence is rather insufficient?" stammered the Bohemian, surprised at the direct question. He filled another glass with whiskey, gulped it down, and puffed his cigar nervously.

"It may sound very insufficient to you, but to me it is most complete," answered Douglas. "You cannot realize the anger, the hate, that I have towards that beast who has robbed me of all the pleasure, the hopes, and aims of my life. I thought I would be able to suppress all such feeling, but as time passes the desire for vengeance increases. It must be a part of my Scotch-Irish nature. Have you another match, this cigar has gone out?"

"There is a match box in the table drawer behind you," answered Joyce.

The lame man got up and walked around to the side of the heavy table. He pulled the drawer open and reached for the small box which lay in a corner with some other small objects. Then he stopped suddenly as if his body had been paralyzed by a strong electric current. His head lowered slightly and his black eyes seemed to pierce the very wood of which the table was made. The white face grew as hard as marble and the lines around his mouth grew as grim and as emotionless as those of a sphinx. His hand reached into the drawer, but it did not bring back the match box. Albert Joyce had made a fatal mistake. Instead of the silver box, it was a black handled steel stamp upon whose stereotyped face the image of a flying dove was engraved.

Not a sound could be heard in the big room except the rain beating against the balconies and the crackling embers of the dying fire.

Then Douglas looked toward Joyce with the same expression that he had worn on the battlefields of France, the face of a killer, a primitive man of battle. He was gazing into the barrel of an automatic revolver. For a moment the two men remained in this position. In that moment, a friendship, born of common interests in the noblest of purposes, nurtured by the potency of two similar personalities, and completed by the salvation of the life of one man by the other, was razed to its very foundations.

Tom Douglas crouched, the inevitable sign of battle in the most primitive animals. "You damn dog, you have admitted your guilt," he hissed as he cleared the back of the settee in a flying leap toward the black revolver. There was a sharp, loud report as the gun was grappled by four eager hands. The bullet passed four inches above the leaping man's left shoulder and crashed into the glass of the glimmering chandelier. Albert Joyce went down before the momentum of a flying body and the two men fell to the floor, striking,



kicking, and rolling. The thick Persian rugs muffled the sounds which a floor ordinarily would have resounded. Douglas rolled to the Bohemian's chest and sent a glancing blow to the side of his head. With the agility of a cat, Joyce turned over, came to his knees and with a powerful lurch sent the lame man sprawling on the floor. But he did not remain there a half of a second. Both men jumped to their feet and began a fast, hard, terrible battle with their fists. Joyce fainted and sent the other crashing against one of the bookcases, whose glass front was shattered like an eggshell. But he came back like a rubber ball bouncing from stone. The two men met like two football players and struggled towards the table. Joyce was the first to touch the table; he lost his balance around one of the corners and fell to his knees again. Douglas lunged downward but he struck the rounded back of his opponent and caromed to the floor. The Bohemian jumped upon the fallen man, who drew back one leg and kicked the oncoming man with a crushing blow in the chest. Both men were on their feet in a second, and they began the first battle again.

For ten minutes the fight went on with superhuman vehemence, and the breath of the two men began to come in quick, short hisses. The life of ease without exercise was beginning to hinder the Bohemian, while his opponent began to grow weak with his left arm and shoulder. The old wound in the ligaments had broken loose again. But Joyce was not fighting a man, he was fighting a spirit, a spirit aided by two years of brooding over the greatest of injuries. For the tenth time, the strong right arm of Douglas had sent him to the rumpled rugs, and the last time he rose to his feet he became dizzy and raised his hand to his forehead. It was a fatal movement. Douglas, using his last ounce of strength, struck the Bohemian a terrible blow on the uncovered jaw, and sent him crashing against one of the high windows. The flimsy catch broke and Joyce fell headfirst into the balcony.

Douglas, who had fallen down himself, crawled out on the balcony, his face hideous, a half semblance of a smile spread over the bloody skin, and reached for the throat of the still man who murmured almost in a whisper.

"Oh God—help me,—help—"

At that moment the silvery ringing of a telephone sounded in the disordered room. It sounded heavenly after the sounds of the struggle which had taken place. Tom Douglas drew back. The hand of God or some great unexplicable power had stayed him. He rose slowly to his feet and limped shakily toward the telephone which sat in the farthest corner of the room. It looked a mile away to him. He staggered, but caught his balance and finally reached the chair by the small table where the telephone sat. He dropped into it like a slug of lead and took the receiver off its hook. That same inexplicable power forced him to say "hello."

A sweet, mellow, contralto voice floated through the receiver.

"This is Margaret. Is that you, 'Joy', dear?"

Douglas unconsciously said, "Yes."

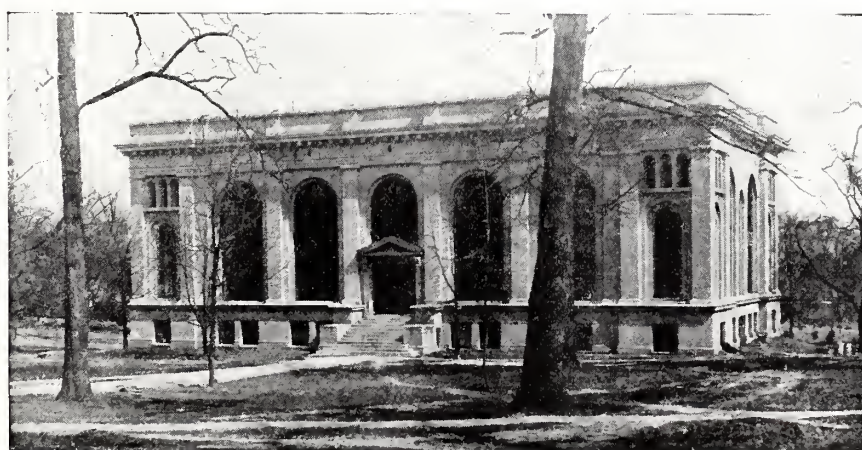
"I thought you never would come," continued the mellow voice of the woman. "I am sorry that I had to wake you—but I've had an awful dream—some terrible beast was killing you—you are all right, aren't you?"

The man answered: "I—feel—as—good—as I ever did. Don't you—worry—go back—bed. I'll see you—in the—morning."

He replaced the receiver on the hook, and tried to rise, but fell headlong into the arms of a man who had been awakened by the noise and came in from another room. Douglas was murmuring: "Oh, 'Joy,'—pal,—what have I done?"

The man on the balcony rose and stumbled into the room.

FINIS



CHEMISTRY BUILDING



*Two engineering professors came to the University with ideas, according to W. M. SAUNDERS, which developed into a system of*

## CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATION

On October 25, 1922 twenty students, members of the junior class in the University Engineering School went out into the state to take up jobs with various engineering concerns and to test the advisability of permanently adopting a system of Coöperative Engineering Education in the Department of Civil and Electrical Engineering. The sending out of this group marked an epoch in the history of our School of Engineering; it was the realization of the long cherished hopes of Dean G. M. Braune and Professor P. H. Daggett, heads of the Civil and Electrical Engineering Departments respectively, and also marks the beginning of what now seems to be one of the most practical and progressive systems of education yet to be evolved. The system stated briefly is as follows: At the end of the sophomore year all engineering students who elect to take the coöperative course are divided into two groups or sections. Section I goes out to take up the jobs while Section II remains in school to continue the study of the theory. At the end of four weeks the sections exchange places. This alternation of groups continues throughout the summer after the sophomore year, during the junior year and through the succeeding summer. This system does not in any way shorten the amount of classroom work for the co-op. student, for under it he spends exactly as much time in class as the student who does not elect the co-op. system. Under the existing plan each student during the period from October of the sophomore year till September of the junior year has a period of thirty weeks in the classroom, twenty-four weeks on the job, and ten weeks vacation. All jobs are filled during the entire period of outside work.

There seems to be two outstanding features in this system which makes it highly desirable for an engineering school of the standard of the one here at the University. First, it affords the young engineer a chance to mix the practical with the theoretical just at the time when he needs this opportunity most. It gives him a chance to "buck up" against the problems just as he will meet them when he finishes school, and gives him an idea of what he must face as an engineer. The second is that it permits the needy student to earn while he learns. With twenty-four weeks of work for which he receives good pay, a frugal student is able to practically pay his college expenses during this period.

In discussing the co-op. system Dean Braune made the following statement. "At the convention of the

Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education held at Ithaca, N. Y., last June the principal topic under discussion was the training of engineers for leadership. One of the Committee reports bearing on the relation of the engineer to industries emphasized the importance of the contact of the educational institutions with the outside industries. When suggesting certain ways by which this contact could be accomplished one of the logical methods suggested was the coöperative system of education. This system of education means that the students spend part of their time attending the University and part time as employees of industrial plants or engineering firms. The coöperative plan of education was first inaugurated at the University of Cincinnati in 1906 where the students spend half time at the University and half time on outside engineering work. This course is of five years duration and the students alternate between school work and outside work during the entire five-year period.

"This type of education has proven successful and has been adopted by a number of prominent institutions, among which are Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and New York University. The method of coöperation has been modified by several of the institutions that have adopted this system; for example the Engineering School of Harvard University has arranged a system whereby the students of the junior class only coöperate with the outside industries. This modified plan permits the students to get that touch with outside practice, but at the same time does not destroy the social and cultural contact which the students derive from full time association on the University campus during the Freshman, Sophomore, and Senior years.

"Realizing that the coöperative system of training young engineers is a distinct step forward the School of Engineering of the University of North Carolina has adopted the Harvard plan which went into effect September 1922. Under this plan the students of the junior class are divided into two groups to be designated as sections I and II. Each group spends half of their time at the University and the other half in actual engineering work. Each student has an alternate so that when a student of section I is at school his alternate in section II is on the job. At the end of four weeks the student from section II goes to school while his alternate in section I takes his job. This alternation continues till the latter part of Sep-

tember of the junior year when both groups return to the University to attend classes full time during the senior year.

"The School of Engineering has been operating on the coöperative plan for something over a year. The first group of students who went out in October 1922 are now back in school as seniors and we are in a position to judge, at least in a limited way on account of the short time of operation, the benefits that this group of students have received. Even those who were at one time somewhat skeptical now express their hearty approval of this new departure in education, because they have been given the opportunity to see the plan in actual operation and judge of its merits. One pair of coöperative students who have been employed by the State Board of Health, where they had been doing some special work on water filtration plants are continuing their coöperative work as seniors, although in a modified form. On account of their past experience they have been employed by the Business Administration to act as assistants to the superintendent of the water filtration plant and one of their chief duties is making daily water analyses.

"A great majority of students are very enthusiastic about their course, but they do not usually realize the benefits that come from this outside coöperation until they return to school as seniors. We are constantly forming new outside connections and as our student body increases we do not anticipate any trouble in finding good jobs for worthy students."

This coöperative system seems to have developed a connection between faculty and student in the Engineering School which is sadly lacking in the other schools of the University. All the students go to "Uncle Gus," as Dean Braune is familiarly called, with their problems and for advice on every undertaking

in which they desire advice from one in whom they have the utmost confidence. As one prominent senior puts it "Uncle Gus treats us like a dad, and there is nothing that any C. E. man wouldn't do for him."

That the students who worked under the coöperative system last year have proven beyond a doubt that the plan is one worthy of continuation is shown by the fact that numerous engineering concerns readily offered positions to the University for those men who registered for the course this year. Already thirty-one students are taking the course, half of them are now on the job and all reports indicate that they are giving entire satisfaction to their employers, and are themselves well satisfied with their work. The students now at work, and their employers are as follows: B. C. Cooper is with the Durham Public Service Company; R. F. Stainback, with the Carolina Light and Power Company at Raleigh; C. E. Ray, Jr., and O. R. Rowe are with R. H. Bouligny, Inc., at Charlotte; J. W. Hodges, Frank Waldhurst, and F. M. Bell are with the Southern Railway System at Charlotte; C. L. Jones with the Tide Water Power Company at Wilmington; G. E. Justice with the Southern Public Utilities Company at Charlotte; Keith Grady with the Southern Power Company at Charlotte; C. G. Barton and W. C. Cheers with the State Highway Commission; G. A. Ausband with the Charlotte Water Works; R. P. Farrell with the State Board of Health; and R. J. Rosenberger with Mr. C. E. Waddell of Asheville. On November 26 these students will return to the University to take up their scholastic duties and their places will be taken by the following alternates: P. M. Rutherford, T. D. Wells, H. A. Davis, S. S. Richards, J. B. London, I. B. Stout, F. B. Smiley, R. H. Jackson, F. D. Owen, H. W. Lawrence, M. F. Hetherington, M. M. Grier, M. M. Logie and W. A. W. Cramer.



### *Abstract*

One is born;  
One lives;  
Sickens,  
Recovers  
A time or so.  
One is happy,  
Unhappy;  
One dies.  
It is simple.

In Her Second Story of the Year

## *The Spirit of Christmas*

BESSIE DAVENPORT

Employs the side of holiday life in which we will soon be involved

"Merry Christmas." "Good bye, a Merry Christmas to you." Expressions such as these were heard on every side, but Arthur McClellan, comfortably seated in one corner of the car, was alone and content to be left alone.

The train was rapidly filling with the usual motley Christmas crowd which seemed to have only one thing in common—a universal Christmas cheer. Crowding, jostling, laughing, they forgot their inconvenience in an all pervading good will. The chatter and shrill laughter of school girls filled the car, almost drowning out the deeper self-satisfied rumble of the men; even on the oldest faces a trace of animation was to be seen.

Arthur viewed this scene with thoughtful eyes. It was not, he decided, the gayety he disliked, but the vulgar manifestation of it, the laughing, and yelling. Listen to the girls in front of him. Of course they were young—from Prep School probably—but they should know better than to shriek and giggle as they were doing.

While thus absorbed in his reflections, he became aware that some one was watching him; and glancing up suddenly he looked straight into the brown eyes of a girl who was leaning against the arm of his seat. She looked away quickly, but not before Arthur had seen her face plainly and—there was no doubt about it—she had been laughing *at him*. Arthur felt his face flush. He drew himself up with dignity and looked out the window. Now why in the name of heaven had she been laughing at him? he wondered. Again he looked at her, trying to solve the mystery, but he could not see her face. He realized this time, however, that she was standing, and with a grumbled "Have this seat," he got up, and made his way down the isle to the smoker. He did not look back.

The smoker was both hot and crowded, but Arthur finally wedged himself into a seat. Almost immediately he was sorry, for his neighbor, with a ponderous stirring of his body and his intellect, turned to him and observed, "Hot in here, ain't it?" Arthur grunted assent. "Goin' home for Christmas?" was his next remark.

Again Arthur only nodded, but not being of a sensitive nature, the man continued.

"I'll make it home for Christmas all right but I'll have to get out the day afterward. Sure will be fine to be with the wife and kids—thought at first I couldn't make it, but I told 'em—."

The man's voice continued, but Arthur's mind was wandering, and soon he was deep in plans for the holidays. He had two weeks to call his own—what could he not do in that time? Books that he wanted to read, his paper for the next meeting of the philosophy club, long evenings with his dad. Such thoughts as these filled him with pleasant anticipation until he realized, with a start, that the next station was his own, and his bag was in the next car. Would the girl in brown still be there? Arthur almost hoped she would not, but she was, and evidently preparing to leave. Why was she getting off at Tarana? He knew that she did not live there. He was equally sure that she was not a commercial woman; therefore she must be visiting. Arriving at this obvious conclusion, Arthur murmured, "Sherlock Holmes," to himself, picked up her bag with his own, and made his way to the door. His mother was waiting almost at the train steps, and when he turned in greeting her the girl had vanished with her bag into the crowd.

"My precious boy! I am so glad to see you," and before Arthur could answer his sister Anna rushed up.

"Brother, darling, I am so glad you are home. You look just grand. Be still, Freddie." As that young individual wiggled excitedly unable to restrain himself until he could claim his brother's attention.

Mr. McClellan held out a hearty hand.

"Welcome home, son. Let's get out this way, the car is over here."

Riding home through the gathering darkness, Arthur reflected it was good to be home again, but he was awkwardly aware that something was expected of him.

"Hope we have something good for dinner mother, I'm nearly starved."

Freddie broke out eagerly, "Gee, you just oughtta see what we ain't got,—cake, 'n the best pie, and doughnuts, 'n everything." Freddie was in his element now and until they reached home Arthur heard of turkeys, fruits, cakes "bigger'n I am most," and various other marvels of culinary art.

After dinner the family gathered around the fire, but Arthur was soon buried in one of his father's new books, peacefully oblivious to his mother's disappointed face and Freddie's vain attempts to engage his attention. The telephone bell rang sharply at his elbow, and he reached out a preoccupied hand for the receiver, but Anna was too quick for him.



"O pshaw, it is for you Mummie," she pouted. Arthur could hardly help hearing his mother's voice when she took the receiver. "Oh yes, Elizabeth . . . Yes, he came this evening . . . Indeed we are . . . Isn't that lovely, and you're giving a party for her tomorrow afternoon? . . . Yes. I'm sure Sarah will be delighted . . . You want my bridge tables? Why, yes, of course you may. . . . O! you needn't do that. Arthur can drop them by there on his way up street sometime in the morning. . . . Oh! no trouble at all. . . . Good bye . . . Yes, I will, Good bye."

Arthur viewed his mother with mock severity.

"Now what have you got me in for?" he demanded.

"Just to take my bridge tables to Mrs. Howard sometime tomorrow, that's all dear."

Arthur appealed to his father,

"Can you beat 'em, and when I get there she'll probably want me to hang curtains, or go somewhere and borrow something. Ugh."

"Now Arthur, don't be foolish," his mother admonished. "It won't be a bit of trouble."

And thus it happened when Arthur started up street next morning, he carried the card tables in the back of his car. It must be admitted he was not in the best of humor and when no one came in response to his summons, he gave the bell a savage shove. The door flew open almost immediately and Arthur looked straight into a familiar pair of brown eyes—they were indignant now though, rather than laughing. He was nonplussed for a moment, and then, "May I see Mrs. Howard, please?" he inquired. "Come in, won't you?" And the girl disappeared down the hall. In a moment she reappeared accompanied by Mrs. Howard.

"How do you do, Arthur, I am so glad to see you back. This is my niece, Margot Leicester. She is spending the holidays with us," and without pausing for breath, the good lady continued, "You brought the tables didn't you? It is so sweet of you. My maid is sick today, you won't mind bringing them in will you?"

Arthur acknowledged the introduction, and then followed his hostess in, trying to keep up with her steady flow of words.

"Just put them down anywhere I suppose," she continued.

"Can't I set them up for you?" he offered.

"O! mercy, no. Thank you just the same, but it is much too early. The curtains are down and I don't know how we will ever get them up. It was so inconsiderate for the maid to be sick today."

There was only one thing for Arthur to do, and he did it.

"Er—perhaps I could hang them for you Mrs. Howard."

The girl spoke quickly, "No, no, I can put them up quite easily—really I can, Aunt Elizabeth. Thank you very much though, Mr. McClellan."

Arthur did put up the curtains, however. Later he took Margot up street on an errand. He learned that she lived in Seattle, Washington, and was going to school in Boston; she loved to ride horseback, and incidentally her score in the shooting gallery beat his. They spent the morning learning that they had similar tastes with just enough variety to stimulate interest.

A hectic week followed for Arthur. At first he tried to carry out his original plans, but he found no time for study among the whirl of parties, teas and dances. He went to all of them, and everywhere he saw Margot. Often he had the privilege of taking her, but this did not mean that he was allowed to monopolize her. She was far too attractive for that. She made friends easily with both boys and girls, and Margot's name generally headed the party list.

The girl baffled Arthur. She had liked him at first. Arthur was positive of that without being egotistical. But their friendship had stopped growing "just as if we had run up against a stone wall," Arthur told himself. It irritated him because he did not know what to do, where had he failed? Returning from a long horseback ride with her one afternoon, he suddenly determined to ask her the reason for the change, the loss of interest. It was a terrible concession for his pride, but Margot burst out into what Arthur considered unreasonable pettishness.

"Oh! forget yourself, Arthur, and think about someone else for a change."

Very well, thought Arthur, if that's the way she felt about it. A drizzling rain set in as he left her at her home, making it both disagreeable and cold. Just the night to get to work on that philosophy paper, he decided.

At dinner Anna accosted him with, "Are you going to take anyone to the dance, Arthur?" Arthur spoke briefly:

"I'm not going. I have a little work to do."

Anna's face brightened.

"Arthur, if you're not going to the dance can't you possibly take me to rehearsal to-night! Jimmy Barnes was going to take me to practice and then on to the dance, but he sprained his ankle and can't go."

"I'm sorry, Anna, but I really have some work to do. Perhaps dad wouldn't mind driving you around," he added as an afterthought.

"He and mumsie are going to the dance. Please Arthur, it won't take long, and the cantata is to be given to-morrow night."

At the anxiety on Anna's face Arthur suddenly laughed.

"Oh! all right, of course, if you want to go that badly."

He had the presence of mind to take a book along, but the rehearsal began soon after their arrival, and he found himself sitting alone in the back of the darkened theatre, watching the play. After all it was only a typical Christmas production, the theory that the spirit of Christmas was embodied in giving, but it was striking for its very simplicity.

Perhaps it was the influence of the play, or the notable fact that Anna wore her new party dress which made Arthur suggest that they "drop by the dance." Anna gave his arm an ecstatic squeeze.

"You're too dear for anything," she declared. The dance was in full swing when they arrived. Arthur danced with his sister once, and then claimed his mother for the second.

The throng of dancers brought to his mind a picture of the crowded train, and at first he sought the reason, crowding, jostling, laughing, the couples surrounded him—the same gaiety, mirth, and good will animated their face. Now he was one of the mass, he caught the feeling of comradeship, of kindness; the music exhilarated him; he hummed a line of the cantata under his breath. "The spirit of giving is Christmas . . ."

His mother interrupted his thoughts. "I've no idea where your father is, we'll never find him in all this crowd."

Arthur laughed. "You're not going to get rid of me that easily," he declared. "We're going to get something to drink, and then I want you to meet Professor Lee and his wife. They came in with the Jacksons while we were dancing. You'll like them both, Mother, they are fine."

Margot was standing by the punch bowl surrounded by men, but before he left she managed to whisper, "I'm sorry I was so disagreeable this afternoon."

Perhaps it was just as well that Arthur had not heard Margot's conversation with Anna in the dressing room a few moments previously. For Anna, elated by Arthur's attentions, and finding a ready listener in Margot, had dwelt upon her brother's virtues at length—particularly his unselfishness. Margot wondered if she had entirely misjudged him—what must he think of her?

Arthur continued to devote himself to his mother and sister for the rest of the evening. He danced with Margot only twice, the second time she inquired, "Am I forgiven?"

"Of course."

"Prove it."

"You are too indefinite. How?"

"By taking me on the hunt Uncle Zack is giving for me to-morrow."

Arthur was silent a moment. "I'm sorry as I can be, but I just promised mother I'd drive her over to Frankfurt to-morrow to spend the day."

"Well—I'm sorry."

Arthur spoke with conviction. "So am I, but to prove you're forgiven won't you go with me to the cantata to-morrow night? I really think you would enjoy it."

Margot looked at him a moment and then said softly, "You didn't need to take my advice after all, Arthur."

"What?"

"What I told you this afternoon about forgetting yourself."

Arthur paused a moment to consider and then with a smile he said, "Oh no, it's just the spirit of Christmas."



PEABODY BUILDING



GYMNASIUM



EARL HARTSELL who last month wrote "*A Handful*" has written

## *The Ripe Plum*

Which, being translated from the Pithonesian,  
we believe will furnish equally as many laughs

(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: Startling "finds" reported by the industrious archeologist have become matters of such everyday occurrence that the unearthing of an antediluvian safety-razor or a paleolithic golf ball creates little excitement among contemporary collectors of antiques. It is scarcely to be hoped, therefore, that the following sketch from a Pithonesian tablet, ante-dating the Christian era by approximately four thousand years, will be of general interest apart from its archæological and philological value. However, the story may be worth publishing because of the similitude borne by its setting to the modern university community; although the incidents related, while admittedly possible, would be very improbable in a modern college town. At least, the translator never heard of a case similar to the one treated by the narrative.

As to the translation itself, the only apology offered is for the inadequacy of the English tongue to reproduce accurately the Pithonesian thought. Some philologists will protest, no doubt, that the words "professor," "date," and "daddy," as used in the translation, are anachronisms and that the archaic should be employed throughout. I have not space or time to go into a discussion of all the technical points involved but will merely state that I have used the archaic wherever, in my judgment, it conveyed the meaning of the text, while at other places, where it seemed entirely inadequate, I have substituted modern phraseology. The word "date" as used in paragraph nine below is a good example. The Pithonesian is *gasa*. I am aware that the eminent philologist, Dr. Simon C. Peter, makes this equivalent to the French *tête-à-tête*. But even the latter term is not sufficiently specific to convey the exact shade of meaning desired, because it does not imply that the two persons involved must be of opposite sexes, nor that their actions must be in the slightest degree amorous. For this reason I have used the modern American word "date" which has almost the identical connotation of the Pithonesian *gasa*. The same explanation holds good for the other apparent anachronisms alluded to above.)

\* \* \* \*

Colisones, a seller of purple, lately returned from the land of Bonozo, brings with him many wonderful

tales. Most admirable is one dealing with two daughters of a college professor in the little town of Gwath-Canos.

Now Gwath-Canos, as every well-informed person knows, is the center of learning in the land of Bonozo, and thither go up every year the young men of the country to become learned in the arts, sports, manners and sciences of polite society. It is a beautiful little town, and right generously the gods have blessed it with venerable trees of oak and of poplar, to which blessing divers well-intentioned men have added their benediction by planting trees of maple and of spruce, by sowing grass, not for asses to graze upon, but for adornment; by laying out roads and walkways, and by erecting buildings of passing ugliness.

Here lived a professor of languages who in his defenceless youth had been married unto a woman of social aspirations. By this wife he had a daughter whom the mother called Pambo. Another child was not born for the space of seven years, at the end of which time the mother bore another daughter whose name they called Floppo.

When Pambo had grown to be a maid of eighteen summers, fair enough to the eye and reasonably discreet considering the limitations placed upon her sex by the gods, she came home from boarding school deeply learned in the mysteries of face-painting and sweet-smelling ointments. Guileful too she was in the witcheries of inane conversations and perfect mistress of the most approved Bonozonian social technique. Moreover she was deft and dexterous in all modern dance steps, a quality which alone would have prevented her from being mistaken for a part of the decorative scheme at any gathering of young people.

Now Pambo's philosophy of life was as simple as it was wholesome.

"Most adored Mother," she said, "I want to live with thee and most revered Daddy in this perfectly lovely home and keep thee company while Floppo is away at school, and help to entertain these darling boys who must get so homesick and lonesome sometime, with only a dozen maidens for two thousand of them—and maybe—after a while—a long, long while, most adored Mother—one will come along whom I shall love above all the rest, and him I shall marry, most adored Mother."



Thus did the artless girl map out the smooth course of her tranquil life-stream, but little did she reckon what the cruel Fates had in store for her. And thus replied the matron, zealous for her daughter's matrimonial success and consequent happiness:

"I am glad thou hast agreed so well to Mother's plans, my dear. But be not suddenly led into a foolish match by childish fancy. There is abundant time, and all of the noblest of Bonozo's youth to pick from. It would really be inexcusable if a young maiden of thy face, figure and refinement should fail to make an advantageous marriage. Of course, dear, Mother would not have her daughter marry any man whom she could not love, but thou knowest, child, such matters can be arranged."

Now for seven years dwelt Pambo in Gwath-Canos in the home of her father, the professor of languages. Her life was of a strenuous sort and mostly lived between the setting of the sun and the arising thereof. The number of dances upon which she attended during these seven years was three hundred and sixty; the number of "dates,"\* one thousand one hundred and forty-nine; the number of chariot rides in the company of her admirers not less than seven hundred and thirty-five. But in all the seven years, only four proposals of marriage had she heard, and none of these, in the opinion of Pambo and her mother, worthy of consideration. At intervals, wearying of a life devoted wholly to amusement, the maiden sought to pass the time more profitably by enrolling as a student in the college, thereby allying herself to the group of females, contemptuously called Lollas, or hopeless ones, because their education had been previously attempted by various female colleges and given up as a hopeless task.

By this time Floppo, the younger sister, was come to maidenhood, and she too returned from boarding school to play her part in the social life of Gwath-Canos. Not so fair was she to the eye as had been her sister at the same age, but wonderfully wise she was in the knowledge of mankind and quite certain in her own mind as to what she wanted from life, with a fixed determination to have her will therein, gods and fates to the contrary notwithstanding.

Floppo's first commencement dance was a triumph and the sensation of the season, even as her sister's had been seven years before. She was ardently besieged by all the scions of Bonozo's leading families, and was the recipient of that grand rush which is the dream of every debutante. For a time she was whirled madly from one pair of masculine arms to another to the great disturbance of sundry damsels less fortunate than she who, in the meantime, were carrying on desultory conversations with the chaperons. Among these forsaken maidens was Pambo, for the first time in her life destitute of partners.

Presently Floppo grew deathly weary of the eternal chatter dinning into her ears by the smug, olive-oiled youngsters who besieged her on every side. Glancing around, her eyes chanced to fall upon a lonesome-looking instructor, some ten years her senior, who was a gentleman self-made and not by any special dispensation of the gods. She remembered that this young man had once awkwardly made love to her when he was a senior and she still in the high school. Floppo pushed through the throng and, tripping up to the grave-faced instructor, seized his large bony fist in both her dainty white hands and said with a smile that was all dimples and devilishness:

"Hola! Forneis, old-timer! Dost not remember little Floppo? Let us sit out this dance and talk over things that used to be—"

Now, on the following day, two important announcements were made in family council by the daughters of the professor of languages. Pambo announced that she had secured a job in the college library with the intention of doing something useful just to pass time away. And Floppo announced that she would marry Forneis on the night of the next full moon according to the rites and customs of Bonozo. Needless to say this latter piece of news was greeted with consternation and amazement followed by a domestic tempest which threatened to bring down the very heavens. Only the father, the soft-spoken professor of languages, was calm, and even admitted that Forneis was not a bad sort and would probably be head of a department some day. But the mother's wrath was only stirred to greater depths by the words of her husband and to quiet her, Floppo mounted a chair and addressed the assembled family in eloquent fashion:

"My revered father, adored mother and beloved sister, hear ye me! If my action be desperate remember that circumstances are even more so. Thine own experience, my beloved sister, has taught me the futility of seeking a husband among an army of school-boys. Dost think these ninnies are troubled with thoughts of marriage? Thou, Pambo, hast wasted seven precious years in their company, and if one should so far lose his head as to propose marriage to thee now, thou would'st feel more like mothering him than wiving him. But indeed, thou needst have no fear on that score. Let a maid as attractive as thou art remain for seven years in this town to be the governess of each succeeding college generation, and it is not long until the young sophisticates learn to look upon thee with eyes of suspicion. Thou art a plum past ripe, my sister, and every man who comes to the foot of the plum-tree, seeing thee still hanging, will think in his heart that the plum must be tainted, else it would have been picked before by one of the multi-

\* See translator's note above, par. 2.

tude who has passed this way ahead of him. Dost know, most worshipful elder sister, what a ripe plum becomes which is not picked or shaken from the tree?"

"Methinks men call them prunes," replied the elder maiden with a heavy groan.

"Prunes indeed, and to save myself from a fate which I have seen so exemplified in thee, I have practically asked this timid Forneis,—who really needs a wife, Zeus knows—to pluck me—a trifle green, perhaps, but ripe enough in wisdom to know what it is I

want and determined enough in mind to get it while the getting is timely. Forneis is not rich; he can bring me no social prestige, but he needs a wife and I am determined to have a husband. And thou in thy library, beloved sister, nursing thy dusty books, will envy me with my devoted Forneis and my happy children, because thou knowest, Pambo that the gods make maidens such as thou and I for one end only, to be married unto a man and to become the mother of children.



## *Fragments of Heaven*

DABNEY WHITE



Far in the heavens  
Lights of the night  
Wending their way  
In a blazing flight.

Off in the distance  
A snow-capped peak  
Tinged with the gold  
Of a sunrise streak.

Colors of sunset  
Spun in the west;  
Glories of daytime  
Royally dressed.

Soft shades of autumn  
Caught in the trees,  
Yellow and brown;  
And golden seas.

Waves of the ocean  
Ceaselessly beating  
Churned by the mermaids,  
Advancing, retreating.

Moon of the Orient  
Spanning the night,  
Trailing its glories  
Of phantom light:

These are the gifts  
Of a God of Love;  
Bright bits of heaven  
Flung from above.

*Writing his first article for The Magazine, A. E. Poston  
tells some interesting and comical things about*

## CAROLINA NEGRO SUPERSTITION

The superstition of the Negroes of some parts of southeastern North Carolina and eastern South Carolina is the source of some of the most realistic ghost stories that the most vivid imagination can conceive. Every colored citizen has at some time seen a "hant." All those who in some way have missed seeing a "hant" have had the loss made up to them by the sight of a "token," which is, according to them, some unnatural manifestation or warning of a coming death.

The nature of the country itself aids in augmenting this superstition. The dark swamps, with cypresses covered with gray Spanish moss, the marshy spots where will-o'-the-wisps are frequently seen, the lonely family graveyards which are placed in the most out of the way places, and the effect of the almost day-time brightness of the moon in this particular section, all go to strengthen the fantastic belief of the negro in "sperrits." Let the ordinary Negro walk through an especially desolate region, in which there is a graveyard, on a night when the moon is shining brightly, and he will see many things which will escape the ordinary eye. On his arrival at his destination, which will be somewhat sooner than would be the case if his journey were by day, he will have a choice story for anyone who cares to listen. Not only is this superstition held by the blacks. A great many of the more ignorant whites are firm believers in the thought that spirits walk abroad in the night. But in their relation of what they have seen they lack the realistic touch which only the negro can give.

One of the most realistic stories of this kind that I have ever listened to was related by a badly frightened negro just after he had returned from a trip to a certain town some distance away. He had taken a load of tobacco there that morning and having started home late, found the road deserted. Everything had gone well until about eleven o'clock, at which time he had been passing through a marshy spot about four miles up the road. He had been dozing in his wagon when suddenly, by the side of the road, a light flared up and in this light appeared the white figure of a woman, headless, and with a large torch held in her right hand. The figure did not move until he had passed, which, by the way, he was not long in doing. Then it disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. This tale was told before the passing of the whiskey dispensaries, however, and might be explained in this

way. But the narrator was certainly not drunk when he stammered out his story some ten minutes later, to a crowd around a tobacco barn farther down the road. rather silent, came just opposite the path leading up to the center of the yard, an awful chattering broke out, growing louder and louder until the air was filled with the din. The noise seemed to come from out of the ground in the middle of the yard. As soon as the negroes could move they did so. When they finally came to a stop before the nearest house, they gave an account of all they had heard to the man who lived there. He, lighting a lantern, made his way to the "hanted" spot, followed by the trembling blacks.

At this point in her tale the old woman stopped to light her pipe.

"Well, did you find your ghost?" I asked.

"Nossuh," she answered, contemptuously, "twant nuthin but an ole 'coon wid fo' little uns, in dey nest in one ob de ole sunk in graves!"

Another instance of this kind happened near the same spot. A certain family of whites lived close to a country schoolhouse of the community. One morning they spread the startling story that, on the night before, a torch had appeared in the door of the building and slowly floated around it. There was no sign of anyone about the light, as it made the trip around the house and came to a stop at the spot where it had appeared. Then it went out. At a party held at the school the following night a man was stabbed to death by a drunk.

These tales are typical of the many told in this region. Of all the negroes that I have questioned as to their belief in ghosts, only one has given a negative answer. This was an old woman, known in the neighborhood as "Aunt Linny." This old woman has lived all her life among white folks, and, because of this, views the superstitions of her race with contempt. Along with her denial of her belief in such "stuff," as she called it, she gave the following tale, which she said really happened: Just after the Civil War a party of negroes, of which Aunt Linny was a member, was walking home from a church which was situated far back from the main road. It was an especially lively party until an old graveyard appeared around a bend in the path. This graveyard had not been cared for for several years and presented a particularly ghostly appearance. As the group, grown



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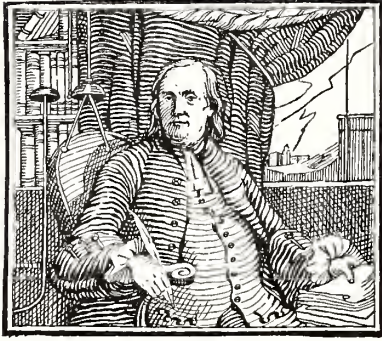


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1706-1790

Printer, journalist, diplomat, inventor, statesman, philosopher, wit. One of the authors of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, author of Poor Richard's Almanack; and one of the most eminent natural philosophers of his time.

## But nobody had thought to do it

By bringing electricity down from the clouds over a kite string, it was a simple thing to prove that lightning was nothing more than a tremendous electrical flash.

For centuries before Franklin flew his kite in 1751 philosophers had been speculating about the nature of lightning. With electrified globes and charged bottles, others had evolved the theory that the puny sparks of the laboratory and the stupendous phenomenon of the heavens were related; but Franklin substituted fact for theory — by scientific experiment.



Electrical machines bearing the mark of the General Electric Company, in use throughout the world, are raising standards of living by doing the work of millions of men.

Roaring electrical discharges, man-made lightning as deadly as that from the clouds, are now produced by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. They are part of experiments which are making it possible to use the power of mountain torrents farther and farther from the great industrial centers.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor. Published by the  
University of North Carolina Publications Union

Old Series Vol. 54

Number 4

New Series Vol. 41

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Articles in the MAGAZINE are not necessarily the opinion of the editor of the publication.

Address all communications to the *Editor* or *Business Manager*, CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1923.



## *If You Are Not*

using our Laundry Service today—you are away behind the times and the shame thereof. Saving pennies — and losing your contentment—simply because you “haven’t tried” our service, is Poor Practice.

## *Do This Today*

Tear away the mummy bandages of complacency—come out into the daylight—fresh air and progress. We know the better way of doing Laundering. Our service will prove to you a Life Buoy on your sea of troubles.

## *Its Satisfaction*

to each individual patron—that’s our motto—join the many that will tell you that we “treat your clothes white”—Just Phone—we are as near to you as your next door neighbor. Phone 28.

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LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT U. N. C.

## 1903

Saw a little Cafe of seven seats established in Chapel Hill—It was Gooch’s.

## 1924

The beginning of our twenty-first year, we offer two Cafes with a total seating capacity of 130 and the finest Banquet Hall in the State. Thanks to the splendid support of Carolina men.

# Gooch’s Cafe College Inn

Quality                      Service  
Since 1903



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

January, 1924



You will find that Y. TAKITOMI'S letters to a friend here are

## *Critical and Reminiscent*

but full of delicate humor

[Editor's Note.] These letters, written in a peculiar style, are novel to say the least. Taketomi has attended three different Summer Schools at the University, and was here during the entire scholastic year 1921-22, winning the short story prize that year. At present he is a student at Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore. The letters were written while Taketomi was in New York during the latter part of this summer, in company with another Carolina man of whom he makes frequent mention. This young Jap has views and opinions of his own, and he makes use of them in commenting on various and sundry things, among them the leading films and plays then showing on Broadway.

Friday 26, September, MCMXXIII.

My Dear ———:

The following weekly letters of mine you should not read when you are busy. In such a time the profit you may get from them, is nothing but the moral indignation. "What a rascal Taketomi is!" You probably mutter. "He doesn't know how busy I am. Fie him! What nonsense he talks! Base! Mean! Insupportable!" I do not regret a bit that you will bury my letters in their proper grave, I mean, the waste-basket without any formal sermon nor heart-breaking eulogy. But the only thing I am most afraid is, your anger may make your digestion bad according to the biological law. However, the effect will be quite different when you read them in perfect leisure; for instance, when you are blue with the modern Gentleman-Sickness, I mean, ennui, or when you suffer from the slight headache caused by much smoking. Yet the best time when you may enjoy my nonsense is, I conjecture, after a glorious supper. Suppose, my dear sir, You stretch yourself at full length in your comfortable chair, languidly smoking your pipe, and affectionately looking about your cosy but tastily furnished room. Then, I bet you smile at my letters. "What an amicable boy Taketomi is!" You heave a long sigh with much love and content. "I liked him all the time and I will. What a great literary talent he has! Besides, he is a man of 'bon cocur!' He is a living wit, Shakespeare's grandson. Whatever he writes is, gracious, humorous, and artistic too. May Heaven praise him!"

Thursday 4, October, MCMXXIII.

My Dear ———:

Since I came to New York we, P—— and I, have spent together every evening by visiting theatres, we saw a few movies which they call "Attraction" of the season. Sabatini's "Scaramouche" was one of them. Mr. Sabatini has been an unknown writer to me. And I deeply regret that I made an acquaintance with him but through "Scaramouche." Certainly it is not right to judge a writer's merits merely through the movie. We all know the "Trois Mousquetaires" represented by Mr. Fairbanks, made the greatest author weep in the grave for shame. Nevertheless, I may not error so far from the truth to say that the genius of Mr. Sabatini is not so much great as his stupid critic praises. I mean the author of Scaramouche can never be the "Modern Dumas," nor can he combine "the Fire of a Byron and the Style of a Flaubert." Indeed, unless an Egyptian juggler, no literary man can kindle a fire and keep it aglow in water! The actors and actresses of this movie acted fairly well. But I am disagreeable with the actor who played the part of Danton. We see in him a mere fanatic leader of the wild mobs, but not a bit of an intellectual Danton who really was.

Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" is a powerful picture. But I was very much disappointed with the catastrophe. The happy union of the hero and heroine in the end, killed well-nigh half of my interest. Since I haven't read as yet the original play, I do not know whether the writer himself plotted such a catastrophe or not. But if he really did, it was a

grievous fault; and grievously I should say Mr. Maeterlinck got something wrong in his head when he wrote it. I asked P——— how he thought of my opinion. He told me I am right. But, Diable! he said, "If I were Maeterlinck. I wouldn't have written the whole thing in such a way!" I am sure the great Belgian writer was probably sneezing at P———'s egregious brag.

Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame" is a masterpiece. This fantastic romance tinged with sentimentalism was played admirably by the subtle actors and actresses. Some of the scenes are artistically impressive and suggestive. The hunchback is dying; his ebbing life is symbolized by the swing of the bell growing fainter, fainter. . . .

I enjoyed the Winter Garden's Greenwich Follies. It is certainly absurd. Yet I love it because of its mere absurdity. I think a vaudeville is a strange piece of art, which has neither head nor tail; but all of it, on the contrary, is at once head and tail! Mr. P———, a philosophe, or du moins ce qu'il eroie etre le philosophe, seemed me to have also enjoyed the Follies. The only strange thing was, he didn't philosophize those pretty girls madly dancing on the stage. Ah, P———! Ah, the philosopher! What a terrible disposition he has, and what a bad habit! He likes to philosophize everything but his own self! The scene of Spanish dances quite fascinated me with the beauty of costume and the subtleness of stage-light. Just imagine, my dear sir! Some sixty dancers, all young and charming, appear in a beautiful crowd on the stage, merrily singing some kind of song, Goodness knows what, in a voluminous but melodious chorus, while some sixty torch-lights in their hands flicker like stars, hey! ho! so brightly, so gloriously. . . . Farewell, my poor eyes! Thou wilt see no more such a bewitching spectacle!

Of all the theatrical representations Balieff's "Chauve-Souris" impressed me most. As I am a passionate lover of the Russian literature, I think I have right to say something about it. Yet I am now too tired to write any longer. So I keep it for a while.

Sincerely yours,

Y. Taketomi.

Tuesday, October 9, MCMXIII.

My Dear ———:

Early in this morning I sat down in the fresh air to write a story, a love Romance of a Geisha-Girl and her young student lover. I wish I could write it in the style of M. Coppée, a wee-bit sentimental but none the less, mastery! But—curse it! It is well-nigh noon, and yet my rusty pen goes no farther

than the first line. And even that very line is no good. Should not man "spend a day without a single line?" Bah, I wish to send Mr. Horace to the devil! I have already smoked away a package of Chesterfields and chanted more than a hundred times Sir Wattie's literary incantation: "Go spin, you Jade, go spin!" But no use. It won't do. I am off the "fang!" Yet I have no Marjorie, his Bonnie Wee Croodlin' Doo to play with. I will go out to dine somewhere. I may eat Chop-Suey in some Chinaman's restaurant, and then, may loaf in the streets. I saw yesterday a very, very sweet-looking damozel in Charles street. A soul thrilling Beauty she was! If Heaven is gracious, who knows if I may not see her this afternoon, too? It is nice weather, forsooth. Such a day people like loitering. She is quite a stranger to me. But that makes no difference, for I am a young sentimental gentleman who is very fond of love for the sake of love. . . . hum! hum! Moreover, a beautiful woman is to me like a beautiful picture in Nature's gallery. I don't want to possess her or it for my own. By no means! Beauty is, as you know, "too dangerous a treasure" to be the private property. Man can easily hide money from a robber. But, ah! how difficult it is to hide one's pretty sweet-heart from the wicked rascals! Thus I, with great sympathy, look at the gentleman of Venice, who stained his blade with the dripping blood of the Duchess. Behold, my dear sir! What a drama! He gave commands; then "all smiles stopped together!" And also I praise, with high enthusiasm, the admirable management of another gentleman in Florence, who shut his flapping bride into a bed-chamber to protect her from the infamous infatuation of the Great-Duke Ferdinand by name. Consequently, poor devil. . . . I mean the Duke, was obliged to ride on the horseback through his life, loitering in the streets in his idle way, "empty and fine like a swordless sheath!" Alas, since so many heart-breaking examples are recorded in the erotic history of the world, I am quite willing to leave a beautiful maiden, or rather a beautiful "mischief" in the metaphysical sense, whoever she may be, to some other's surest care. And whenever I am pleased, well let me take three steps backwards to gaze upon her beauty. To appreciate properly anything beautiful in the gallery, public as well as private, you know you should take your steps backwards and make somewhat a squint eye to look at it. The Japanese are not so stupid people as they think themselves so. They made such a striking proverb in time immemorial: "*Yome, Tome, Kasa-no-uchi.*" This shows there are three ways in which a woman looks most beautiful to the observer. The first way is to look at her in the night. Verily, a little darkness of the atmosphere may conceal her freckles. The other



is to look at her from the distance for the same reason. And the third way, the most poetical one, is to look at her in her own parasol. Is it not right?

Forgive me for my indiscrimination. I hope you will read this not as a letter to the superior, but as a mere nonsense of the incorrigible stupid fellow.

Sincerely yours,

Y. Taketomi.

Wednesday, 24 October, MCMXXIII.

My Dear ———:

Let me write you, this time, a bit of sentimental nonsense.

"I knew once one of those happiest maidens in the world," said my friend with a melancholy smile.

"Ah!" I rejoined, dubiously. "Are you sure she was the happiest one, whoever she might be?"

"Yes, she was." My friend went on. "For she was then young and beautiful; and she was fully conscious of it!"

"Well?"

"She was adored by all and. . . ." Poor devil! he sighed faintly. "And . . . and she was loved only by one. . . ."

"Bravo!" I gave him a tap on the shoulder.

"Well, then?"

"Well, then?" My friend echoed, musingly. "She died young and beautiful in the fair morning of spring. Yes, young and beautiful she died!" He spoke with emphasis, as if convincing me of his own philosophy. "Even for that fact alone, friend, can we not claim her for one of the happiest maidens in the world?"

"But where was she buried, you know?" I asked after a pause.

"In the silent valley of a shadowy mountain!" His reply was romantically enigmatic. "All the mountain-flowers were in bloom, then," he smiled, "and I remember I heard in the blue air blue-jays calling, far and near. . . ."

"Enough! Brother!" I said, warmly holding his hand in mine. "Is it not your own memory? If so, you are also the happiest man in the world!"

My friend looked at me askance, but kept silence.

"Ah, don't you believe in the world of Romance?" I took my speech. "There, you know, there alone, whoever has the most beautiful memories in the past, is the happiest of all the mortals. . . ."

No answer but a slight nod of my friend. Yet his melancholy smile touched me deeply on the soul with the sweetest sadness.

Sincerely yours,

Y. Taketomi.



CAMPUS IN WINTER

# *The Journal of Social Forces*

*As Reviewed by HENRY R. FULLER, is not altogether a "highbrow" and technical University publication. Here is at last one Southern Magazine which is attracting country-wide attention*

A pebble thrown into a quiet pool creates the greatest disturbance near the point where it strikes the water, sending out ripples which lessen in size as they widen. As with prophets, it is not so with learned publications thrown into the quiet waters of scholastic life. It was not so with *The Journal of Social Forces*.

The bi-monthly came into existence last fall at the University of North Carolina with Howard W. Odum as managing editor, and almost at once achieved a national reputation. The greatest authorities in the social sciences write for it. It can be found in libraries throughout the country. One man writes, "Your title may well become a great national name." A professor in the University of Wisconsin writes, "I have heard a number of people say that it takes first rank in the United States at the present time among sociological journals." "A remarkable achievement," "invaluable for editorial work," "needs only to be seen to be accepted," "a very attractive magazine," "plum good," "one of the best things that the South has put out,"—so run a few of the many comments. A press agent would not lack for material if he wished to push the *Journal*.

A professor of sociology writes, "It is getting golden words from every quarter," but it is getting more than words only. So many have followed the example of the professor of history who wrote that his increasing delight had become irresistibly insistent on expressing itself in the form of a check for a subscription, that the infant publication has already a widespread circulation, far surpassing that of an ordinary scholarly journal, and growing every week. Although the special interests of the journal are in the South, there is a dozen or more northern and western states that have more subscribers than any southern state except North Carolina.

Its special value and significance as a southern publication has been sensed by many. Professor Ivan E. McDugle of Sweet Briar wrote of it as the most constructive social force which had appeared in the South during the period of his memory. A critic in a national journal observed, "If it can succeed it will go far to answer the charge that literary work and high-grade journalism are impossible under the present condition of intellectual thralldom in the South."

Yet, while the journal has been making such a tremendous stir in educational and sociological circles of distant sections, the student body has been largely ignorant, or at the most only dimly and vaguely aware, of its existence. This is only natural, however, for if one stops to think about it, there is a surprisingly small number of governors, professors, social workers, ministers or editors among the student. It is from such persons that the *Journal* receives most of its praise and subscriptions.

There are in the magazine many scholarly articles and departmental contributions of specialized interests, of which a layman hesitates to speak. One series by an eminent scholar, a leader in his profession and a profound thinker, was rather whimsically recommended to me last Spring by a professor closely connected with the *Journal*. "Read it," he said "as a test of your intellectual ability. If you can read it through without feeling at all drowsy, you may know that you are a very serious student indeed." The range, however, is broad. The editors are apparently striving to strike a balance between material highly specialized and academic, and material of more general and popular interest. Representative of the latter class are the two articles by Gerald Johnson, editor of the *Greensboro Daily News*.

Every citizen of North Carolina should find something of interest and provocative of thought in Mr. Johnson's "Issachar Is a Strong Ass," the leading article in the November issue. Written in a brilliant manner, the article asks with searching directness why it is that most of North Carolina's sons who have achieved national prominence and leadership have done so only after leaving the State,—why men of the abler sort tend to drift out of North Carolina. The people of England, Mr. Johnson points out, have placed a tablet in memory of Walter H. Page in Westminster Abbey, but there is no monument to Page in his mother State, North Carolina. If a North Carolinian achieves a moderate intellectual leadership or prominence, he may rest assured of passive forgetfulness. If he achieves a success of greatest magnitude by his genius, then "the clamor or a charmed and worshipping world will not permit North Carolina to forget. Then, indeed, she may be counted on to do something about it. She will name a mattress after the genius."

The justice or injustice of Mr. Johnson's vigorous indictment against North Carolina is subject for debate. There are those who will say that his criticism is superficial. They will point out that such criticism is easy, but that to suggest a constructive remedy is another matter. However that may be, the article contains food for thought and is splendidly written. It is one of the most readable articles for the general reader that has appeared in the *Journal*.

The November issue was a Country Life issue. A glance at the titles of the special articles in addition to "Issachar" will give some idea of the scope of the issue. They are: "Rural Life in American Art," "Rural Standards of Living in the South," "The City-Drift of Population in Relation to Social Efficiency," "The Rise of the Rural Life Problem," and "Psychic Mechanisms and Social Radicalism." These are generally of more specialized interest than "Issachar," but students from and dwellers in small

towns and villages might find interest and a challenge in "Rural Life in American Art."

These special articles occupy only about one third of the magazine. The other two thirds are filled with the editorial notes, the Library and Workshop, and the eight departments: public welfare and social work, teaching and research in the social sciences, conferences for social work, the church and social service, intra-racial co-operation, county and country programs, progress in town and city programs, and the work of women's organizations. Much of this material is of technical and specialized interest, but not all of it. The editorial policy is broad and deals with problems of especial interest to the South.

*The Journal of Social Forces* seems to have filled a need in the world of publications at an opportune time. If the present standard is upheld, it will render a distinct service and bring honor to the University.



### *Fragments*

Mine is the pleasure to leap,  
And toss high towers of man  
Upon my back.

Crashing, crashing on the  
Castled cliffs without  
An end.

Mist making havoc among  
Vermin, that crawl ever,  
While I sleep.

Contracting, rippling, torsioned  
Muscles of my gripe,  
Thundering, I blot out  
High towers.

—ADAM ENGLISH.



## *Fill The Frame*

A Senior did—and with the picture of a “queen”; we think  
A. E. POSTON, in telling you “How”, has done  
an excellent story of the O. Henry Type

Larry Garnett walked into his room and slumped into a chair. His roommate, digging deep into the mysteries of Sator Resartus, looked up as he entered.

“This man Carlyle,” he began pityingly, when he noticed a package that Larry had laid on his table. “What you got there?” he wanted to know.

Larry did not answer, but opening the package, displayed a small picture frame, about six inches wide and nine long, carved, and finished in a bronze color.

“Isn’t she a beauty?” he asked.

“That isn’t the question,” answered the co-inmate of the room. “The question is, or rather, the questions are, where did you get it, and what are you going to do with it?”

“Very easily answered, both of them,” was the reply. “First, I bought it at the bookstore, and second, I don’t know. Incidentally, it cost \$3.50.”

Williams was puzzled.

“You don’t know what you’re going to do with it!”

“Nope. Anything you’d like to suggest?”

“Well,” was the biting answer, “you might put a picture in it.”

“A mighty fine idea,” grinned Larry. “In fact, I think that I’d better act on your advice. Any more suggestions?”

“What the dickens is the matter with you, anyway? You, a senior, and a man of supposed intelligence, buy a thing of this kind and say that you don’t know what you’re going to do with it. Such words make you an idiot in the eyes of sensible men. Elucidate. Are you meaning to put Norma Talmadge in a three-fifty frame?”

“Well,” said Larry, deliberately, “I haven’t yet decided just which girl I will honor thus. It won’t be an actress.”

“Oh, I see,” sarcastically. “What girl wouldn’t jump at the chance to have her likeness smile down at you from the pretty little frame.”

“Quite right,” returned Larry. “So all that remains to be done is to select. Is there any special type of beauty that you think would look well in this particular frame?”

“Sure,” scoffed Williams. “Right here in today’s paper is her picture. She’s a blond. Let’s see.

‘Miss Rebecca Cliftside voted the prettiest girl in Southway College.’ I think this is just what you want. Get a knife and clip it out.”

“No, sir,” said Larry, “I won’t have any newspaper picture in my frame. It’s got to be the regular autographed thing or nothing. Let’s see the picture.”

“That’ll be easy. While you’re at home this week-end just run over and get it from the young lady herself. She’ll be glad to let you have it. The mere fact that she has never seen you before shouldn’t make any difference.”

“You’re certainly bursting out with bright ideas today,” said Larry, looking up from the paper. “And the funny thing is that about all of them are good. As for your latest suggestion, I like it particularly well. After Sunday night next Miss Rebecca Cliftside will look down on my labors from this self-same frame, and on the picture will be inscribed the words ‘From Becky to Larry,’ in a decidedly feminine hand.”

“Humph! That frame has everything in it now that’ll be in it a month from now unless you sell it or give it away.”

“Bet you money that I can do it,” was the unexpected answer.

Williams was speechless.

“You don’t mean it?” he asked, incredulously.

“Sure.”

“I haven’t but ten,” regretfully, “so I can’t win but ten. But I hate to take your money.”

“Don’t worry about that,” retorted Larry, airily. “I have a plenty. If you haven’t got but ten, though, you’d better not bet. That’s better than nothing.”

“And twenty is better than that. So it’s a bet. And now, since the preliminaries are arranged, you’d better use the week you have. I’ve heard that that girl is practically unmeetable.”

“Oh, that’s just because the right man hasn’t come along yet. I reckon he’ll appear about the end of the week.” But to himself he said, “Old man, you’ve started off with a hard one. Those ten dollars are in a bad way.”

For Larry was not of that species called the “lady’s man.” He had thus far been in the University for exactly three years and two months, not counting holidays. He was not an athlete. He had never

mixed in college politics, had stayed out of societies, stood rather high, scholastically speaking, in the commerce school, and had, as a consequence of these good virtues, borne a good reputation. So it can be seen that he was not rich "lady's man" material.

However, it was just these facts that caused Larry to make a resolution. He had come to the conclusion that he was not getting enough fun out of life. As he told himself, the years were rolling by and he was letting his foothold on youth become weak. And his resolution, which he had placed on the calendar at the beginning of the year, was to stir around and have a good time during his last year. As has been said, he was neither an athlete nor a politician. It would be necessary to go in search of other fields. So, aware of his handicaps, he decided on about the only other field left to him, woman. And, as befits a man ignorant on such subjects, he placed the proverbial horse before the proverbial cart, purchasing the frame, with the idea of filling it afterwards. His idea had its good points. If he should waver in his resolution it would serve as an incentive. Indeed, his bet with Williams had been made with this in mind.

The next Thursday after his wager, Larry went home, that day being a holiday. He arrived about ten o'clock. Leymore, where he lived, a city of about ten thousand population, was situated some ten miles from the seat of Southway College. His father, a cotton broker, was at this time looking forward to the time when the sign over his door should be changed to Garnett and Garnett. So, for a father, he had an unusually great amount of respect for his son's ability. Others in the household besides Garnett, Senior, had this same respect and pride for him, namely, his mother and his twelve year old brother. However, his sister Lizzy, a sophomore terror from Southway, looked on him rather contemptuously. She was his unfailing critic. The fact that Larry did not care for girls, dances, and the like, was to her something inexplicable.

The critic was waiting for him when he entered the house.

"You've an invitation to Emily Dowders tonight, and this is one time that you've got to go. I've already told her that you will be there."

"What's going on over there?" asked Larry. "Anyway, I can't go. I've got something else to do."

"Do it tomorrow. Emily's giving a party for Beeky Cliftside, a girl from school that's visiting her."

Larry started.

"Who?" he asked.

"Miss Rebecca Cliftside."

"Oh, well," said Larry with elaborate carelessness, "I suppose you'll hound me 'till I give in anyway, so I had just as well go. When do we start?"

"Eight o'clock," answered Lizzy, rather surprised by his peaceful acceptance, "but it isn't we. Tommy's coming by for me. You can come by yourself."

"Stand corrected," grinned Larry. "Well, I'll drop around if I don't get lost." To himself he said, "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

At exactly 8:03 P.M. Larry walked up the steps of the Dowder's residence. At exactly 8:05 he was looking into the eyes that were to "look down on his labors" after Sunday night, and trying to tell Miss Cliftside in conventional language just how glad he was to meet her. It was an hour before he could talk to her alone. Then the conversation was short and to the point.

"You've got a date for tomorrow night," he told her considerably.

"Indeed?" she answered. Larry gathered that he was first and so pushed his advantage.

"Yes. And also one for the next night," he further enlightened her.

"Thank you," she said meekly.

Taking it into consideration that she was the guest of honor, and so much in demand, Larry did right well. On leaving, he congratulated himself on his progress.

"I think," he said, "that with luck I'll have about ten extra before very long." Then, as an afterthought he added, "Not that that's the most important thing in the world."

In fact, it was only the next night that Larry considered himself well enough acquainted to ask for her picture.

"I haven't one here," she told him, "but I'll send you one next week if you want it."

This was very pleasing in one sense, but in another—well, ten dollars are ten dollars, and as such not to be sneezed at. They would buy a very palatable box of candy.

"That bet is lost," he muttered.

"What's that about a bet?" she asked, sharply.

"Oh, nothing," was the uncomfortable answer.

"You tell me what you meant," she directed him. And, being a novice, he did so.

She said nothing for a few seconds. When she did speak she did so coldly.

"Do you think that I'd ever let you have my picture so that you could win a bet, and then boast about it?"

"Well, you see," stammered Larry, "I didn't know you. I—I—"

"That doesn't make a bit of difference," she interrupted him, "It would have been just as bad if it had been someone else. I don't think you need come back tomorrow night."

After a few minutes of getting himself "in worse," Larry left.



"This is a hell of a note," he told himself. "Why couldn't you keep your mouth shut? Now you've not only lost a date, but also ten dollars." And a little later, "What do you care for the money anyway? Something's got to be done."

The next morning Larry met Emily and Beeky downtown. They had their arms full of bundles, and, not knowing that anything had happened, Emily insisted that he help them. Neither did Emily notice that very little conversation went on between the other two. Larry had tried it but had received very little response. When they arrived at the house, Emily said, "I guess you'll be up tonight?"

Larry started to say no when he glanced up at Beeky, standing on the top steps. She was looking at him with cool indifference. That girl was carrying things too far. It had to stop.

"You bet I will," he answered, grimly.

Sunday night at 11:45 Larry stepped from the train at the University and went directly to his room. He was humming happily. Williams, again exposed to Sartor Resartus, raised his head long enough to say "greetings." Larry said nothing, but dug into his pockets and brought out a bill which he handed to his roommate.

"You win," he said, grinning.

"Thank you sweetly," answered Williams, pocketing the bill. "Did you meet the lady?"

"I did," affirmed Larry.

"I take it from your munificent actions that your frame will be empty for several more suns."

Larry reached into his suitcase and drew out a picture. It was almost a counterpart of the one in the

paper the Sunday before, except for the words, written in a decidedly feminine hand at the bottom, "From Beeky to Larry."

Williams gasped.

"Why don't you put it in the frame and get the ten?" he asked.

"Well, you see, I don't like to bet on such things. So, since I don't like to take the money, I just lose it. Besides, Beeky says that I shouldn't do it. And," he added, irrelevantly, "it's worth the ten to please Beeky."

It was Williams that grinned this time.

"You've certainly got em' bad," he said. "Here take your ten. Neither of us wins."

"Oh, yes you do. It was a bet and you've won it."

"I know I have, and it looks only right that I get the money since you get the girl. But since you're so doggone honest, I reckon I'll have to be. You see, I wrote to Beeky and told her about the bet, and, seeing that she's about a sixteenth cousin of mine, asked her to keep the interests of the family in mind. Not that I thought that you'd get the picture anyway. So I can't conscientiously take your money. My confession overcomes me," finished Williams, comically.

Larry took the bill, glowering at him.

"It's a good thing I've got a sense of humor," he began.

"Not at all," interrupted Williams. "I'd say that Emily has the sense of humor. I reckon she had it figured that, since you got the girl, I ought to come in somewhere."

"Humph," grunted Larry. And then, "I wonder if Emily will miss that picture before Beeky can give her another."



THE OLD LAW BUILDING NOW BEING MADE INTO A COMMUNITY THEATRE



There are many forms of torture, ancient and otherwise. Among the modern forms there are such things "as afternoon teas, the electric chair, etc."

But BESSIE DAVENPORT thinks the worst of all comes when

## Visiting The New Baby

Tradition has handed down to us many ancient forms of torture, a slow process of starvation, and the more refined Chinese method of dripping water on the head until it splits; we also have more modern forms, such as afternoon teas, the electric chair, etc., but I must confess the most formidable for me is the task of visiting a new baby.

I fairly grow pale when I receive a tiny white envelope stating that the stork has visited Mrs. So and So, and left a burden weighing so many pounds. Personally, I could never understand why they do not give some useful information such as the color of the eyes or hair, for this is very important when you call.

On first beholding the infant, there is generally a sinking sensation around the heart; what *can* you say about That? A bald head, or perhaps one covered with a soft fuzz which looks worse, two wrinkles which must be its eyes when open, a pug nose—but you cannot stand thus taking inventory. You realize with a start that the proud mother is waiting and you manage to gasp, "How wonderful." It is wonderful. It is marvelous. Other adjectives may be applied if you can think of any.

But what next? Is it proper to poke a baby of this size in the ribs? What do people generally say about babies, anyway? Ah! Happy thought: they always favor someone, but whom? From long experience I have learned that if It is a girl, It favors its mother; if It is a boy, It favors its father. This

is always the case if the parents are present. But if you guess wrong, don't change tactics; disagree violently—sometimes as much as five minutes may be taken up in this way.

And another thing I have learned is not to forget Its name. Unless one has experienced it, one can never know how criminal it is to call William Robert "Robert William," or worse still, to call him *her*.

Now if you are lucky, with a few more remarks you may make your escape; but if It wakes up you must apply yourself in earnest. The color of Its eyes must be duly noted and discussed. Generally speaking, it is best to ignore Its hair, since it is a treacherous subject and in most cases can be easily ignored.

If It happens to be in a good humor, you may even score one by observing its dimples,—imaginary or real, babies always have them. But if It happens to be in an adverse humor, if It wants to screw up Its face, squinch up Its eyes and emit blood curdling yells, it is still adorable, cunning, darling and too sweet for words.

Would that all of us could dispose of this nerve-racking task as easily as I once heard an old negress do. She came into the room when it was being proudly displayed, and after carefully examining It she turned to the ambitious young couple and said, "Dat sho is one fine baby, Miss Jenny. Ef I was you and Marse John, I'd try to raise *dat* baby!"

## Nostalgia

I wish  
That  
I was somewhere else.  
That  
I might wish  
That  
I was where I am.

—S. G.

# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion,  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

JANUARY, 1924

1924

The New Year! Resolutions. Plans. Dreams made realities or else come disillusion. Certainly is this latter true for the seniors and professional students in their last stage of training. We always greet the new year with a sense of hopefulness, determined that where we have failed in the past we shall now win; where there have been hopes, hopes will become realizations; where we have been burdened the shackles will be thrown off, and we shall be free.

This new year for seniors and graduating professional students has a keen significance. The time is almost here when we shall go forth from the walls of the University and employ what we have gained here, or else learn that we cannot employ what we have or should have gained. Herein begins the tragedy, or the pleasing drama, or the comedy, perhaps. This class of men is about to realize. What? If we knew the future would be a blank, there would be no inspirations, no hopes, for to know that the ideal has been reached, that the apex has been sealed, makes the remainder a mere mechanism, devoid of hopes. But this is known to few men.

The college boy is now to become the man. He is to taste bitters after having gulped the sweets of a

college existence. Along with the resolutions that the new year has brought about will perhaps come disillusion, the shattering of ideals, the crumbling of castles built when tots. But this new year,—what of it from your point of view, and what are you going to make of it?



## *A New Stadium*

Following the cry sent out by the Chapel Hill *Weekly* for a new athletic stadium for the University, there appeared in the Greensboro *Daily News* an editorial suggesting to the citizens of that city that they build what seems to be an already proposed stadium in that city, and offer it to the University authorities whenever "they undertake to pull off a big one." The *Daily* agrees with the *Weekly* that in time to come there is going to be need of enlargement of the present stadium, it being already inadequate to seat present crowds.

The *Tar Heel* takes up the cry, also asking for a new stadium, and reprinting Editor Graves' suggestion as to how the money might be raised to build such. The *Magazine* agrees with the three named

newspapers that there is dire need of a new stadium, but it can never agree with the *Daily News* plan. Already there is a paucity of athletic contests on the Hill, and to even think of accepting the would-be proposal of the *Daily* would be entirely out of harmony with the opinions and wishes of the student body.

We know that Greensboro has at least one of the big games every year, but we think that one is enough. The *News* is a Greensboro paper, and devoted largely to the interests of that city, in which they are to be praised. But when they suggest that Greensboro be given Carolina's big games, then they strike a note entirely out of harmony with the student body and with college athletic psychology. College athletics do more to keep college spirit alive than any other one thing. To take these contests away from Chapel Hill to a city so distant as Greensboro will never do. Had the University professional teams, then the thing would be proper. But games are not played entirely with the desire to make money. That has to be considered, and a good many of our big games are located elsewhere as a result; but to take any more away from us will be dealing the student body a terrible blow. We believe that the students will send up a bellow similar to that of the Bull of Bashan before they will ever hear to such a thing.

The *News* gives itself away in the last paragraph. "It is necessary merely to mention the fact that such an institution would go far towards making Greensboro a center of interest for all sorts of college activities, and therefore familiar to every college man in the state, to show where the town would profit by supplying the facilities that the college athletes need."



## *The Real Thing Once*

Speaking of college comics, the University of North Carolina has produced two of the most genuinely rotten such with which we have had acquaintance. The first started out with great gusto, did splendidly, and then the managers let the greenback get away with their better judgment; poop-up number one. Then several years later another was started. This latter one was mediocre from the beginning and the greenback got that into trouble which ruined it from the standpoint of becoming a creditable University publication. The University officials saw what was coming and very wisely disinherited the son that had sold his birthright, meaning the publication itself for the son, not an individual.

The University of North Carolina, with the reputation it possesses, with the number of students registered here, with the latent humorous abilities that we believe here, with the keen desire on the part of

some for a genuine humorous publication,—the University of North Carolina, we say, can have a humorous magazine. There is room for it and there is need for it. There has been ample encouragement from a loyal alumnus to get the thing started, and it should and possibly will start.

But for the thing to be official it must be joined in with the other publications here under the jurisdiction of the Publications Union. This will require the consent of the student body, and it will require, as do the other official publications, their financial and moral support.



## *Again! "What's It All About"*

Some months ago in a discussion wherein an even dozen men were involved, we were more or less surprised to learn that at least half of the number was more or less undecided as to what they were going to do as a matter of occupation after they leave the University.

We have no statistics as to what percentage of college men are in this predicament, but these men were highly representative as students and may be taken as a fair example. We say "these men." Are college students men, or are they still boys, drifters, dreamers, scared, lacking initiative, nerve and power of important decision where existence and subsistence are involved? These students wanted to be happy, every one of them, but they did not know how they were going to be so.

We do not like to be pessimistic, but there is something wrong with at least part of us. Individuals from nineteen years old on up, who do not have long ere they shall be on their own merits, ought to at least have a fairly good idea as to what they are going to do in after life and why they are going to do it. One man in that group said that he believed every man's philosophy of life could be summed up in two words, no matter how many other frills we attached to them: food and women. After thinking the matter over, we believe him correct. To live we must eat; to be happy we think that there must be the eternal feminine to share and encourage. So there we are.

But how are we going to get that food, and how are we going to sustain the woman? "Aye, there's the rub." We are not yet "in that sleep of death" but we are certainly more or less in a lethargy, drifting slowly on, caught in a current, knowing not whither we shall be carried. Perhaps we college students liken our lives here unto the periods in a football game. Juniors and seniors in this undecided class are in the third and fourth quarters, respectively, thinking that enough points in the score have been piled up to carry them through, and the rest of the game will be a play of time, but when the curtain rings down, what then? Something is amiss.



You have read two plays and seen three produced by  
The Carolina Playmakers.

## *In Kochomania*

J. OSLER BAILEY, intimately associated with Koch and a Playwright himself, has written something on the Plane of the Imagination in which he relates the "Big Idea" behind the Carolina Playmakers

"More important than all the schools in Christendom," says Mr. Shaw, the Englishman: "A theatre is a place of culture, a place where people learn how to think, act, and feel; more important than all the schools in Christendom."

The schools of North Carolina passed through the log-cabin stage—where here and there a lean, far-sighted Presbyterian, or a good Baptist brother with a frenzy for God and man in his heart assembled a little group of your grandparents and mine,—boys and red-cheeked girls then,—in a log-hewn school, church, and general "meetin' house," and taught them a-b, ab, c-a-t, cat, reading, writing, and "rithmetic."

From such a genesis, and the souls, hearts, and wills of our North Carolina folk, these pioneers hewed the University into what it is proud to be today and promises to be tomorrow.

Whom Gerald Johnson pleased to call a "lean Kentuckian," with an idea "more important than all the schools in Christendom," stands in the midst of a little earnest company, on a borrowed stage, and teaches:

the world is your stage, and you must create plays! From such a beginning, and from the quickened hearts and stirred minds of our North Carolina people,—from a wealth of untouched legend, from an ocean of unshed tears, from potential peaks of unaccomplished joy,—the lean Kentuckian is building a theatre in the towns and in the hearts of our people from Hatteras to Cherokee.

Koch, the Playmaker, has been called every variety of nut from hickory to hazelwood: no one has ever

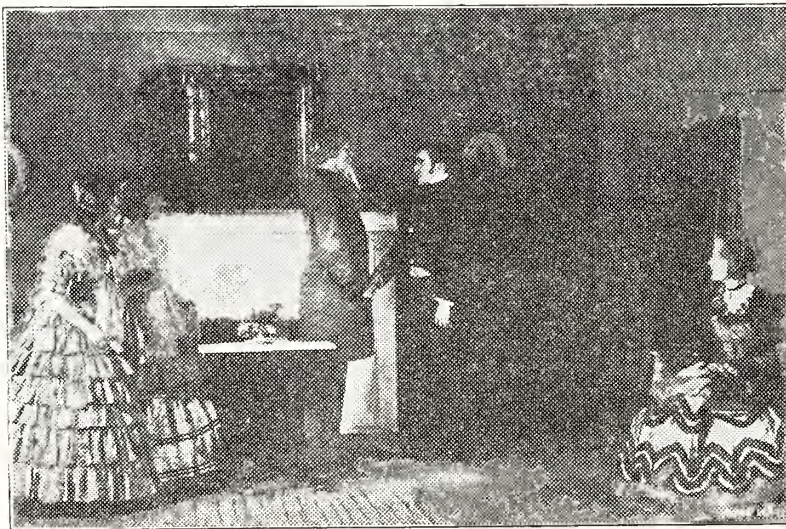
convincingly dubbed him a wall-nut. He is getting things done: in prim New England hamlets and in sunset towns on the California coast that have never heard of the University of North Carolina, people talk about the Carolina Playmakers. But Professor Koch's proudest boast is not that San Francisco applauds his work, but that people in the hill country and along the sounds and capes in North Carolina have been to see his shows, have seen their own lives articulate on the stage, and have been glad about it.

Just a word about Koch's idea and his work. There is no doubt about it: his notions are not entirely sane, judged by the lethargy we usually call common sense. He thinks that right here in North Carolina we folks can become artists. He thinks that if our people were

given a chance to play better they could work better. He thinks that the old philosopher's stone is "Know Thyself" — "see yourself outside yourself" is the way he puts it—and that it has thaumaturgic properties for you and me and everyone else in North Carolina.

Lynching sprees, crime of every kind, this evil and that evil, he says

he has chased to its lair: it lives in the Den Ennui! The machinery that we are proud of gives us a chance to rest: Koch will not allow us a chance to become bored. An idle mind is a festering cesspool in which all manner of foul crime-germs may breed: a man gets rotten drunk, tells lies about his neighbor, or steals his neighbor's wife, primarily, according to Koch's doctrine, not because he is mean-natured, but because he wants a little excitement and is willing to sell his soul to get it. We laugh when the villain declaims: "I



Scene from the Comedy of old Southern Life AGATHA, presented last year. This play was carried on several State tours

broke your heart to pass the time away;" but in actual life we cannot tell how many hearts are broken "to pass the time away." "Come, let's play!" says Koch. North Carolina playing a worthy drama would forget its monshine, its divorce courts, and its lynching sprees.

There is a great deal of happiness and fine peace in life next to the soil and the heavens that is drowned out by chores and everyday burdens: it is the Playmakers' great privilege to tell the truth about our people to our people.

This carping fellow and that one says it cannot be done: low comedy is about the gait of North Carolina: there are no artists here among our farmer folk who "lean on their hoes and gaze upon the ground": no artists and no material for Art. "Look in your own heart," said Koch to his little group, and when they looked they found *Peggy* and *Trista*, *Agatha* and *The Miser*. Of course a *Hamlet* has not been written in North Carolina, yet—we say "yet" after consideration. The tenant farmer's daughter, two miles or less from Chapel Hill, or Raleigh, or Charlotte, cannot declaim as the Prince of the Danes declaimed, but in her dumb heart there may be as heavy-laden suffering and as black-shrouded tragedy as ever knocked at royal door. Some critic said that the Playmakers ought to aim higher than the simple tragedy of the tenant farmer: Miss Katherine Batts replied in the spirit of the Playmakers: "I feel for these people, and I want to do what I can for them." Classic "*L'Avare*" is mirrored in humble North Carolina *Miser*: and the glory of this business of drawing drama from the home folks is that when they see their own peculiar troubles and their own peculiar joys recreated on the stage, they come to know themselves,—and it helps, it helps mightily.

How does he do it? There is a course in the University called English 31. When this class meets for the first time in the year, Professor Koch preaches to it—he preaches his own doctrine: that here in North Carolina is everything universal: fear, hate, love, hypocrisy, suffering, joy, laughter: that here in North Carolina is a treasure-trove of uncounted wealth, waiting for the master pen to pry the lid of inarticulateness and find the gems within. In the legends around old Edenton and Hillsboro, in the taciturn, lanky mountaineers away in the blue hills, in the Ku Klux and Dromgoole's Tomb,—there, says Koch, is your *Hamlet* and your *MacBeth*, your *Decameron* and your *Holinshead*.

You need not the Laws of the Medes, he says to his class: read good plays and see how they are written; do not memorize technic, feel it.

The Playmakers gather picturesquely around a most democratic table,—the table, by the way, made as a part of the furniture for *The Taming of the Shrew*;

the walls of the Playroom are adorned with scenes from Broadway successes, and from *Peggy*, *Agatha*, and *The Old Man of Edenton*; they talk, themselves, without ceremony, perhaps more than Professor Koch. After three or four meetings someone has an idea about a new play ready to tell: he tells it, and each member of the course says just what he thinks about it. By the middle of the quarter, the first plays are in: the five or six best ones are picked, and Author's Reading is held, with picked faculty judges: three plays are selected for production, try-outs are held—anyone in the whole University community may try-out for a part in the Playmakers—a committee selects the cast for each play, and the graduate members of the course, under Professor Koch's direction, begin that mysterious process known as the direction of rehearsal. In a matter of three weeks, the public is astonished to discover that a new series of Folk Plays is ready.

The Playmakers really *make* plays. They gather material from here, there, anywhere; they write the play; they design their own stage sets, mix their own paints, and paint their own scenery.

There is direction, of course, but in the main, freedom is given to the imagination and to the taste: it cannot be done, perhaps, but it is done.

Professor Koch has long dreamed of a real home for the Playmakers, and very soon now, his dream is to come true. The University Building Committee has given the old, classic Law Building to the Playmakers, with an appropriation of \$25,000, and right away now the carpenters will set to work to make here in Chapel Hill a model theatre and dramatic workshop for the State,—a "radial center for a true People's Theatre in North Carolina." Such a building will be the first home of real native drama in America!

The Playmaker idea "takes" so well that other states are seeking to follow our lead: Out in Wyoming at the State University, the Wyoming Playmakers were last year founded by Hubert Heffner, author of *Dod Gast Ye Both!*, a protégé of Professor Koch, and one of the most talented actors the Playmakers have had.

Brock Pemberton, the prominent New York producer, came to Pinehurst last year to see the production of the Folk Plays there, with a view to placing the Playmakers on Broadway. He said: "I think you have accomplished wonders in the brief time you have had to develop so much from nothing to begin with—and I am sure you will go much further. You have a big idea, and it is bound to have its effect upon the American Theatre. . . . Good luck, and let me hear from you whenever there is anything in this end of the world to be done."

Perhaps the Playmakers will journey to the Big Town sometime, but for the present the Playmaker



group will remain at home to push its present activities for the further development of a native drama here in North Carolina. That is its big job.

Something over a year ago Professor Koch decided to publish a book of the *Carolina Folk Plays*. Already the second edition is nearly exhausted, and the publishers, Henry Holt and Company, recently included the volume in a list of their "six best sellers." The book contains five plays: *When Witches Ride*, by Elizabeth Lay (now Mrs. Paul Greene); *Peggy*, by Harold Williamson; *Dod Gast Ye Both*, by Hubert Heffner; *Off Nag's Head*, by Dougald MacMillan and *The Last of the Lowries*, by Paul Greene.

Augustus Thomas, a brilliant American playwright and author said of the *Carolina Folk Plays*: "I have read them and consider them fully equal to any of the *Irish Folk-Lore* plays produced by the Abbey Company under Lady Gregory's direction."

The publishers are clamoring for a new volume, but Professor Koch is not rushing it. His idea is that the second volume should reflect a distinct growth and a distinct development of new authors: just as soon as that is achieved, the plays may be printed.

It is a great idea, this playmaking, whether one agrees with everything Professor Koch and Mr. Shaw

say about the importance of the theatre or not. It is the beginning of a Renaissance in the native theatre movement in North Carolina that has every possibility of being as important to North Carolina, and perhaps to the world, as the Elizabethan Renaissance was to England. The authority for such a hopeful prediction is no less than Professor Tom Pete Cross of the University of Chicago, who remarked to Professor Koch as they stood before the old Law Building: "Who knows but that this structure may be the birthplace of a new American drama? Remember, the schoolmasters were the banner bearers in the van of the English Renaissance."

Professor Koch is a man with one big idea: "superbly ruthless in bending everything else in the world to the service of that idea." He has Kochomania, which is an enthusiastic malady "on the plane of the imagination." He is doing something for North Carolina that has never been done before: North Carolina sandhills might have been dunes in the Sahara of the Bozart, but they will not long remain so! He is not amusing,—or even primarily entertaining,—Carolina: that is not his idea: he is a pioneer, hewing down the forests of apathy in our old North State, and building a folk drama in the towns and hearts of our people from Cherokee to Hatteras!



Scene from the play PEGGY



*E. R. PATTERSON, in his second short story of the year, has involved two men in a complicated situation. You will be pleasantly surprised when you reach the end of*

## MARKSMANSHIP

We were sitting in the card room of the Arcade Club, enjoying one of those rare tete-a-tetes in which there is perfect congeniality, both among the participants and the ideas expressed. In fact, there could have been no clash of opinions, because we were relating our own experiences, and what disbelief or doubt that might have arisen remained unspoken. We had been talking for two hours, but on account of the plentiful supply of mild Havanas and the occasional dull pop of a cork and the tinkle of thin glasses, we had noticed neither the clock, nor the quietness caused by the gradual departure of the men in the other rooms.

There were slight pauses in our conversation while we meditated on the last experience told, thought of something else that might prove interesting, or waited for another man to begin a tale. Perhaps you have witnessed such pauses in conversations and have had a certain slight feeling, when such pauses arise, of fear that a very enjoyable evening is about to come to an end. Each man of us began to grow nervous as that psychological moment crept into being, a moment when it seems impossible to speak an appropriate word, but nevertheless, when that word is spoken, the spell of uneasiness is gone.

James Trevor, the leader of our circle, broke the silence. We expected him to say the final word of the evening and break up our party, but instead, he addressed the man on his right and said,

"Kelly, you spoke a moment ago of the great optical illusions which the military scientists created during the war. I'll admit, they did some almost perfect camouflaging, but I know of a case in which the illusion took place in a small room, yes, not over ten feet from the eyes which were mistaken. It was a very strange and extraordinary case. The full moon which is shining so beautifully tonight caused me to remember it."

James Trevor was a man to whom all men liked to listen. He had an exceedingly good command of words, and he spoke them with a simplicity and charm that seemed to fascinate the most indifferent listener. But perhaps it was not his linguistic abilities which caused his speech to possess such an atten-

tion-holding force. He possessed that rare physical power of personality which naturally compelled people to notice him. A finely shaped head sat on a proportional neck bulging with sinews. The sleeves of his dress coat seemed to be constraining the bunch of muscles on each arm, and the stiff white front of his shirt was bent into a graceful curve by the thick chest. His body was not bulky, but well proportioned over nearly six feet of superb framework. He was one of these individuals whose appearances are deceitful; he was really more powerful than outward signs would show.

Our little quartet settled in the easy chairs and became still, for we knew that James Trevor's story, if he was starting to tell one, would be as interesting as any we had heard that night. There was not a sound in the room. The only activity was the blue curls of cigar smoke floating intermittently towards the ceiling.

"The incident happened the autumn after I took post-graduate work at the University of Chicago," continued Trevor. "I believe it was in 1911. I went to the University to take a course in commercial psychology, and I will never forget that year. It was the happiest of my whole college career. The professors, the bunch of men that I became acquainted with were the most congenial and agreeable set of humans that I have ever come in contact with.

"There happened to be a young Canadian who sat beside me on one of my classes. I had always conceived the Canadians as possessing the same national attributes of the English, but this fellow was as different in manner from a Briton as I am. He possessed none of the coldness, aversion, and snobishness which most Englishmen show towards strangers. It must have been the French blood that his name, Jacques Leveaux, would indicate. I think his mother was a titled English lady, and his father a Frenchman. Anyway, I hadn't known him a month before we were the closest of friends; we remained so throughout the whole year. When the Christmas holidays arrived, this Canadian invited me to spend Christmas with him. This I did, and I'll never regret it, because it was the most enjoyable Christmas that I have ever spent. His mother and father were

very charming and his sister, a few years his junior, was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen."

At this point, a little dandy, whom we had taken into our bunch because of his eternal good nature, interposed with the single phrase: "That sounds interesting."

"When we left the school in June," continued Trevor, "Jack went to Montreal and I came back to St. Louis. During the latter part of August, I received a letter from him, in which he invited me to go on a sheep-hunting trip with him up in Manitoba. His father held some office in the Hudson Bay Company, and this gave my friend free hunting rights in any part of the Company's territory. He suggested that we meet in Winnipeg, for it would be a needless expense for me to travel all the way to Montreal and then go with him to Manitoba.

"I accepted the invitation and wrote him that I would meet him in Winnipeg on the set date. So on the twenty-eighth of August I caught a train for that city. We met in the Royal Hotel and I will never forget that meeting. Though we had known each other just a little over a year, and had parted in June, the meeting resembled that of two life long friends.

"We spent two nights in the city and then left for a little trading post called Clearwater. It is needless to describe in detail the journey which was over one of the most picturesque routes I have ever traversed. First the endless wheat fields with their golden blankets of stubble, then the foothills of the Rocky Mountains with their green valleys and hills covered with dark forests, and finally the mountains themselves with their nestling lakes and snow-covered peaks. We were forced to leave the train after about forty miles of mountain climbing with two engines, and go the rest of the way to Clearwater on horse back. Though I wasn't accustomed to this mode of travel and experienced some discomfort during that part of the journey, the superb scenery about us amply repaid us for what little discomfort we underwent. After a full day's traveling in this manner, we reached Clearwater. You may praise Switzerland forever, but if I thought that there's a village in Switzerland more picturesquely situated than this Canadian Clearwater, I'd go abroad tomorrow. The village was built at the head of a beautiful valley, through which a small river ran. Through the west end of the valley, one could see the snow-capped peaks and ridges of the Rocky Mountains; through the east end the green hills and valleys of the rolling foothills. The sides of the valley reminded one of a mountain painting, the red, yellow and purple loams, covered here and there with dark evergreens, forming a picture of matchless beauty. At the end of the valley opposite the village, the water of the river dropped ten or

twelve feet into a small lake, whose color was of deep blue, like a valuable Persian sapphire. The edge of this lake was fringed with cedars, pines, and junipers, which, in the sunshine, formed the glistening platinum in which this remote aquatic gem was set. On the north side of this lake, almost touching the quiet water, was situated the hunting lodge of Jacques Leveaux's father.

"As the sun had already set when we reached Clearwater, we spent the first night in the combined hotel, department store, trading post and bar room. These places are frequently found in all parts of Canada, and they shall ever remain the themes for out-of-door authors. This house had its large plump bartender, its business-like fur-trader and its group of lazy loungers who are always taking advantage of the fire which must be kept during the winter. But tonight, this group of personages was sitting on the rustic porch of the hotel, seemingly for the purpose of enjoying the golden beauty which a rising moon had created in the valley. They were first surprised, then suspicious, and then very interested in us, for strangers from the outside are seldom seen in that part of Manitoba. Of course Leveaux knew some of the men, including the bartender and the trader, and we had little difficulty in becoming acquainted with the other men. We were soon talking and joking as if we had been old-timers. An Indian had taken care of our horses and luggage.

"The bartender had the customary deep bass voice. 'We thought you was the Mounted,' he said when he first recognized Leveaux. 'There was a murder committed up here last week, or that's what we think. Pierre Laeon, the best trapper at this post was drowned up in the lake. Pierre Laeon was the best swimmer I ever saw. That's why we think there was foul play.'"

"You don't mean the same Pierre who used to act as guide on our hunts!' exclaimed Leveaux."

"The same man,' answered the bartender."

"It seems that we are going to hunt without a white guide,' lamented Leveaux, addressing me.

"You came in a bad time to hunt,' interposed the trader. 'Every Indian near here is afraid to put his head out doors. They have been afraid of something that they swore they saw walking on the lake for two or three weeks. Then, along came this murder and it has terrorized them all. But we white men are not in the best of spirits, because several of the Indians have really been robbed of this season's gold dust, and no dust has been brought here this fall.'"

"I grew interested at once, for I always did have a sort of detective's love for mystery and circumstance concerning robberies and murders.



"'Probably one of the Indians is robbing his fellows,' said Leveaux to the trader, 'and as for Laeon's death, you know the best swimmers are drowned sometimes.'"

"'But he had a terrible bruise on the side of his head, just above the left ear,' put in the bartender. 'Looked like a big rock had struck him there. There were strange tracks all around your lodge early the next morning. We followed them along that old moose trail behind the lodge, but couldn't keep them for over a mile. Seems that the man, whoever he was, just took wings and left this country. We sent a messenger south to notify the police, but they haven't arrived. They ought to have been here day before yesterday. You sure came in a bad time to hunt. I am—.'"

"At that moment there was a scuffle and cry at the other end of the porch. We all turned quickly, just as an Indian youth struggled up the log steps, groped his way along the wall for a few yards and fell headlong on the floor. Leveaux and the trader rushed to him. The poor fellow was out of breadth, and I have never seen a face that registered more terror than his.

"'Devil—the evil spirit—,' he muttered between short gasps for breath. 'He jump on me down at river—we fight—I push him in river—and now he coming down river on top of water. Look!' pointing to the water, 'You see him in minute.'

"We all turned towards the river whose rippling waves were glittering in the soft moonlight. I strained my eyes for a full minute, and I was almost sure that I saw nothing. But it seemed, during the fraction of a second before I turned my head, that something appeared in the chequered shadows that the trees cast on the water. It might have been one of those curious tricks of the imagination which comes in moments like this. There was so much uncertainty as to whether or not I really saw an object, that I said nothing. The other men on the porch said that they saw nothing and began to laugh at the boy, whose wild eyes became almost imploring as he cried: 'I see—I see—I sure I see.' Then he crawled up behind where the group of men were returning to their seats and cowered down in a heap, remaining silent.

"This incident left me nervous, but the rough backwoodsmen seemed to enjoy it. When they were settled again, there began a series of the wildest, weirdest and most blood-curdling tales I have ever heard. It would have furnished excellent material for one of Edgar Allen Poe's stories. The moon, casting weird shadows (they were weird for me now) through the dark trees only added to the ghostlike tenseness which the uneanny stories produced. One old bearded prospector told of murders and strange deaths in Alaska and the Yukon territory; another told of terrible deaths that outlaws prepared for the mounted police;

and still another told of stabbings and vengeance-seeking in the South Sea Islands. I had no idea that we had come into such a cosmopolitan bunch of adventurers.

"This talk lasted until eleven o'clock, at which time the trader closed the door of the store. Some of the men walked away into the moonlight and others came into the house. Leveaux and I went to a little room up on the second floor and went to bed. We planned to carry our blankets and supplies over to the hunting lodge the next day and spend the rest of the time in it. We would be alone, and free to act exactly as we pleased. The lodge was furnished and the beds and chairs were a great deal better than those in the small room of the hotel.

"On the following morning, with the help of two Indian boys, we cleaned the lodge and put it in fair condition. The house was a simple affair, the entire space on the lower floor being used for one large room, and the space on the upper floor being cut into four bedrooms. A lean-to at the rear served as a kitchen. The stairs went up along one side of the lower room, and there was a massive stone fireplace in one end. We had hoped to be able to enjoy long smokes in the flickering light from an open fire, but the weather was beautiful and it was very hot, in spite of the fact that cold weather begins about the last week in August in that part of Canada.

"The furnishings of the large room were almost perfect for a hunting lodge. A large table in the center, benches around one side, and numerous rustic chairs along with two old but comfortable improvised easy chairs. The walls were lined with roughly framed paintings of wild animals, and the taxidermic heads of some of these animals. Over the fireplace there was the best specimen of the head and horns of a bighorn mountain sheep that I have ever seen. The eyes of this one time king of a herd were so natural that they seemed to challenge some unseen rival standing in the room. There was a pair of wild geese with outstretched necks and extended wings suspended in the center of the room over the table. When I entered the place some weird feeling came over me,—the same kind of feeling that you experience while walking around in the mammal department of a big museum; where the spirits of the once living animals seem to be floating around, unwilling to leave forever the life-like forms of the dead bodies. But when we opened up the windows and swept the dust out, all that feeling left me.

"That evening, Leveaux and I took our guns and went on a five or six mile hike. We did not intend to hunt any, but to explore the nearby territory and note what signs of game there might be. When we were returning to Clearwater, I looked into a small gorge on whose edge we had been traversing for a few minutes, and was surprised to see a man



walking down the little stream in the bottom. I called Leveaux, and when he turned upon hearing my voice, he dislodged a small stone that went hurtling into the gorge. The strange person must have heard the rolling stone, for he shot a quick glance in our direction and broke into a run. Something urged me to take out after the man, but as we could not climb down the steep sides of the gorge, we watched him until he disappeared behind a big boulder.

“‘What do you reckon he is doing in this rough place?’ asked Leveaux.

“‘I’m sure I don’t have the slightest idea,’ I answered.

“‘Perhaps one of those frightened Indians’ my friend suggested. ‘Maybe he thinks we are evil spirits.’

“‘I’m not sure it was an Indian,’ I said as we resumed our way. In fact I knew perfectly well that the man we had seen was not an Indian, and I knew something else, too. The strange person’s skin was a shade fairer than mine. This fact made me doubt whether it was a man at all. I allowed my thoughts to remain unspoken though.

At this point in Trevor’s narrative, the same little dandy who had spoken before asked a question. This made us wonder and become more interested in the tale.

“‘Had Leveaux spoken of his sister at any time during your trip?’” the little man asked.

“‘Yes, three or four times,’ answered Trevor. “‘But don’t get impatient. Keep your curiosity to yourselves and wait until I have finished, and then ask your questions.’”

“‘We returned to the lodge tired and sleepy. I suggested to Leveaux that we retire at once, but he insisted that we spend an hour or two at the store. He must have enjoyed the wild tales which we had heard the night before. I said nothing, and went with him. We remained down there a little over an hour, and then returned to the lodge. The conversation we had just taken part in had not been as unnatural as that of the previous night, and it left me in a mood that might allow sleep without weird nightmares.

“‘We were to sleep in one of the front, upstairs rooms, which had two windows; one on the side facing the lake and the other on the side towards the village. The scene from that front window was the most charming imaginable. A foreground of pure white sand, which resembled snow in the bright moonlight. The small waves of the lake, stirred by a warm breeze, flashed like diamonds. The tops of the green trees, on the farther side of the lake, had turned into a light gray which formed a striking contrast with the blackness at the extreme edge of the water.

The tops of the nearby hills above all this were fringed with a beautiful silvery trimming produced by the flood of moonlight.

“‘Leveaux and I stood spellbound beside the small window for I knew not how long and enjoyed the beautiful panorama spread before the lodge. Then we lighted a small kerosene lamp and undressed. I was surprised when Leveaux took the lamp, went into all the other rooms, inspected them carefully, and returned. He surprised me still farther when he took a revolver from our package of accessories and placed it under the pillow on his bed. I laughed and asked him if he had let Indian suspicions and the story of a natural accident get the best of him.

“‘What?’ he answered, ‘a suspected murder, and true robbery, and that guy we saw running from us this evening! Indian superstitions, eh? Did you know that the Indians were stoically wise? Laugh if you want to. By the way, there’s another revolver in the pack.’

“‘I grinned this time, procured the other pistol and placed it under my own pillow. Then we blew the small light out and crawled into the two small beds.

“‘In an instant the room was flooded with white moonlight, pouring through the front window. A tree which grew near this window threw fantastic shadows into one corner of the room. These irregular figures reminded me of a silhouette pantomime I had seen once, although there was no music to accompany the quick movements of the leaf shadows. In a few minutes, a big rat ran across the floor. I hoped that the big fellow would not get into our good shirts. The hoarse, drawling cry of a loon, that lonely night hawk of the North, floated from some distant grove. I could not help but shiver a little under the single sheet which I had thrown over myself. Then I fell into a restless sleep.

“‘The first time I awoke, the moonlight had shifted to my side of the room, and the golden beams were shining directly into my face. I turned my head, and slept again.

“‘The next time I awoke, I was aware that someone or something had awakened me. I lay perfectly still and listened for a sound again, and I didn’t have long to wait. I heard the voice of Jacques Leveaux, lowered almost to a whisper.

“‘Jim! Jim!’ he said.

“‘I answered an almost inaudible ‘What,?’ for there was some quality in his voice that made my blood tingle and rush to the roots of my hair. The moon had completed three-fourths of an orbit and a very narrow slice of moonlight remained on my side of the room.

“‘Don’t move,’ the low voice of Leveaux continued. ‘There’s some animal with hands or paws at that window. Let him come in and we will learn something about this mysterious being. Look! See

his fingers closed around that sill. Be quiet! I believe he heard me, for he hasn't moved a hair. Slip your gun out.'

"Although I saw nothing, my fingers automatically closed around the cold steel under my pillow. I slipped it carefully out and waited.

"Then Leveaux spoke again. 'It has heard us, for it still doesn't move; it can't move or it will fall from the window. I think a falling ladder woke me up. I'll tell it to crawl in, and if it doesn't move then, I'll blow one of its fingers off.'

" 'Go on,' I said.

" 'Whoever you are at that window,' roared Leveaux in a voice that would have chilled a bearcat, 'come in or I'll blow your fingers off.'

"He waited a few seconds. Not a movement or sound took place, either inside or outside the lodge.

" 'One more chance,' said Leveaux in the same deep, forceful, chilling voice. Another moment passed. There was a sharp report of a revolver, breaking the silence of the little room like a thunderbolt. A splinter flew from the sill. Then the strangest thing I have ever experienced happened. Leveaux yelled and sailed from the bed to the floor like a cat. I expected him to dash to the window, but instead he didn't even rise. He was holding his left foot with both hands and crying: 'Good God, Jim, I have shot one of my toes off.'

"I was too surprised to utter anything more than an "uh." Then I realized the situation, jumped from bed and lighted the dingy little lamp. Leveaux's foot was covered with blood. I was at a loss to know what to do, but after a short delay I grabbed my shirt and tied one of the sleeves around the wounded foot. Then my friend calmed my rising fears by saying that the pain had been only a sharp, stinging one. I knew then that no bones were broken to any great extent. I rushed downstairs, got a bucket of water, and bathed the hurt foot. Luckily, the bullet had passed between the index and big toe high up, and only the bone of the index toe had been fractured slightly. Leveaux began to laugh a mirthless laugh that wrinkled the cheeks which were covered with tears caused by the stinging sensation.

" 'Big fool that I am,' he said. 'Lay right here in bed and shoot one of my toes off. I was too scared to think about my own body. Jim, if you tell this to any living white man, I'll murder you.'

"I promised that no man should ever know it from me. Then I dressed the wound with a piece of torn sheet and some iodine which came from the medical kit Leveaux had so thoughtfully brought along.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Although the wound was very slight, it prevented my friend from walking with ease. Therefore, we did not hunt, but enjoyed the most wonderful week fishing in that picturesque lake and river that I have ever spent."

Here Trevor stopped and joined in the course of laughter and comment that arose. That same little good-natured dandy was the first to address Trevor in organized speech.

"But listen here," he said, "don't stop there; we want a few explanations about those curious events around that village and lake."

"Well, there's not much explaining to do," Trevor began again. "Two mounted policemen came to Clearwater the next day. They investigated the case of Pierre Lacon carefully, and decided that the unlucky man had slipped in the wet bottom of his fishing skiff, struck his head on a big piece of iron that he used for an anchor, and fell from the boat into the water. The robberies must have really occurred, but the culprit was never caught. That's all there is to it."

Then I decided to say something. I don't mean to praise myself, but I do possess a good memory of details, so I asked Trevor: "What about that man, boy, or woman that ran from you and Leveaux in the gorge?"

"Oh," he answered, "I was about to forget that. The police found that there was an old Frenchman and his daughter living about a quarter of a mile where we saw the person. It was this girl that we saw in the gorge. It was perfectly natural that she should be afraid of two strange men in such an out-of-the-way place as that." Thus he finished his strange narrative.

The bunch seemed to be satisfied and we refilled the champagne glasses once more, drank the liquor and started home. I glanced at my watch. It was half past three.



Almost everyone has heard of the multitudinous forms of labor in which self-help men at the University are indulged. Practically every kind of work done by these men is sketched and comments, humorous and otherwise, are not lacking in

## *Self-Help at Carolina*

By M. REED KITCHEN

The self-help student at Carolina, his varied and multi-form types of labor and industry, and the bureau around which he revolves are important and necessary factors in the life of the University. And probably at no time, as at the present has the so-called self-help student been given so much publicity in both student and state papers, for the great number of them at Carolina forcibly calls the attention of the state at large to this fact. It is an indication that a round number of the educated future citizenry of the Old North State are going to be self-educated men. The self-help graduate is not only an alumnus of the University, but also of the college of Hard Knocks and Persistent Endeavor.

You look around on the campus and absently ask yourself what can a man do to work his way through college and where the job is that supports him. Well, that's just the purpose of this little article; to tell you and explain how these men go through college on their own hook, so to speak.

The self-help employment bureau, instigated and maintained by the local "Y", is instrumental in locating the men. The average Froshie intent on manual toil is directed by his more sophisticated class mate to apply at the said "Y". The result is usually a job, if one be at hand, and if not, one is promptly and without undue higgling, disinterred on the spot.

The softest jobs and largest plums usually nod toward the Froshie and fall to his feet at the slightest touch. If the young applicant be of pale, creamy complexion, with here and there a hectic flush upon his cheek, indicating a somewhat inconsistent diet, said employment agency 'phones hastily to several neighboring Orange county country gentlemen. After several subdued conversations the froshie is instructed to equip himself for toil with a pair of high rubber boots, a long handle spade and a straw lid of conical proportions and meet his future benefactor face to face the following morning at sun-up sharp, and at such and such a farm. Pass that farm later and see for yourself the dirty work the enterprising youth is enjoyed in. He's digging ditches; both long, wide and deep.

Don't ever trouble about the municipal tonsorial artists. They charge exorbitantly. Rather leave your troubles behind and consult a barber more skilled at the art, and with less expense to yourself. The student tonsorialist guarantees the usual and accustomed line of gab as to the latest bag of game brought in, Volstead violation or increase of taxes. Before the "Y" recommends him, he must display a gift for gab as well as know how to swing a wicked pair of shears. After the town barber finishes with one, he is forcibly recalled to the famous tonsorial yell—"Gash his face, cut his jaw, leave his face, Raw! Raw! Raw!" The remedy is: See the self-help barber. He'll treat you better.

Janitorial employment of self-help men is another leading industry, featuring three classes of student janitors, each requiring particular qualifications on the part of the applicant. The church janitor must be a ministerial student and particularly fond of chicken dumpling. The campus janitor must have a fondness for "Shorty" Williams and a liking for nocturnal labor. But the janitor who serves in the faculty homes, the domestic janitor, must possess an ugly mug, a desire to do the impossible, and be near-sighted; most are.

If above domestic janitor wants additional trouble he may also fire the ironical furnace, or at least the fireman feels that way before its over with. Large holes, at times, have been blown into the self help force in this line of endeavor through the explosion of over-heated furnaces. But faculty wives deny this base calumny.

The other day I witnessed a strange and at the time, weird procession. A long line of baby carriages, in single file, each carriage containing an innocent babe, and shoved along by he-nurses, long, lean and rotund. I marvelled at the sight, also at the air of patience and resignation each daddy displayed upon his tortured brow, in this age of hustle and bustle. I had thought, in the language of the poet, "Them days is gone forever." But imagine my surprise when I learned that these martyrs were not daddies at all, but members of the student self-help nursing corps; characterized and advertised as



"the ever ready he-nurse maids." Later I learned that these masculine nurses not only pushed infant preciousness upon wheels, but played choo-choo train, rocked the cradle, crooned reckless songs and spake baby-lingo for the entertainment of their charges. If the bundle of sweetness should grow peevish during nursing hours, the nurse sends in a hurry-graph for Doe. Abernathy. These positions are said to be in constant demand, as affording a means of relaxation to the self-help laborer.

To him who is accustomed to the honorable avocation of following a mule over hill and dale in the countryside, using the tail for a compass, the gardens of Chapel Hill offer a tempting work-out. They will make the worker feel at home. Hours are short and full of pep. But the would be laborer must be accustomed to work among all classes and castes of vegetables, for the onion is a relished garden delicacy on the Hill and Chapel Hill house wives delight in its presence, especially in the stewed state. If the student gardener be a vegetarian, then all's well and good, but if he be carnivorously inclined his chances are slim. Service on Carolina publications from an editorial point of view doesn't pay much. A course or two of credit in English is usually the sole remuneration. But a word of advice to the man who would win his bread and meat on the publications theory at Carolina. First diligently consult the memoirs of Philip Hettleman and Joe Ervin, then carefully pry into the sunken graves of the defunct *Tar Baby* and *Boll Weevil*. Then interview the man who took a chance from Brooklyn Bridge, and we'll say that if you can't then win your spurs and pay your way through college via this route, you're not a real honest-to-goodness self-help hero. But if you fag out before you finish above repertoire, come to the Publication's Union Board, "Strut yo' stuff," and maybe the business end of the *Yackety Yack*, *Tar Heel*, or CAROLINA MAGAZINE will beckon to you from the business end. Anyway don't permit past happenings along these lines to disturb your equanimity.

The barbers, janitors, nurses, gardeners, ditchers, dish-washers and business managers among the self-help students all deserve honorable mention, but where they fall down in the game of paying one's way through college, is in finesse. They just don't know how it's done; that is, without work.

Other realms without bound open to the self-helper at Carolina. Consider the familiar poker game. Does it serve merely the ends of entertaining? Well, not exactly, that is, to all concerned. A man must get through college and this is another means. Requirements for success are legerdemain, luck and pluck, and if they are possessed by the player a college career is assured. Many a help-your-self man has thus played his way to a sheep skin. Forty and fifty dollars a game will not only enable one to pay

his own way, but one may support the family back home, keep the kiddies in candy and father in tobacco. This has been known to be the result of a successful card shark. Nothing like helping yourself.

Bootblacking and manieuring also enter the self-help lists as outstanding bids. The self-help barber always requires the services of a shine boy and a manieurist, so here's another opening for the worthy. Bootblacks are enjoined never to use "ox-blood" on a black surface boot or white polish on a tan surface. Otherwise they may use their own discretion, and are entitled to all tips given for prompt and peppy service. For a long time the manieurist problem was puzzling. Finally a genius fitted his manieurist with a dress, wig, and chest of cosmetics. Immediately the problem was solved. See for yourself the beauties in the "Kalif of Kavak."

But the half has not yet been told. The self-help epic is yet to unfold. The Carolina Book "X" takes care of those self-help men, desiring a thoroughgoing, well grounded knowledge in piracy from a modern Co-operative viewpoint. It's a safe bet that if this "Co-operative hold-up" were calked and in other ways made sea-worthy, and then floated into the Caribbean Sea in the days of "Treasure Island," Captains Kidd, Morgan and the other freebooters of the Spanish Main would have had to have gone out of business. They'd have filed petitions in bankruptcy without fail in the face of such cut-throat competition as would have been furnished by Captain Foister and crew. If the self-help man wants to really and truly climb into real business and learn the art of co-operation in business, the Book "X" is the ideal place to seek employment.

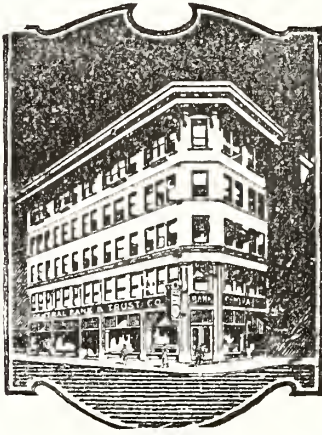
Descendants of Abraham Lincoln are usually found joyfully engaged in splitting fire-wood for the village matrons. Win your meat and bread with the Lincoln ideal, the rail and splitting idea, before you, and Lincoln pennies and perhaps Lincoln limousines a la Ford will some day be yours.

But there are yet other agencies through which the self-help student earns his way. These others, if not more important are certainly, at times, more annoying to the dormitory dweller. Along about 11:63 P. M. a series of raps will be heard along the dorm corridor. Expecting a dear friend, the rapper is asked to enter. Disappointment of course follows, for an agent peers at you through the open door and hurriedly asks if there are any shoes to be repaired. Also the Pressing club agent and numerous others are constantly making their nocturnal rounds in order to add to their financial pile. Seems as though there were a thousand and one ways to earn a right to existence on the Hill.

(Continued on page 26)

# A UNIVERSITY

## *In the West*



**H**ERE in a broad-gauged financial institution, with ample facilities for every branch of service, Carolina grads are invited to learn the ways of the great world of affairs and to master the laws of personal success.

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ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

(Continued from page 25)

But the self-help man with an eye to success without labor in poeketing the spondulicks, equips himself with a punch board, roulette wheel, pack of cards, pair of loaded diee and begins his rounds in the dorms. All of course is based on the speculative theory and with the aid of pure downright luck the cash rolls in, that is, what cash remains after a tete-a-tete with the Book "X." There is but one thing that the student engaged in this form of trade must avoid, and that is the Dorms which house the councilmen; otherwise an unmitigated success is an assurty. The punch board magnate is supreme, where're he strolls. The Punch Board owners and those engaged in similar labors are now forming a Co-operative plan whereby their future financial standing is assured. It is the roulette and gaming palace, now building between the Strowd Building and the Kluttz architectural marvel.

The apple stand, filled with apples is another auto-aide idea. The student who owns an orchard back home despairs in seeing the luseious fruit go to the dogs so he conceives the plan of selling them to his fellow students. As he hasn't time to personally peddle them, they are left in a box at building entrances, where an apple may be taken and a coin in exchange dropped into a nearby slot, without the necessity of a middleman. The "Piggly-Wiggly" plan you see. The plan works partially, but at times the apples sold and the coins do not tally, sad to relate.

If you want your room tastefully adorned in combination colors of red and green, yellow and black or pink and tan, send for the self-help expert. He'll both paper and paint, it's all the same to him. Or if the fountain pen leaks or the mueilage flows too freely, send for the student plumber. He's an odd-job man, but he sure can plumb. The University employs these odd-job men at plumbing, painting, carpentering and clerical work. If they suit President Harry and Crew, they ought to suit you.

Perhaps you've heard some callous youth or other nicknamed "Sweet stuff." Well, that's extraordinary language outside of Octavius Roy Cohen's "Assorted Chocolates." But "there's a reason." The lad so addressed was evidently a maker of "sweet-stuffs" or eandy. They do it here, and it pays their way through. "Every little thing helps," is the self-help motto. Give these "sweet stuff" artists a ehancee. They'll soon be in the "Martha Washington" and "Huyler" class.

Spraying trees is another favorite occupation. The boll weevil and hickory borer must be sprayed out of existence. Also Doctor Coker's Arboretum and grounds must be given due medicinal attention, so

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the student tree-doctors get on the job and spray to their heart's content. Paris Green, carbolic acid and Orange county corn are quoted as the most effective spraying fluids, but the last mentioned cannot be used on trees of youthful appearance because of its high tension qualities. When using the Orange county corn liquid, the sprayer is always provided with a mouth guard.

Washing and driving autoes, cleansing, and washing windows, waxing floors, scrubbing floors, cleaning houses, and keeping the yards free of the autumnal leafage are all businesses the self-help man takes delight in.

Sign painters are also in evidence. This labor is not labor at all, but rather pleasure to the talented student. It's remunerative to a high degree too, for signs of all descriptions and kinds are necessary on the campus in advertising the various attractions. Even the *Yackety Yack* had to have a sign painted.

Clerical work in the Post Office is at a premium. Similar work is also to be had among the faculty. The typists and clerks must be capable of using the "Underwood" with skill and possess a working knowledge of shorthand, as the quill and long hand of ancient days is gone forever.

Surveying? Yes, it's an art, but they do it. Any of the C. E. men will survey Orange county for a quarter, minus the "er."

Last, but not least, "Coaching" is a remunerative job. Not the Fetzer style, but a la self-help. Should you be ailing in Astronomy, Greek or Hieroglyphics call on the self-help "coach". He'll give you a "4" in exchange for the inevitable "6".

The ways of the Carolina self-help man are varied and sundry. He's in the game to pay his way through and as a rule he succeeds, for Carolina always has the job, if there's a man to take it.



### *Rendez-vous*

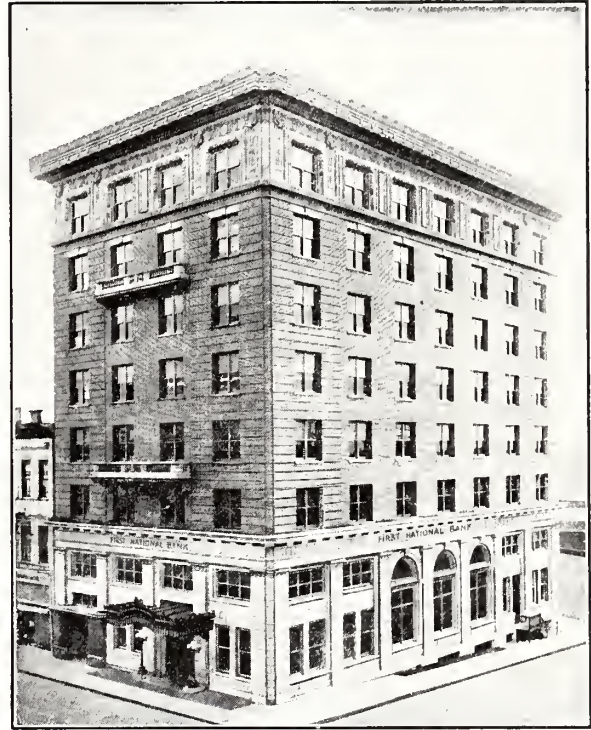
The morning star and I  
Have a rendez-vous  
Before the sun comes up.  
I shall unburden my soul to her  
Ere the sky turns pink.

The evening star is too cold,  
She has broken her vow to me.  
She is a promise forgotten,  
She is beauty disdainful.  
I have been scorned by her

There is a warning of light in the East.  
I go to my rendez-vous.

—S. G.

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B. G. PROCTOR, *Cashier*

ERIC H. COPELAND, *Asst. Cashier*



*To Gautama*

(Apologies to V. M., Hollins College)

Buddha, you knew  
Centuries  
Ere I was born,  
What I know tonight.

But—

You knew that there was  
Nothing else to know.  
I have not learned that  
Yet.

I have not learned that  
Yet,  
Though,  
Centuries tell me that  
I shall:  
Centuries  
And  
The woman in your garden,  
Reincarnated!

—S. G.

*Nuance*

And are you so enamored of an orchid—  
Pale exotic flower,  
Grown in a hot-house,  
Hauntingly fragrant,  
Yet too fragile?  
Is not its charm a little artificial?

The violet that grows beside your door-step,  
Flower of sunlight,  
Darling child of April:  
Is she not more lovely,  
And sweet  
With treasured perfume of old gardens?

Let not the magic fragrance of the orchid  
Ensnare your spirit  
In a labyrinth  
Of hopes bewildered.  
In her hidden heart  
The violet holds a charm to break the spell.

—A. F. L.

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# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor. Published by the  
University of North Carolina Publications Union

Old Series Vol. 54

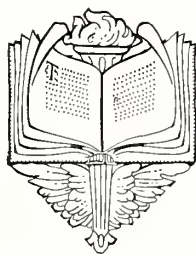
Number 5

New Series Vol. 41

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Address all communications to the *Editor or Business Manager*, CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill North Carolina.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1923.



ROGER BACON  
1214-1294

English philosopher and man of science. Studied at Oxford and the University of Paris. Wrote the *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus*, *Opus Tertium*, and many other treatises.

## For this he was sent to prison

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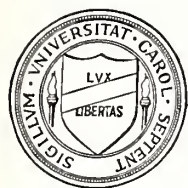


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# GENERAL ELECTRIC

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

February, 1924



## ALICE MARKHAM, *Spinster*

A PLAY

By E. D.

**THE TIME:** *Early evening on a November day, the present.*

### THE CHARACTERS

ALICE MARKHAM, *a charming woman of delightfully indeterminate age.*

MRS. THOMAS, *her sister, aged 57.*

MR. THOMAS, *a genial and fairly successful business man of 58.*

BARBARA THOMAS, *their daughter.*

JACK BELL, *her fiancé.*

LIZA, *the cook.*

**[THE SETTING:** *The scene is the living room of the Thomas home, that of the average American family in moderate circumstances. It is neat, pleasant and unpretentious. A door at the right leads to the street and another at the rear to the interior of the house. There is a couch by the window at the left, which overlooks the street, and near it a rocking chair. In the center of the room is a library table on which are several magazines and newspapers. The other furnishings consist of several additional chairs, a floor lamp, a Victrola, and various pictures on the wall.*

*When the curtain rises Alice Markham, a handsome and elegantly dressed woman is seated on a couch near the window, staring absently out into the gathering dusk. There is about her an air of weariness and resignation although her face is serene. Mrs. Thomas, worn-looking, with thin grey hair brushed hastily back from her face, is seated nearby sewing buttons on a man's coat with quick, nervous stabs, now and then*

*giving her sister a sharp look over her glasses. After a short time she breaks the silence.]*

MRS. THOMAS. Alice, I hate to speak to you about it again, but I feel it my duty. It's nothing short of outrageous, your not putting on mourning for Arthur. Everybody will be talking about it.

*[Alice makes no response. She continues to gaze dreamily out of the window as if she had not been spoken to. Mrs. Thomas peers at her for a moment and then raises her voice.]*

MRS. THOMAS. Alice, I can't conceive of why you are taking this ridiculous stand on the question of going into mourning for Arthur. You know it will be the talk of the town if you don't.

ALICE. *[Speaks in cool, impersonal tone.]* Well, I'm sorry if you feel that way about it, Martha, but I was not Arthur's wife, and I don't see that I should don widow's weeds because of his death.

MRS. THOMAS. Well, I must say, that's a nice way for you to talk about a man you've been engaged to for thirty-five years!

ALICE. *[Placidly.]* Forty years, my dear.

MRS. THOMAS. Well, forty years then. That makes it all the worse. Engaged to be married to him for forty years, and now that he's dead and gone you won't put a thread of black! It's the most heartless thing I ever heard of!

ALICE. *[Musingly.]* Forty years,—that's a long time to be engaged to a man, isn't it?

MRS. THOMAS. Indeed it is. It's almost a life-time, and here you are behaving as if he had been some casual acquaintance.

ALICE. *[Softly, as if speaking to herself.]* Ah, but I couldn't wear mourning for him now.

MRS. THOMAS. Then would you mind telling

"The principal character of the play is drawn from real life. She became engaged as a beautiful and popular girl of sixteen and continued so 'till the death of her fiancé, forty years later. There was no apparent reason why they were never married other than that in the beginning they waited until he should have saved up some money, and this he seems never to have accomplished. Alice Markham's story as she might have told it to a young girl entering on a long engagement is the solution of the situation which occurred to the author."—AUTHOR'S FOREWORD.

me when you propose to wear it? I simply can't understand it.

ALICE. [*Coming out of her reverie.*] No, Martha, you can't; so please discuss it no further. I shall not wear black.

MRS. THOMAS. I don't know what's come over you, Alice. Forty years ago you would have worn a veil a yard long for Arthur. Forty years ago, dear me! I can see you and Arthur now coming in for Mother's permission. My, but he was a good-looking young fellow, and you were such a sweet, pretty little thing! No wonder every boy in town was wild about you, and Arthur was so in love that at first he was terribly put out at the idea of waiting.

ALICE. [*With an odd little smile.*] He became resigned enough later on.

MRS. THOMAS. To be sure he did. Arthur was too sensible a boy not to listen to reason, and we made you both understand that marrying is no joke.

ALICE. Neither is staying single.

MRS. THOMAS. [*Ignoring the remark as facetious and entirely irrelevant.*] If I hadn't been there to give you some sensible advice, you'd have had a hard time of it just like I did when I ran away and married Jim. Since then I've done without all the things I've really wanted, and you've had everything.

ALICE. Everything?

MRS. THOMAS. Yes, there's not a better dressed woman in town than you are, or one who looks as young and handsome for her age. Here I am only two years older and frequently get taken for your mother.

[*Alice closes her eyes for a moment as if to shut out a picture she does not want to see.*]

MRS. THOMAS. While I've been worrying with servants and slaving over a house and children, night and day, you have dressed up and gone to a clean, tidy office and spent your time with interesting people. And then you had Arthur—always your devoted lover. I tell you what, you've had about the best time and the easiest time of anybody I know. [*Again the odd, inscrutable smile flickers over Alice's lips.*] Your whole life has been like my one perfect year, which ended when I married Jim. Arthur never felt at liberty to say cross things to you just because work at the office hadn't gone right, and you never saw him early in the morning when he needed a shave and was saying, "What

in the world have you done with my collar buttons?"

ALICE. [*Laughs.*] Quite true, my dear.

MRS. THOMAS. It seems to me I've given my whole life to looking for collar buttons or something equally commonplace and annoying, and what have I to show for it?

[*A knock at the door is heard and Barbara Thomas, a lovely young girl, enters the room. She trips blithely in, humming a gay little tune, but her mother silences her with uplifted hand.*]

MRS. THOMAS. Barbara, you forget that your poor aunt has just suffered a sad bereavement.

ALICE. There, Martha, I won't have a gloom cast over Babbie's spirits on the eve of her wedding. Really, I think you missed your calling by not going to China and being a professional mourner.

MRS. THOMAS. [*With great dignity.*] That, I take it, was supposed to be a humorous remark. In my opinion a sense of humor is most unbecoming a woman in your state of affliction, and I would advise you to try to overcome it. Barbara, [*sternly*] what are you laughing at?

BARBARA. Ah—er—nothing. I just came in to say that Daddy wants to know about his Sunday suit. Did you tell the cleaners he had to have it right back?

MRS. THOMAS. Oh, my good-ness, I forgot to tell them!

MR. THOMAS. [*Appears at the door as she speaks.*] If my good suit isn't here I simply can't go to the directors' meeting!

MRS. THOMAS. I'm going to press your old suit for you. It will do just as well.

MR. THOMAS. Oh, Lawd, always something wrong! [*He turns to his sister-in-law with a sympathetic smile as his wife goes out.*] That was a beautiful tribute *The Herald* paid Arthur Graham, and he deserved it, every word. He was just as fine as they're made, Alice.

ALICE. [*Cheerfully.*] Indeed he was, Jim.

MR. THOMAS. [*Observing her closely.*] I think it's remarkable how you've held up over his death. I was afraid it would be a knockout to you after being engaged to him all this time. [*Gives her an affectionate pat on the shoulder.*] I'm mighty glad to see you buck up like this, old girl. You're the real stuff.

ALICE. Thank you, but I don't think I deserve any particular credit. It's just a matter of



not choosing to make the worst of a bad situation; although that is generally considered the correct thing to do, I believe.

JIM. [*With a smile.*] Hm, that's good.

BARBARA. In other words, you agree with Oscar Wilde in thinking that life is too serious a thing to be taken seriously.

JIM. [*Laughing.*] That's the stuff! Well, so long girls. I guess Martha will have my suit ready in a few minutes, and I'll have to be getting down town. [*He goes out. Alice looks after him and sighs.*]

ALICE. Babbie, when you are married to Jack I want you to promise me one thing, and that is that you won't let yourselves bicker over nothing like your father and mother do.

BARBARA. Oh, of course not, Aunt Alice. Why Jack and I are *never* going to fuss. We love each other too much for that!

ALICE. Ah, my dear, you couldn't be more in love than Jim and Martha were at your stage of the game, but without ever being conscious of it they have let themselves drift into that fatal habit. You are starting out right. The other night when you were at bridge I noticed your telling Jack, who I must say plays an execrable game, that he had done beautifully and that it was just hard luck that George and Kitty made the contract doubled, instead of remarking, as Martha would have done to Jim, that if he would pay a little attention to what was going on and return your initial lead you would have set them at least three hundred points. [*Barbara laughs.*] You've got the idea. If you want to make a successful wife you must play the game of make-believe. Keep on pretending that you think him an oracle after you've discovered that he hasn't half as much sense as you have, and above all things—laugh at his jokes.

BARBARA. I promise you I'll remember, but I'm sure it won't be necessary in our case. Jack and I have already agreed that we are never going to be like some married people we know. Anyhow, what could I find to say cross to him? He's the sweetest thing in the world, Aunt Alice, and it nearly killed me to have to put our wedding off—again.

ALICE. [*To whom this comes as quite a shock.*] Put your wedding off Babbie? What do you mean?

BARBARA. Why, that's right. I hadn't told you, had I? But you've been at Mr. Graham's

bedside for the past two weeks. Well, last week when we were making out our invitation list, Mamma called us into the study and had another long talk. She and Daddy said we were nothing but children and didn't know what we were undertaking. That we must wait till Jack is better established in business and all that, you know.

ALICE. [*A bit grimly.*] Yes, I know.

BARBARA. Of course they are right, but Jack isn't resigned even yet. He will be, though. I can just pretend he's hurt my feelings, and he'll agree to anything.

[*While Barbara is speaking, Alice has risen; she walks to the window and looks out into the deepening shadows. Her hands are tightly clenched as if she were in extreme agitation. After a moment she turns.*]

ALICE. Babbie, dear child, you mustn't think of putting off your wedding. You don't know what you are doing.

BARBARA. But, Aunt Alice, I am young to take on such responsibility. It rather frightens me to think of running a house on so little. Mamma says I'd have to do the cooking—think of that!

ALICE. And I suppose she said Jack can save up money much quicker without your bills to pay.

BARBARA. She did.

ALICE. And you are waiting because of that!

BARBARA. Why, Aunt Alice, you waited yourself, and you've always said—

ALICE. Never mind what I've said. Do you think you'd like to be an old maid?

BARBARA. But you aren't an old maid, Cherie. Old maids are lonely women that people are sorry for because nobody wants to marry them and you are single just because you are having such a good time that you can't make up your mind to give it up.

ALICE. You are sure of that?

BARBARA. Why everybody knows it. But then I'd never get to feel quite like you do about marrying. I'm going to marry Jack the day he gets rich enough for us to have, [*She checks off the things on her fingers.*] a honeymoon to New York, a cute bungalow, a cook, and a little closed car. Won't that be wonderful?

ALICE. Babbie, my poor, foolish lamb, [*Then in an entirely different tone of voice.*] Is your Prince Charming coming tonight?



BARBARA. Yes, his chariot will come honking around the corner in about a minute. [*Gives her hair a pat.*] Am I all right?

ALICE. Adorable, my dear Cinderella.

BARBARA. Are you going to Mrs. Brunson's with Mamma?

ALICE. I suppose so, and it's about time for us to go.

BARBARA. Well, I hope you get off before Liza sees her.

ALICE. Is Liza on the rampage again?

BARBARA. She don't skip being!

ALICE. What's the matter now? Has she had another social backset?

BARBARA. I think that's the trouble. Mandy Jones has been putting something else over on her I guess.

[*Mrs. Thomas enters, wearing a long cloak.*]

MRS. THOMAS. Well, I'm ready, but Alice, do you feel like visiting around the day after—?

ALICE. I'm not in the humor for visiting but I'll stay only a few minutes.

MRS. THOMAS. I'll take Mrs. Brunson this new magazine and—

[*The door opens and all eyes are turned upon Liza, a fat and untidy, though fancily rigged-up negro woman who stands in the doorway, a picture of outraged dignity.*]

ALICE. Well, Liza?

LIZA. [*Addresses herself to Mrs. Thomas.*] Miss Marthie, you better look you up er new cook, I reckon. I'm on move way frum dis town, 'cause it ain't big enough for me an' sech trash as Mandy Jones. It jus' ain't no place for no 'spectable people!

MRS. THOMAS. Liza, for Heaven's sake, quit talking about Mandy Jones. You'll run me crazy.

BARBARA. [*With keen interest.*] What's Mandy done this time?

LIZA. What she done? I'll tell you what she done. Dat oldest gal er her'n died dis mawnin' and she's havin' de biggest kind of a settin' up to-night. Pies 'n cakes 'n bananas, 'n ice cream. Ev'ybody on dat street is 'vited 'cept me. I jest wish to de Lawd one er my chilluns ud die! I'd have sech ernother settin' up as ain't been seen in dis town, if I had to sell my orgin to do it, an' I'd show Mandy Jones who'd be ast to it!

MRS. THOMAS. Why, Liza, Liza!

[*Barbara is enjoying the situation immensely.*]

ALICE. That's it, Liza, don't let old Mandy get ahead of you. You send her word what you're going to do when your oldest gal dies. And I know you're not going to leave town, for she'd tell everybody she had run you off.

LIZA. Leave town and have her sayin' she run me off? Well, I reckon I ain't, Miss Alice. You know me too well for dat, don't yer? And I'm goin' right home and send her word lak you say. Dat'll fix her, I suspose!

[*She closes the door and is heard mumbling to herself as she goes.*]

MRS. THOMAS. Oh, these trifling negroes will worry me to death.

[*Mr. Thomas enters with hat and walking cane. Speaks jauntily to Alice and Barbara.*]

MR. THOMAS. Well, I'm off for the city. See you later, girls. [*To his wife.*] You haven't gotten off yet?

MRS. THOMAS. Oh, Jim, I meant to tell you for goodness sake if you make a speech tonight don't tire everybody out with it. It seems to me that most public speakers are hypnotized by the sound of their own voices and just simply forget to stop—especially you.

MR. THOMAS. Oh, thank you, my dear.

[*The door bell rings and Jack Bell, an attractive youth of twenty, or thereabouts, enters as Mr. Thomas opens the door.*]

MR. THOMAS. Hello, Jack. Glad to see you; come in.

[*Mrs. Thomas smiles and shakes hands with him.*]

MRS. THOMAS. Why, good evening, John.

[*Jack then shakes hands with Alice and speaks in hushed tone.*]

JACK. I hope you are feeling better—by now—Miss Alice.

ALICE. Why yes, thank you, Jack, I am feeling quite well.

MRS. THOMAS. I guess this weather is bad on your poor father's rheumatism, John.

JACK. No, Mrs. Thomas, he's completely over it.

MRS. THOMAS. But he's likely to come down with it again most any time. You can't depend on rheumatism.

JACK. Can't you?

ALICE. Now, come, Martha, before you get started on what a terrible time Mrs. Puckett had

with it. We are just going out, Jack, but I'll see you again in a few minutes.

MR. THOMAS. So long, folks.

[*They go out. Jack takes Barbara's hands in his and for a moment they gaze rapturously into each other's eyes.*]

JACK. Babbie, how do you do it?

BARBARA. Do what?

JACK. Get prettier every day!

BARBARA. Do you really think so?

JACK. Don't you know I do?

BARBARA. And will you *always* think so?

JACK. You bet your life I will! and say, that's some dress you've got on tonight!

[*Barbara is greatly pleased that he has confirmed her own opinion on the subject. She holds out her skirts and makes a saucy curtsy.*]

BARBARA. Like it? [*Jack starts to kiss her as the seal of ultimate approval.*] Oh no, you mustn't. You might muss me up a little and Aunt Alice is coming back through in a minute. [*Jack laughs as they sit down on the couch.*]

JACK. Well, I wish she'd hurry up, or else that you'd stop looking so much like an angel. Anyhow, she knows we're going to be married right away.

BARBARA. But Jack, you know we are not going to—not right away.

JACK. Now, there you go, Babbie. We've already put it off once when there was no use of it, and I'll just be dog-goned if I'm willing to do it again.

BARBARA. But what about Mamma and Pappa?

JACK. Humph. They ran off and got married themselves when they were as young as we are. Why can't we do the same thing? I don't believe Mr. Thomas really cares, and your mother would have such a glorious time grieving over it.

BARBARA. Now, Jack, please don't start that all over again. You know I'm only waiting until I won't be a drag on you.

JACK. A drag on me? How do you get that way?

BARBARA. Well, I haven't told you before because it sounded so unromantic, but do you realize that if I married you now we couldn't afford a house or a cook? We'd have to rent somebody's upstairs and I'd have to do *all the work*.

JACK. [*Who has the truly masculine viewpoint.*] Work? There wouldn't be any work, would there?

BARBARA. Oh, no, certainly not. Cleaning a house and cooking three meals a day, along with doing most of your own sewing, is nothing to speak of, and of course dishes have a way of washing themselves and not making your hands horrid and red.

JACK. [*Surprised and hurt.*] But, Babbie, I thought it would be wonderful!

BARBARA. What? For me to have to work like that and wear dowdy looking dresses I made myself?

JACK. No, but for us to have our own little home, and you to be always there waiting for me when I come in.

BARBARA. Yes, waiting with red hands—and then you wouldn't love me any more.

JACK. I swear I'd love you if your hands were as red as beets!

BARBARA. Oh-h, but I don't want hands as red as beets, and I think you are mean to want me to have them.

JACK. For Heaven's sake, who said I wanted you to?

BARBARA. Well, you insist on marrying me right now before we can afford a cook, and Mamma says it will be like that if we do.

JACK. [*Slowly.*] Well—maybe she's right. I hadn't seen it that way. I guess I haven't any right to ask you to go through with all that. [*Babbie brightens now that she has won her point.*]

BARBARA. We'll wait just a little while and you can save up lots of money real quick, and then it will be lovely just like you said.

JACK. Umm—I don't know. I suppose we had better wait though if you feel that way about it.

[*Alice, who has opened the front door and come in unobserved during the last remark, is now discovered and Jack and Barbara rise.*]

BARBARA. Oh—er—come in.

ALICE. Excuse me for not knocking, but I never think of doing it here at home. [*She perceives that Barbara and Jack are somewhat embarrassed. Obviously she should withdraw, but she hesitates a moment as if she has something to tell them.*]



BARBARA. [*Perceiving this.*] Won't you stay with us a-while, Aunt Aliee?

JACK. Have this rooker.

ALICE. Well, children, I will stay a little while. I have some things to tell you, though I hardly know how to begin. [*Sits herself.*] I find it embarrassing, as people usually do, to admit things to their disadvantage, and this is something I have tried to keep from every living soul for twenty years or more. [*Barbara and Jack look at Alice and then at each other in amazement.*] You two probably wonder, like everybody else who knows me, why I never married Arthur Graham. I'm going to explain it to you. When Arthur and I were your age we were very much in love and ready to be married, but Mother and Martha said 'No, we must wait, we were too young, we had no money.' Well, we waited. It seemed the sensible thing to do, although Arthur protested against it bitterly.

JACK. I know just how he felt.

ALICE. At first all was well. The fact that the boys who had been Arthur's rivals retired from the field when we became engaged didn't worry me at all, for his love filled my life, and I was all he wanted. We would have been happy together in the tiniest cottage, but we listened to "reason," and waited.

[*Barbara nods her head understandingly.*]

ALICE. In the mean time we felt that we had to keep up with the crowd.

[*Jack nods his head in assent.*]

ALICE. That took the best of Arthur's salary to meet the bills and the best of his energy and interest away from his work; so that each succeeding year found the main argument for waiting as strong as ever.

BARBARA. [*In consternation.*] He couldn't save up any money?

ALICE. No, but the worst of it was that I finally came to realize with a queer sinking feeling at my heart that Arthur had ceased to protest against waiting. I saw that he was drifting away from me, and I was as powerless to stop it as the ebbing tide.

BARBARA. Oh, Aunt Aliee, how dreadful!

ALICE. It was dreadful, Honey. And the fact that it was the natural, the inevitable outcome of a long engagement made it none the easier to bear. He had gotten so used to me, so deadly sure of me,—it was his duty to come to see me and take me places. Oh, how I wanted

them back, the other men I had so blithely given up on his account. A little attention from one of them would have received his waning interest, but to them I was 'Arthur's girl.' It was an unspeakable situation. I wanted passionately to run away from it all, and I could have gone—[*She pauses for a moment and gazes into that enchanted realm, the Land of Might-Have-Been.*]—but Martha wouldn't hear to it, and so I stayed.

BARBARA. But Aunt Aliee, why didn't you break off with him?

ALICE. I tried to, dear, after we had been engaged for about ten or fifteen years, but whenever I mentioned breaking off our engagement Arthur took it as a protest against his not marrying me and would explain apologetically why he couldn't afford it just yet. He might have saved himself the trouble and me the humiliation of those apologies, for I knew that he had simply reached that point of indifference where he was no longer willing to give up the club, his exclusive tailor, and his expensive brand of Scotch for the sake of marrying me.

JACK. He was a dog!

ALICE. No, Jack, he was a perfectly human man. He still loved me in a passive sort of way and didn't want to give me up, and so in the face of his protests I could never carry it through. Then, too, I had spent the best years of my life loving him, and I felt it was too late to start over. It's hard for a woman of thirty-three to start over for more reasons than one. Beauty is her strength, her only hope, and in spite of everything she can do, she plays a losing game with Father Time. [*Barbara shivers a tiny bit.*] How I hated beauty parlors, dieting and camouflaging, and in spite of it all the lines would come, one by one, each like a word added to my death warrant. Oh, the tragedy of having to stay young when you ought to be enjoying a happy middle age!

BARBARA. I hate him for making you suffer so, and you must have too, Cherie!

ALICE. No, I never hated him, for I knew he was not really to blame, but I finally grew as indifferent to him as he was to me,—after I gave up hope of ever being anything but 'Aliee Markham, Spinster.'

BARBARA. Oh!

ALICE. Martha can't understand my not going in mourning for Arthur now. It's because I



did it years ago. When I gave up the little house that might have been and the dream children I had loved and planned for so long, it was then my lover died, and I mourned for him with the rest.

BARBARA. And we never even dreamed you were unhappy. Why didn't you let us know so we could have helped?

ALICE. My only salvation lay in not letting anyone know. The humiliation of it would have crushed me. So I went on, year after year, pretending and pretending. I believe even Arthur was deceived—but I couldn't deceive myself. I knew I was 'Alice Markham, Spinster.'

BARBARA. I don't see how you stood it!

ALICE. Well, you get used to almost anything I suppose, for after I resigned myself to my fate nothing seemed to matter any more. I had come to the end of happiness and the beginning of peace by way of a bitter road—and Arthur, poor soul, travelled it too.

JACK. He did?

ALICE. Yes. His life was lonely and purposeless—a failure in every sense of the word, and he felt it terribly at the end. In our last talk together he said, "Alice, if we could only start over again with the day you said you loved me. We shouldn't have waited. It was our big mistake."

[*There is a moment's silence, then Jack speaks huskily.*]

JACK. Miss Alice, I can't tell you how wonderful I think you are to have taken it like this, and to have been a shining light through it all. Why you've done more to make other folks happy than anybody I ever saw.

ALICE. Thank you, Jack.

JACK. And we appreciate your telling us your secret. I don't approve of engagements anyhow, but of course ours could never be like that.

BARBARA. Ours will only be for a year or two at the longest and besides—

ALICE. But, my dears, there must not be an engagement! Don't you see? What's the use of waiting if you love each other?

JACK. That's the way I felt, but it isn't fair to Babbie, I guess, to expect her to give up everything and come and wash dishes for me. I can't ask her to come until I have something to offer her.

ALICE. But Jack, you shouldn't feel that way about it. You have offered Babbie everything that really counts.

BARBARA. You mean, it doesn't matter about doing housework and not having money?

ALICE. Yes. The big thing in life is the joy and the glory of climbing the hill together and then going down the other side—hand in hand. Don't let life pass you by as it has done me! Don't be afraid to live!

JACK. [*Holds out his hands to Barbara.*] Babbie?

BARBARA. [*Softly, as she places her hands in his.*] I'm not afraid.

[*A light of great happiness, as of one who has at last seen the vision, is upon the woman's face as she speaks.*]

ALICE. Babbie, my little girl, if I had found it myself, the gold at the rainbow's end, perhaps I couldn't have shown it to you.

CURTAIN.



## *To the Mocking Bird*

Hail to thee, thou miscreant motley child,  
Bohemian sport of Nature's gay elite!  
You lover, teaser, jiber, jester wild!  
By day there floats your lilting exquisite;  
By night—I'll wager that you're e'er awake;  
Or is your song the echo of your dreams  
Of distant lands, of all your loves at stake?  
You serenade so sweetly that it seems

Your voice could steal the hearts and lives away  
From many feath'ry dames, because you know  
And mock their wooers' every roundelay.  
You'd mock my notes if I'd e'en whistle now!  
But say—and this I've wondered all life long—  
You mock all other birds, but what's your song?

—C. B. M.

# The School of Commerce:

## *What and Why?*

**M**ADE in Germany," that famous pre-war trade mark which was annihilating British markets and supplying an additional argument to American exponents of a higher protective tariff, was really the fruitage of a system of education. The efficiency of German industry was no accident or miracle. It was the natural outcome of vocational education run mad. Growing supremacy in the world's markets was as true an index of the success of such education in an economic way, as the militaristic despotism which paralleled it was an index of its failure in a political way. It produced marvelously efficient workers but miserably poor citizens. Under it industry flourished, while free, democratic government perished. Economic prosperity was the opiate administered while political liberty was being amputated.

The above is a rather far-fetched opening paragraph in an article explaining the function of our School of Commerce. Out of just such an extreme in educational trend, however, do we get the reaction which bids fair to give us the sound, well-balanced combination of breadth and specialization which the demands of real happiness require.

Two tendencies in education stand out clearly. The most recent is the rage for vocational training. The other was the cultural education which our forefathers—at least the most favored ones—knew. It must be admitted that each of these types of education has its virtues. The latter is fine, broadly appreciative, and adorned with grace and beauty. The former is practical, efficient, masterly in its competence and offers widespread comfort and general prosperity. Likewise each has its weaknesses. Over-emphasis on practical training produces a crude, narrow, materialistic mind—dangerous alike to civic life and esthetic values. On the other hand, rigid adherence to classic lore and literary and historical records eventuates in helplessness and incompetence in the face of life's every day necessities.

These two extremes, in the last analysis, are just expressions of the two great collateral prob-

lems in life: the attainment of mastery in making a living and at the same time the achievement of breadth and appreciation sufficient to enjoy it supremely; to become technically efficient in doing some useful task in life and not become so shrivelled in soul in the process that life becomes a mere hum-drum workshop instead of what it should be: a symphony of doing and becoming, of buoyant achieving of happy, harmonious associations and of abounding satisfactions.

All departments of learning—whether consciously and confessedly or not—have been adjusting themselves to this need. For example, Departments of English in addition to their courses in the classics and modern idealistic literature are offering instruction in journalism, dramatics, scenario writing and high specialization essential to pedagogical preferment. In fact, lurking in every insistence on extreme specialization is the recognition that broad knowledge somehow does not prove effective.

In terms of this transition, the function of the School of Commerce is more or less obvious. In addition to knowing the principles and forces which underlie our economic life and their bearing on civilization and social progress, young people facing business careers are entitled to an opportunity to acquire an understanding of the scientific nature and technical processes of the specialized phases of business. There was an additional reason for careful scientific study operating in this realm of life due to the rapid and baffling increase in the complexity of commercial relations and industrial phenomena and in the swiftly developing technology of modern business.

The problem might have been met by offering a major in applied Economics or Commerce in the College of Liberal Arts. No greater sacrifice would have been involved than in offering courses in Journalism, and dramatics, culminating in an A. B. degree. However, the system of majors did not guarantee a well-organized program, so a separate curriculum was developed with three fairly well-defined elements. First, a



foundation of breadth consisting of English language and literature, mathematics, history, foreign language, natural science, psychology and government. This constitutes half the program. Second, a study of industry as a phase of human interest and activity with emphasis on its social nature and significance. This constitutes one-fourth of the curriculum. Third, an introduction to the organization and operation of business processes in the various specialized fields. This constitutes the remaining fourth of the curriculum.

It will probably be agreed that, in a society where exploitation and privilege do not exist, every citizen should be provided with a knowledge and appreciation of life, and an understanding of how to relate himself to it efficiently. Until specialization began to prevail in all lines of human endeavor, the latter element did not count for so much. Now, success is impossible without a high degree of this specialization—and a reasonable degree of success is essential to happiness, but a soul deeply immersed in the narrowness of technical training is in danger of losing its capacity for the highest joy. Hence modern education is up against a baffling paradox: How to keep people broad while it makes them narrow. If all were capable of acquiring and society were economically able to provide an extended, broad, liberal education and in addition a technical preparation for a useful productive life whether as creator of poems or tractors, the solution would be easy. The choice seems to lie, however, between all breadth and no practical training, on the one hand, and a combination of basic breadth and an introduction to technical knowledge in some field, on the other. The principle is recognized in such fields as Journalism even by the College of Liberal Arts. The School of Commerce is an expression of the same purpose with reference to business life. Some of the narrowness and crudeness of modern business has undoubtedly been due to the failure of our educational system in the past to offer some inviting combination of culture and the science of business. But one of the ironies of recent educational history has been that while, higher learning gathered its skirts of cultural exclusiveness about it, it was willing enough to draw its living sustenance from multimillionaires the most lavish of whom never knew more than shabby secondary school instruction. We are just now begin-

ning to witness a frank and honest but somewhat grudging and delayed effort to provide a training for leadership in the realm of constructive business enterprise.

Just what does such a course of instruction seek to attain? First, a breadth covering language and literature, mathematical measurement and function, the historical development of modern life, and appreciation of the nature and ways of the physical world, the processes and laws of human thought and will, and an understanding of the political organization and the civic obligations which it imposes; second, a general knowledge of the increasingly complicated industrial structure with its intricate inter-relationships and subtle interdependencies and further—its influence upon and its obligation to the social well-being; third, an introduction to the functions and technical nature of some one of the special fields of modern business, e. g., banking, transportation, accounting etc.

The spirit of the venture may be expressed in the belief that eliminating waste, releasing new energies, and organizing more effectively in our economic life, will reduce the burden of humanity, raise the standards of well-being, lay the basis for finer and more abounding cultural agencies, and bring the race within reach of new heights of enlarged and enriched opportunity. Business then takes its place as one of the great avenues of consecration to the common weal; and statesmanlike leadership and achievement in this field are rich in human benefaction.



To—

Has my love a dimple?  
Nay, but she has two,  
Two that on her cheeks do romp and play!  
Two perfect curves of coral,  
Two rows of orient pearl,  
Two eyes of magic sparkle, dawning grey.

Has my love a dimple?  
Nay, but she has two,  
Two that peek-a-boo and smile divine!  
Two cheeks distilled of rosebuds,  
Two brows that shelter love,  
Two hearts? Ah yes, for she has captured  
mine.

—C. B. M.

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

FEBRUARY, 1924

## The Mill Grinds On

IT IS NO UNCOMMON THING in this day which we live to hear Colleges and Universities called factories, great plants turning "finished" products loose on the world by the thousands every spring. And the charge is true in a large measure. To realize just how much truth there is in the statement one has to be on the verge of being graduated, one has to be placed on the wide apron which carries the product to the dressing room, and thence to the packing room.

Instructors, professors, deans and presidents, it seems, have forgotten that a customer will in the end be better satisfied if his purchase is good, if it is sound, even if the quantity is small. We believe that some day there may be a change from the present system; but now the mill hand grinds away, runs the machine at full speed, rams, jams and packs it full of the ingredients which go to make up the whole. He is forever putting in too much, the blend is bad, the product poor, and bewildered. How often have we heard these cogs in the great machine bewail the fact that so much had to be done in so short a time that nothing could be done well! And in all the hub-bub that we have listened to, we have

found one professor—a heretic, a backslider, a hindrance to the co-ordination of all the parts—who had the nerve to play the game according to his own rules. His, to our mind, is the best course in the whole curriculum, largely because he takes time and drives home things that his students will never forget, things which makes them see, feel, and appreciate.

The student of today is being fed skimmed milk, and after about four years this milk begins to look blue. And what of the nourishment we have sought and found not? After four years spent here, have we failed? Under the present system of education, in a large measure we believe, yes!



## Another House Built On Sand

THE LONGER WE REMAIN IN COLLEGE, the more we see freshmen classes enter and climb higher in grade of classes, the more we are convinced that high schools in North Carolina are mere jokes. This is a rather serious charge, especially when it comes from a mere college editor; but we are sincere in our statement.



Time has been in this state when we were deeply ashamed of our illiteracy. We are improving, we have heard, in this respect and illiteracy is gradually being wiped out. We are proud of it; on every occasion we harp about how North Carolina is progressing, and we imply that she is progressing educationally as well as materially whether we state it in so many words or not. But how thorough is the improvement?

We are forcibly impressed immediately following every set of examinations here that no matter how much we have improved in this respect, we are as yet a poorly grounded class. We are graduating thousands of boys and girls from our high schools every year, encouraging and giving ample opportunity wherever possible for every single one of them to go to college. And then what happens? These freshmen realize after about three months of study that they have learned little or nothing in high school save how to read and write, and these maybe in a very poor manner. Their training in previous years was not up to a sufficiently high standard. The winds and the waves have come and their houses are bruised and battered, possibly completely wrecked. They have been poorly taught and in most cases passed and they now begin to pay the price.

All this leads up to the fact that on the whole North Carolina high schools are not strict enough when it comes to handing out diplomas, and their standards are far too low when compared with even the average college. If the educational leaders expect the youth of the State to be thoroughly educated, then the standards of the North Carolina High Schools must be raised. The boys and girls of today leave their high schools for college with their houses built on sand. They are not suitably prepared for college. It is not wholly their fault, but they bear the burden, they suffer.



## Teaching the Bible In The University

AT THIS WRITING there is a good deal of discussion going on all over the state as to the advisability of establishing a course in the Bible here. It has now reached the stage where a committee composed of preachers of all denominations is to have a meeting with certain representatives of the University in regard to the matter.

As we understand it there is a State law pro-

hibiting the teaching of the Bible in any State Institution by teachers paid by the State. If this is not true it is certainly the prevailing opinion. But whether or not it is true, we are highly in favor of establishing such a course here.

We foresee trouble, however, but we do not think the nature of it to be very deep. Some of the deep-dyed brothers and sisters of various and sundry denominations scattered throughout North Carolina are going to raise a howl if the professor or professors are not of their faith. We hope that this matter can be arranged without serious difficulty, however, provided they establish the course.

We are of the opinion that such a course should be offered here for cultural purposes if for no other reason. Leaving the religious side of the argument out altogether, there are courses offered in the University which we know a thorough knowledge of the Bible is almost essential if the best results are to be had by both professor and student. Almost any professor of literature will say that the Bible is the greatest piece of literature ever written. And we venture to say that the average student in the University of North Carolina knows less about the Book itself than he does about college algebra, and that is a pretty broad statement!

If the authorities see fit to give us the course, and then should there be difficulty as to who shall teach it, we suggest that someone who doesn't believe in the Bible, some Confusionist, some Mohammedon, some Buddhist, even, be brought in. There are many profound students of the Bible who profess these creeds, and maybe their influence towards swaying some easily influenced student from the Baptist to the Methodist, or from the anything to the something else faith, wouldn't be so bad. But again we ask that the course be established for cultural purposes if for nothing else. Maybe the religious side of it will come naturally afterwards.



## Departmental Explanation

IN THIS ISSUE we are beginning a series of articles coming from the various schools in the University with the aim in view of having each of these departments in an official statement set forth its aims in as concise a manner as possible. This time the statement has come from the School of Commerce. The article is in no sense

one man's opinions, but rather that of the whole department.

We presume that in the coming issues there will be a clash of ideas. One department may say one thing and another may come back in the very next issue and make a statement as to its beliefs that may be entirely contradictory to those of the preceding month. But however that may be, it is the purpose of the MAGAZINE to carry official statements from the six depart-

ments here in an attempt to explain to the students here who do not know the purposes of the various schools just what they are trying to accomplish. There is every year a growing tendency for students to get in the grooves of their own schools, staying there throughout their college days, and never knowing what the other departments are attempting to do.

Next month the statement will be from the School of Applied Sciences.



E. H. HARTSELL *has done the impossible and made a campus politician the leading character in a short story which he chooses to call*

## Skoomp—A Fairy Tale

KINSTON, JR., pinched himself and expected to wake up according to custom on the roof-garden of the three-decker sleeping furniture in room 109 Metz building. But, although he pinched himself vigorously and repeatedly, no such event occurred. Kinston, Jr., was still in the midst of Gordon Park, strolling along a familiar path toward the University campus.

"It doesn't seem at all possible," reflected the young man, "though it is a common belief of the students that fairies do haunt the woodlands hereabouts. But that an ordinary fellow like myself should see one, and—what is more—should save one's life—no, not exactly save her life, for I suppose—"

And Kinston, Jr. fell to musing upon his marvellous adventure. He re-imagined in his mind every circumstance in the order of its occurrence, recounting how he had entered the wood a half-hour before, how he had been ambling leisurely along a well-worn path beside the brook, how he had been startled by a tiny scream, how he had looked and beheld a very charming little lady clutching her skirts in great distress at the sight of a mouse, how he had dauntlessly engaged the mouse in mortal combat and at last pinched off the major portion of its tail, how the very charming little lady had fallen upon his neck and kissed him gratefully, telling Kinston, Jr., that she was the queen of the fairies, and that whatever her great big hero wanted as a reward for his valor he should have, so he should—

At this point the fairy queen kissed her deliverer again; and, since she was—as we have noticed before—a *very* charming little lady, she certainly may be pardoned for jumping to conclusions as to the nature of Kinston, Jr.'s wish. Now Kinston, Jr., was not insusceptible to feminine wiles ordinarily but just at this time he was very much in love with a mortal maid. "And besides," thought he, "this woman may be a thousand years old for all I know. She certainly isn't any spring chicken, though I'll admit she is a rather charming little lady. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, and notwithstanding she seems really very much attached to me, I am going to risk her displeasure by asking a different sort of gift from what she seems most inclined to grant."

"Your Majesty," said Kinston, Jr. aloud, "I ask only this simple boon. Grant that I may know the inmost thoughts of all with whom I have dealings. Let no person be able to deceive me."

The queen was somewhat discomfited by this unexpected wish, for she had already gone over in her own mind the changes she would make in the personal appearance of Kinston, Jr. in order to better fit him for his prospective station of princee-consort in Fairyland.

"You are a big fool, Kinston, Jr.," she exclaimed, and no doubt would have said more along this line; but she remembered that she was a lady, and that the proprieties must be observed, even by fairy queens. Besides, it was not leap



year; and, even if it had been, the best etiquette authorities of her realm frowned upon the practice of marriage proposals on the part of the woman. "It is unfair to the man," they all agreed, "because the game is already grossly one-sided, the woman having by far the bigger advantage of the two."

So the queen gave Kinston, Jr. his wish and sent him away, counselling him only that he should be very careful in the use of his new power, else he should regret his choice more even than he deserved.

"When you want to know the thoughts of the person with whom you converse," said the queen, "you have only to utter the single word of magic *Skoomp!* Then the person will tell you all that he is thinking about."

The fairy queen disappeared, and Kinston, Jr. wended his way campus-ward, pinching himself to make sure that he had not dreamed. Which brings our story right back to where we began.

"Who'll be a good guy to practice this magic stuff on?" was the question that came into Kinston's mind as he sauntered pensively along, striking absently at the trees beside the path with a stick which he carried in his hand. Presently he met an answer to his question in the person of one Sloeumb. Now Kinston, Jr. and Sloeumb were classmates in the University, each having attained the enviable distinction of being generally recognized as "a big man on the campus." They had been firm friends as well as political allies since their freshman year, and together they had built up a ring which had never been defeated in an election. They had divided honors and offices about equally; though, in the last election, Kinston, Jr. had been content to accept the vice-presidency of the class, giving his support to Sloeumb for president. Naturally, therefore, the former expected to be given his choice of the pie in the coming spring election.

"Hello, Kinston!" Sloeumb greeted his friend jovially, for one of Sloeumb's most endearing traits was his perpetual good humor. "What you doing out here all by your lonesome? Philosophizing?"

"Nope," replied Kinston, Jr., "just walking for my health."

"Well, let's walk back a little way. I want to talk to you."

Kinston, Jr., turned, and the two walked back into the woods together. The narrowness

of the path prevented their walking side by side, so Sloeumb went in front. He was of slighter build than Kinston, Jr., who might easily have been mistaken for a member of the football team, though he took no active part in any form of athletics. Sloeumb's movements were tense and hurried; his lank body seemed tormented by an excess of nervous energy.

"Been thinking about who we'd put up for class president next year?" asked Sloeumb.

"Nope," replied Kinston, Jr. "You got anybody in mind?"

"I was talking to some of the gang today, and they're all determined to run you for it. There doesn't seem to be anybody else in the class that any where near rates it."

"Not counting yourself, of course," interrupted Kinston, Jr.

"Well, I don't rate it on account of being this year's president. I wish I did, because I honestly believe that president of the senior class is by far the biggest honor a student can have on this campus."

"*Skoomp!*" said Kinston, Jr., thoughtfully.

"The poor fish!" said Sloeumb. "I hope he falls for that hook and line. I've got to shelve him so I can get president of the student body. If he had the sense of a sparrow, he'd see through this scheme, but old Kinston's so dumb he's got no idea what it's all about. If he hadn't been dumb, I couldn't have used him these three years."

Then Sloeumb noticed that Kinston, Jr. had stopped and was staring at him with a peculiar look in his eye, and he became conscious of the blunder he had made by thinking aloud in the presence of his friend.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed, "what have I been saying?" And, as the peculiar light in Kinston, Jr.'s eye deepened its intensity, Sloeumb, realizing that all was lost, took to his heels, and Kinston, Jr., was left alone, a sadder and a wiser man.

"Use me, would he?" cried Kinston, Jr. angrily. "I'll show him! I'll bust his d—d machine so wide open he won't know what hit it!"

It is not the business of this story to tell how Kinston, Jr. kept his word. It is enough to note that he completely smashed the ring, yet never succeeded in constructing one of his own, because of the fairy's fatal gift. For no sooner would

Kinston, Jr. take a man into his confidence, than he would be tempted to learn his thoughts; so that he found all his supposed friends utterly selfish, and willing to help him only insofar as they might further their own ends, and equally ready to betray him should their interest demand it.

Yet, in spite of this disillusionment, Kinston, Jr. did not repent the choice he had made, and he resolved to put his power to a use which he believed would be attended by more pleasurable consequences.

"I will try it on Kate," he said. Kate was the girl whom Kinston, Jr. loved. He suspected that she returned his affection, and he often dreamed of the day when she would confess as much. Kate had an adorable habit, when Kinston, Jr. made love to her, of tilting back her close-cropped head, half-closing her eyes, and looking dreamily away into the distance, while a tender, mysterious little smile hovered uncertainly upon her extremely kissable lips. Now Kinston, Jr. loved Kate at all times, but in these silent reveries he positively worshipped her; the more so because he could never tease her into telling her thoughts, although the proverbial pennies he had offered her would have amounted to a small sized fortune.

"Not now, Kinston," she would always say. "Sometime I'll tell you—maybe." And she would go on dreaming contentedly.

So it was with eager anticipation that Kinston, Jr. looked forward to the next week-end, which would bring him to the home of his lady-love. Things went with them very much as they had gone on previous occasions. Kinston, Jr. took Kate's hand, and, after one or two shy withdrawals, she allowed him to hold it. Then he put his arm along the back of the davenport just touching her shoulders, and, after two or three conventional protests, she allowed it to remain there. Next followed Kinston, Jr.'s usual declaration of undying love, which more cynical hearers would have characterized as "a wicked line." During the recital, Kate relaxed into her customary reverie, the back of her head resting with a gentle pressure against the not unwilling arm of the young man. Kinston, Jr. talked on and on, the dark blue eyes of the girl becoming more dreamy, her relaxation more complete.

"Tell me, dear, what are you thinking about?"

asked Kinston, Jr. tenderly, after a slight pause.

"Oh, I just couldn't now, Kinston", replied the girl, with a shy, appealing glance into his eyes. "Perhaps I will—sometimes—if you still care to know."

"*Skoomp!*" said Kinston, Jr., softly.

"Oh, such a dreadful bore!" said the girl. "If I could only be sure that Charlie Wells means business I'd give this guy the air. Wants to know what I'm thinking about, does he? Well, let me see, what *was* I thinking about? Oh, yes, a pink *crepe de chine* with a white organdie skirt and that cute little hat I saw in the window at Codoni's——"

Suddenly Kate became aware that something was wrong. She was speaking and Kinston was silent, when, according to precedent, the situation at this point should have been just the reverse. She further realized that there was no longer a muscular arm between her bobber hair and the back of the davenport. Last of all, she became conscious that Kinston, Jr. had stolen away, and she was quite alone.

It was nearly a week before Kinston, Jr. recovered from this terrible blow, and so bitter was his grief that he swore never to trust a woman again so long as he lived.

"The gift of the fairy seems a curse indeed," said the unhappy youth, "since, through its use, I have lost confidence in my friends and faith in my sweetheart. But I am determined that it shall profit me something, for I am going to learn the thoughts of Dr. Sawsaw, and then I shall be as wise as he."

Dr. Sawsaw was reputed the greatest scholar and the deepest thinker in the University. He was an alumnus of the institution, having been graduated, as the legend runs, at the head of a class of one in the third year after the University was founded. This legend was doubtless exaggerated; but, nevertheless, it was evident to anyone who took the trouble to look at Dr. Sawsaw that Father Time had passed him by a great many times, exacting such little tolls as is his wont,—now a handful of hair, again a few teeth, yet again a stray bundle of muscular tissue—so that little remained of the good man except his intellect, which increased in direct proportion as the rest of him decreased. It was a common belief in the community that the things old Sawsaw did not know were not only tremendously few,



but really not worth knowing at all. He was noted for his ability, in moments of intense concentration, to detach himself from his environment so completely as to go off into a trance in which he would remain for hours at the time, regardless of all efforts to distract him. The symptoms of mental activity on the part of Dr. Sawsaw were thoroughly familiar to all who knew him. He would sit down, no matter where he chanced to be when the cerebration commenced, interlace his fingers at the back of his neck, and close his eyes. There was a story current to the effect that once in the neighboring town of Bullsboro traffic on Main street was completely blocked for the space of thirty minutes, while the traffic officers, reinforced by the fire department, removed Dr. Sawsaw from his seat on the pavement in the middle of the thoroughfare.

"If only my thoughts did not escape me!" he often said. "If only I could put them into words, so as to be understood by others. Our whole system of thinking would be revolutionized."

Kinston, Jr. resolved to help the professor put his thoughts into words. So he stole upon Dr. Sawsaw one day as he sat at his desk after having dismissed his class. The old man's face was tense and rigid, his arms were raised on a level with his shoulders, his fingers interlaced at the back of his neck, his eyes closed. He was evidently in his most thoughtful mood, but Kinston, Jr. called him by name to make sure that he was really thinking. Dr. Sawsaw did not look around. Neither did he make any reply. It was quite obvious that his mental machinery was engaged in most strenuous operation, for no man could be asleep and maintain that tense attitude.

"*Skoomp!*" said Kinston, Jr. and waited in an ecstasy of suspense.

Dr. Sawsaw said nothing.

"*Skoomp!*" repeated Kinston, Jr. more distinctly, thinking perhaps he had not made himself clear.

Dr. Sawsaw remained in a deep and impenetrable silence.

"Is it possible," asked Kinston, Jr. of himself, "that my power is failing me, just when it would make me famous? Surely this wise old man is not proof against fairy magic. *Skoomp!* I say **SKOOMP!**"

The lips of the old man moved. Kinston, Jr. waited breathlessly for the precious gems of wis-

dom so soon to be poured at his unworthy feet. His fountain pen was poised over his note-book. Not a syllable must be lost!

"Tick!" said Dr. Sawsaw, and then—after an agonizing pause—"tock!———tick! tock! —ev-ry sec-ond of the cl-ock——the mouse ran down——the mouse ran down——the cl-ock!"

That afternoon Kinston, Jr. went back into Gordon Park, looking for the fairy queen. After a long time he found her.

"O Queen," said he, "your gift has made me the most miserable of mortals. I have found my friends selfish, my sweetheart deceitful, and my intellectual ideal a bluff. Either take back this fatal power, or tell me how I may use it to some advantage."

"You might try it on me," replied the fairy.

"Well, then—*Skoomp!*" said Kinston, Jr.

"I am thinking that you were a very great fool to want to pry into anybody's head," said the fairy, "because everybody who has a thought really worth hearing is only too anxious to tell it. You wanted to know people as they *are*, which was a great mistake, for people as they *seem* are much more attractive and comfortable to get along with. What percentage of your thoughts would you care to have paraded for everybody's inspection? Just think what a sight most of you people would be running around without any clothes on. Well, you haven't any more right to strip people's real selves of their pretences than to strip their bodies of the clothes they wear. Take them as they would like to be taken and trust that they will appraise you as generously. Now, Kinston, Jr., you just didn't play the game, that's all. Go back to your friends and be cheated; go back to your girl and be deceived; go back to your professor and be bluffed,—but remember that they are all quite unconscious of doing these horrible things to you. Their actions are right in their own eyes. They mean well. So do you. Therefore, you may all find happiness in cheating, deceiving, and bluffing one another, so long as each of you consents to be cheated, deceived and bluffed in his own turn. That's what life is, Kinston, Jr!"

And the very charming little lady left the young man to chew upon this sour morsel of philosophy, for she had already found a prince-consort and was no longer interested in Kinston, Jr., except in benevolent fairy fashion.

# THE PASTURE

## TOCSIN

We have more than one reason for calling this department *The Pasture*. In fact we have two reasons. The first lies in the striking similarity between the contents of a pasture and the contents of this ebullition. The analogy in this case is two-fold, being drawn both from the pasture's verdant aspect and from the nature of that well-known animal which browses therein. The second reason is the fact that a pasture is such a charming place in which to rant, to fling about and say what one pleases without fear of disturbing the equanimity of the gods. And that, largely, is what the *Pasture* will be used for—to rant, to rail, to wrangle. Here we shall air our grievances against the world, the times, and the *Tar Heel*; here we shall tether each month the choicest morsels of literary tommyrot which have come within our notice; here we can rave at the Almighty Editor because he takes only one lump of sugar with his tea and we like three; here he may vent his incipient jealousy of our more aesthetic phys. and figure. Here, in short, shall we simply and without ceremony grasp the bull by the caudal appendage and, twirling him gracefully about our cerebral eminence, fling him hither and yon to our heart's desire, whether for better or worse.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FUTURISTIC FABLE OF FADS

### A Cynical Explanation of Why the Cow Jumped Over the Moon.

Once there was an institution which many people called a university. Not that that was at all unusual. No indeed. There have been and still are many universities. The point is that there was this particular university. This university was notable for many things. For its handsome and learned men. For its beautiful and intellectual women. For its glorious spirit. But most of all was this university notable for the passing qucer speech of its inmates, who were called students. From far and near came curious people to marvel at this odd species of men who talked through their noses in a funny, whistling sort of way. And the students of the uni-

versity gloried in this constant attention and blew the harder through their noses.

Now the story of how they got that way, as gathered from the mouldy archives of the university's student newspaper, is but a moment's tale and is hereinafter set forth. Harken ye unto it!

Many years ago, during the time of the great banana shortage, the university of which we speak was in that stage of civilization known as the Tea-olithic or Neo-Knicker Age. Now this was also the era of great cultural inundations which periodically swept over the campus. Some of these waves of aestheticism quickly receded, leaving behind little trace, even as the walking-cane whimsy. But other waves were more stubborn and cultivated a peculiar affinity for the campus, seeking evidently to become permanent waves. When these waves at last disappeared they often left such a deposit of sediment that for many moons memory of them was ripe in the mind of the students. Even so was the archaic custom of wearing knee-trousers, called 'knickers'.

These waves, in accordance with the custom of waves, had small beginnings. They found origin in small campus groups. From this start they spread over the university at a more or less rapid rate, depending on the zealousness shown in imitation.

Now it happened one year that no less than three of these floods were in their youth at one and the same time. These three gestures at culture, in the order of their inception, were the nocturnal brewing and sipping of tea. The worship of the god Mah Jongg, often called Pung Chow or Pe Ling or Mah Juck and by yet other names. And lastly the sprouting and sporting of third eyebrows, facetiously called 'moustaches'.

Being of somewhat similar origin and age it was quite natural and proper that these three waves should intermingle and co-ordinate. Which they did. It became fairly common to see three-eyebrowed groups of young campus authors, oddly betokened 'literati', and members



of the so-called 'intelligentsia' gathered about a table in some secluded spot, highly engrossed in the worship of the god and absently imbibing the beverage which enabled Thomas Lipton, VII, to build the Shamrock CXXXII, so recently defeated in the race for the America cup. Nought was to be heard at these gatherings save, at intervals, nasal exclamations of "Pong!"

Now it seems, according to the records, that on the night of the first annual Mah Jongg Jousts, before the days when worship of the god was general on the campus, that a sudden cold wave inundated the university. This wave, however, being of a lowbrow character, was not well received and on account of it the tournament was held on the cosy indoor athletic field instead of on the Post Office steps as first planned.

Events rippled merrily along and the meet was approaching its climax when lo, it became suddenly apparent that the identity of East Wind was lost. Vanished completely. And the worshippers at the shrine, who a moment before had tranquilly sipped their tea, now rushed madly about, shouting the question, even to total strangers, "Who is East Wind?" The missing wind was not to be found in the building and the frantic searchers dashed outdoors, completely forgetting, in their excitement, to wipe their several moustaches.

Now upon suddenly coming into contact with the cold outer Air, who to tell the truth was jealous of the fuss made over the Winds while he was left in the cold, the suspended tea in the unprotected moustaches congealed and was frozen stiff. Tension was entirely too high for this to be noticed, however, and long before the search was abandoned the upper lips of the searchers were also quite frozen. When they returned to the building the heat therein, with its admixture of Turkish and Egyptian tobacco smoke, thawed the brittle moustaches so suddenly that they broke and dropped from the faces of their respective owners, carrying with them bits of the frozen upper lips. And so, in these various upper lips was left a little crevice which is known as a hare lip. This was the beginning of the great cultural wave of talking through the nose.

Very soon the remainder of the students noticed the change in appearance and speech of the leaders of campus custom and, thinking it an-

other promising fad imported from some more progressive institution such as Yale or the University of Tennessee, gradually notched their top lips and began to talk through their noses. After a time the whole university was talking through its hat, pardon, through its nose and so has continued to talk, from college generation to college generation, yea, even unto the present day.

\* \* \* \* \*

### PRO BONO PUBLICO

It has been suggested that in future the MAGAZINE be not published as now, thus squandering the hard-earned funds of the Publications Union, but that the copy so diligently collected by the editors be read at monthly intervals to the student body in mass meeting assembled, preferably by Professor C. A. Hibbard. It is pointed out that in this way those who would not read the magazine anyway, and these, we are led to believe, compose a majority of the students, would be saved the useless physical exertion of throwing it away, facilitating by just so much, and every little bit counts these days, human progress on the Carolina campus. They would much better spend this time in forwarding the mass athletic program.

Furthermore, the all-surpassing and ever-present danger from negligent or malicious proof-reading could be escaped and numerous minor errors in punctuation, spelling and syntax could be glossed over in the reading thereof. And what pious handful of martyrs could so far belie their consciences as to be present at all would above all things be spared the painful experience of gazing again at disgusting views of the Gymnasium, Davie Hall, and the Power House which are seen daily in all their pristine unloveliness.

We are convinced that the sonorous voice of Professor Hibbard, who of course would be well paid for his disagreeable task, could make even the barren magazine material sound enthralling to the above-mentioned long-sufferers. As a result a latent respect for the MAGAZINE might possibly be generated in their bosoms and a germ of literary ambition planted from which further worthless material for said MAGAZINE might spring.

At all events, it would raise a doubt in the mind or minds of a certain member or members

of the staff of our favorite collegiate semi-weekly, who would feel it his, her or their duty to be present at the reading for journalistic purposes, as to the complete justice of his, her or their current opinion of the MAGAZINE, which doubt, conflicting with this hereditary and firmly-imbedded opinion to the contrary, might very easily result in confining the present almost insultingly generous reviews (or, considering their usual typographical estate, revues) of the MAGAZINE to, say, three pregnant stickfuls in this dreamed-of new era, thereby leaving available some column or more for use in recording meetings during the week of our various county clubs, thus facilitating even more campus social progress. Surely a worthy attainment.

Perhaps, even, Professor Hibbard could read a group of judiciously selected English 1-a themes, still obtaining the above or even better results, and in this way allow the present hard-worked editors to read Racine or Rousseau or Rabelais rather than rot. Pursuing this idea further, a way might be found in which the MAGAZINE could be done away with entirely but still exist in the mind of the student body on its past glorious tradition. Certainly the editors would get more sleep and less slaps and grat fewer classes.

As a matter of fact, the only objection we can find to the above plan is that we editors, to be selfish and personal again, no longer would have any fond product of our scintillating intellects to send proudly home each month to Minnie and Mother. It is indeed hard to strike a proper balance between the two alternatives, but we suppose the latter, without too much hurt, could be submerged for the greater good of mankind in general.

\* \* \* \* \*

But alas, hear us, surely we are mouthing sweet nothings. We have talked in pompous sentences of the continued existence of the MAGAZINE, if only in the hearts of our fellow students, but this is not to be. Our beloved insect is

'doomed to plunge itself into an abyss of righteous oblivion'. O Temporary! - O Mortuary! How long, O-Cat-O'-Nine-Tails, how long before we reach the brink. Really we are anxious to know so that we may have our swan song published in the last issue.

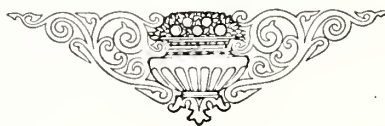
#### OWED TO OSLER

Osler,  
Dear Osler,  
Sweet Osler,  
Accept our profuse  
Apologies.  
We know  
Our efforts are  
Most usually  
*Beknighted*.  
(That word  
Is also owed  
To Osler.)  
Our printers make  
Mistakes.  
But have you heard  
That story about  
A Pot  
That called  
The Kettle  
BLACK?

\* \* \* \* \*

Osler,  
Dear Osler,  
Sweet Osler,  
Forgive us our trespasses  
We promise to amend  
And sometimes  
May even print  
Poetry  
That rhymes  
Like this:  
Osler, dear Osler, sweet Osler,  
Pray calm thy tempestuous soul;  
You make too much fuss  
When you try to discuss  
The sorrows you ought to console.

E. H. H.





*"A pint of water contains enough energy to drive a liner across the Atlantic."* The beauty of this article  
by H. D. CROCKFORD on

# Chemistry *and its* Achievements

In the first of a brief series of similar practical  
articles written in practical style

THE recent war brought to the people of the world a realization of the extremely important part chemistry plays in the development of the resources of a nation. With her supply of nitrates cut off, Germany was threatened with an early destruction both through exhaustion of her explosives and through lack of nitrate fertilizers which would have severely handicapped her production of food crops. As it was, her chemists stepped into the breach and soon vast industrial plants were producing the necessary nitrates and ammonia from the air. Not only in the production of explosives were great feats performed by the chemists of the world. The production of war gases, and the means of defence against those of the enemy, were great triumphs of chemistry. In this country an immense dye industry sprang up over night when our supply of dyes from Germany was cut off. Our potash resources had to be developed as we had depended altogether on Germany for our supply of potash fertilizers. Substitutes for cotton, wool, rubber, and many other basic articles were developed. Volumes would be required to set forth all the work of the chemists during the war period.

But the work of the chemist in the development of the nation's resources has not stopped with the ending of the war. Laboratories in which research is being carried on are maintained by all large industrial concerns. A vast amount of research is being carried on by the chemistry departments of the various universities and colleges throughout the world. It is the purpose of this article to set forth some of the problems that chemistry is solving and to give some idea as to the future results that we may expect.

To the average person the so-called theoretical work may appear to be of little economic importance. But applied chemistry is merely the ap-

plication of some theory or theories to any everyday problem. The theory gives the applied chemist or chemical engineer a basis upon which to work. Hence the setting forth of new theories and the development of old ones is after all of great economic importance.

In the field of food and nutrition much work is being done. Here we have the study of the vitamins, little understood substances occurring in foods, a deficiency of which in the diet may cause serious derangement in the body functions. Scurvy is due to the lack of certain vitamins. What they are and what their action is are two questions that chemists are trying to solve. This, of course, leads to a study of foods in relation to their vitamin content, and to the preparation of properly balanced diets with respect to these substances. Improved methods of canning are being developed. A subject of much importance is that of the dehydration, or drying, of fruits and vegetables with the retention of the natural odors and flavors. Methods are being worked out that give products little inferior to the fresh article. Almost all the 'lard' now used is a chemical product made principally from cotton-seed oil. Cotton-seed oil has practically replaced olive oil and gives a product equally as good and much cheaper. A study of new vegetable oils and their utilization is a big field. This embraces the hydrogenation of oils, the conversion of undesirable forms into desirable forms by means of hydrogen. The synthesis, or building up, of flavoring extracts calls for much work. The president of one of the biggest chemical concerns in the country predicted in a recent article the ultimate destruction of all plant life on the globe due to the removal from the air of the carbon dioxide, which is necessary for plant growth. He states further, however, that man will overcome this by

manufacturing his food from the individual elements of which it is made.

Somewhat related to the study of foods is that of agricultural chemistry. The needs of the various plants are being studied with the idea of perfecting more efficient methods of fertilization. Methods of producing cheaper and better fertilizers are being worked out. A study of the various soil types is being made with the object in view of learning their suitability for various crops and the proper utilization of the plant food they contain in both the available and unavailable forms. Not only must the plant be properly fed but it must also be protected from disease and insect pests. The importance of this is seen in the case of our own boll weevil against which a really effective weapon is still to be found.

Of great importance is the study of fuels! With our diminishing coal supply new methods of heating must be developed. How may coal be used so as to obtain the highest possible heating value? The efficient use of petroleum is being studied. This takes in the distillation problem, the separation of the oil into gasoline, kerosene, etc.; and the 'cracking' process, the changing of undesirable forms into desirable ones by means of heat. An instance of the latter is the conversion of paraffin into gasoline. The extraction and utilization of oil from oil shales presents an important problem. Of peculiar interest is the idea of obtaining heat energy from the decomposition of the atom. That the atom contains a vast amount of energy is evident from the study of radioactivity. It has been estimated that the energy contained in the atoms in a pint of water is sufficient to run a large ocean liner across the Atlantic and back. But the use of atomic energy is still too remote to be considered seriously.

The lighting problem is one that has made immense strides. In fifty years we have passed from the kerosene lamp to the fish-tail gas burner, to the carbon filament lamp, to the welsbach burner, and finally to the tungsten filament electric light. If the present pace is kept up there is no telling what we may expect in the future. At present an effort is being made to produce a cold light. In fact one has been perfected but its use is not practical.

Under transportation problems there is a large field. In our own state there is going on one of the largest and best road programs ever

put on by any state in the Union. This brings up the study of the proper utilization of road-building materials, the development of new sources of material, and many other problems connected with road work. Take the heavier-than-air machines. New alloys are being developed out of which to build lighter and stronger frames for aeroplanes. Lubrication problems are being solved. Engines are being developed in which the efficiency is much higher than in the present types. In the field of balloons and dirigibles an immense amount of work is being carried on by the United States government. Heretofore hydrogen has been principally used in the inflation of balloons. A large amount of study is now being carried on in the production and use of helium for inflation purposes. This gas is light enough and non-inflammable, hence it is a better gas for the purpose than hydrogen. But the supply is very limited and the problem is to economically obtain and use the small amount nature has provided. Already the cost of production has been cut from two thousand dollars a cubic foot to seventy dollars a thousand cubic feet. The fabrics from which the balloons are being made are also being studied. The handling and treatment of boiler waters in locomotives is very important. It is probable, however, that most of the future rail transportation will be electrical. This brings up the power problem. There is a possibility of using mercury and sulphur vapor in power generation. Only recently an announcement appeared in which a method of power generation using mercury vapor for driving turbines was advanced.

Research in metals is being carried on in the development of new alloys, that is, combinations of metals which show properties different from those of the constituent metals. As has been mentioned, in the construction of aeroplanes combinations of metals are being tried out to see which gives the greatest lightness along with sufficient strength. An addition of five to ten per cent. of magnesium, along with small quantities of other metals, to aluminum, gives an alloy almost as light as aluminum and almost as strong as steel. Better kinds of steel for specialized purposes are being developed. The properties of the steel depend upon the amount and kinds of substances added to the iron and to the treatment. Corrosion studies are being carried out, not only in connection with rusting but also in



the case of metals exposed to acids and alkalies. Methods for detection of flaws in metals are being worked out. Metals become fatigued, that is, they tend to become brittle and break to pieces after being used a certain time. This tendency can be reduced to a minimum by proper treatment, preparation, and composition of the metal. At present over fifty metals are known but only half of these are put to any practical use. Who can tell what useful purpose some of the now worthless ones may serve in the future?

In the textile industry the biggest advances are being made in the production of silk and wool substitutes. The duPont Company claims to have a substitute for wool which is just as good and which can be produced much cheaper. Artificial silks have been on the market for some time. The trend of the work now is to produce a cheaper and stronger product. Steps are being taken to utilize to better advantage the lower grades of cotton, now for the most part useless for fiber purposes. The possibility of using various fibers, now for the most part useless, is being studied. Many plants which at present are economically useless from a fiber standpoint may in the future be grown for fiber production.

A subject about which practically nothing is known is catalysis. A catalytic agent is defined as some substance which causes a chemical reaction to take place without itself entering into the reaction. Catalytic agents are required in the production of ammonia from the air, the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and in many other processes. Why do they cause the reaction to take place? What other reaction may be possible if the proper catalytic agent is found? This field is not often thought of in connection with chemical development, but in reality it is one of the most important and one in which we may look for unusual developments.

One of the most spectacular lines of work is that being carried on by the War Department of the United States and other countries. This takes in the field of explosives, poison gas, production of smoke screens, and the many other chemical reactions made use of in the conduct of war. This work is always more or less before the public eye, but a great deal of it is secret and one may never know what Uncle Sam may have up his sleeve unless another war forces him to show all his tricks.

One of the biggest fields is that of medicine. The bacteriologist and pathologist have reached the point where they must turn to chemistry for the solution of many of their most important problems. The functions of the body are all based on chemical reactions. Disease can usually be attached from a chemical standpoint. Bayliss, the great physiologist of England, states that we must refer, as far as possible, all the phenomena of life to the laws of chemistry and physics. The chemist is called upon in the preparation of specific drugs. And when we stop to consider that the annual drug bill of the United States is five hundred million dollars we see the magnitude of the field. Salvarsan, a product of chemical research in co-operation with medicine, did more in the first four years after its discovery for the elimination of one of the social diseases than was accomplished in four centuries of hygiene and education. Certain drugs contain only a small amount of the curative product and a large amount of injurious matter. It is the task of the chemist to isolate the active principle and produce a drug free of the injurious matter. Cocaine was found to be a complex chemical compound, only certain parts of which gave the beneficial anaesthetic effect. The remainder was injurious to the body and rendered the use of cocaine somewhat dangerous. By studying and analyzing the compound the chemist was able to make procaine, as good an anaesthetic as cocaine and without its injurious properties. A modification of quinine has been found which will destroy the germs of pneumonia in laboratory tests. It is still too poisonous to be used in the treatment of the disease, but it will probably be only a matter of time until it will be used for this purpose. Some of the sedatives, the pain-destroying drugs, have the curse of being habit-forming. Morphine falls in this group. Chemistry has separated from morphine a substance called codeine, as good a sedative as morphine, and with less habit-forming properties. Much work of a similar nature is being done in the field of the habit-forming drugs.

Then, too, the chemist must study the complicated chemical changes continually taking place in the body. The body is a chemical factory. When the reactions are normal we enjoy good health, but when they become abnormal we have one of the direct causes of disease. Gout, diabetes, goiter, and many other serious disorders

are due to abnormal chemical reactions in the body. By studying these reactions the chemist can determine the conditions favorable for normal action and hence work out methods for keeping the body healthy, or for restoring proper conditions in case of disorders. In many cases these reactions are brought about by catalytic agents, a subject already referred to. In the digestive tract we have the saliva, pepsin, and other digestive juices. These are catalytic agents whose function it is to convert the food we eat into a form in which it can be used by the body for nourishment. In the case of abnormal production of these juices we have digestive disorders. Then there are the secretions from the ductless glands, as the suprarenals and thyroid glands. Study has proven that these secretions often have a beneficial action on the body in preventing some and curing other diseases and body disorders. Little is known about them and the study is in its infancy. The most recent result of work in this field has been the discovery of insulin, a secretion of the pancreas, which appears to be a remedy for diabetes. Since its discovery it has been found in certain plant tissues. The work of the chemist is not only to separate these active substances from the glands, but to analyse them and prepare them in sufficient quantities so that they can be used by the masses in combatting disease. Another great line of work is the study of infectious diseases. These diseases are caused by small organisms whose destructive action is due to the secretion of definite chemical compounds detrimental to the body. These substances must be studied and remedies provided. The most ef-

fective weapon in fighting germ diseases is by the introduction of some substance into the body. Typhoid fever is combatted in this manner. The isolation and study of the active principle in these substances is a field little touched. At present many of these substances contain much that is harmful to the body and hence their use is limited and attended with danger. A discussion of what chemistry is seeking to achieve in the line of medicine would be a volume in itself.

The subjects discussed are merely a few of the many problems being attacked by chemists. The rubber industry might be mentioned. Must we depend upon importations for our crude rubber or shall it be made chemically at home? The treatment of rubber for its many specialized purposes is a big field. The production of new and better forms of glass is important. There is no pottery that will withstand heat greater than that of the electric arc. How soon will the ceramic expert produce a clay product which will not melt or volatilize at extremely high temperatures? When he does produce such will open an opportunity for the study of a series of high-temperature reactions, heretofore impossible. The dye industry was built up in a short time when our dye supply was cut off from Germany. The work still goes on, now being principally concerned with the production of cheaper intermediates, the basic substances from which dyes are made. Then there is the paint industry, the production of artificial ivory, ore reduction, metal refining, and many other subjects too numerous to mention.

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# A TRICK of MEMORY

Got this man into serious difficulties while seeking romance in Washington. *E. R. PATTERSON* proves that romance has only to be looked for.

WE WERE returning from an early evening stroll along the picturesque and romantic Potomac, which flows so lazily along the sunny southern outskirts of Washington. There was something about the river with its green, low-lying banks, its myriad of tiny blue ripples, and the graceful lines of the narrow strips of sand along its banks, which always caused a feeling of romance to sweep over me. Perhaps it is so because the river has always been linked traditionally with the fashionable society of Northern Virginia, which has for ages lived, fought, and died along its banks. Or perhaps the reason lies in the fact that one of the greatest nations on earth, my fatherland, had been founded and was governed by people who lived in the district which is traversed by the scenic stream. Whatever the cause might have been, the curious emotion was sweeping over me tonight.

A man's words follow his thoughts, and our conversation drifted naturally into the age old channel—that of Romance. My companion, who had lived in the city since childhood, seemed not to be affected by the beautiful scene which a colorful afterglow had produced on the limpid waters.

"Oh! What dramas of love and life have been enacted near that aristocratic old river," I said to him.

"You are correct when you said 'have been.'" he said cynically. A shade of gloom spread over his face and he hesitated.

"But why could I not have said 'is being enacted,'" I hastily replied. "There's as much romance in the world as there ever has been." We had left the drive which ran alongside the river and turned into one of the fashionable residential avenues of South Washington. The stately homes on either side of the street were white and beautiful in the glare of the arc lamps which had just come on. The street was quiet, except for a few idle strollers like ourselves, it was deserted.

"No," continued McDonald, "there's no romance in this prosaic age of ours. I have lived

in Washington all my life now, and nothing unusual has happened to me yet; it's all humdrum, and material, and normal. A romantic adventure in Washington today is almost impossible."

I was silent for an interval after my friend had made this cynical statement. A scheme had entered my mind, a daring scheme that made my step quicker and my heart beat faster. It was a foolish idea, an idea for a fanatic, yet my pulse quickened at the thought of the adventures it might bring. Perhaps it was my extraordinary mood which brought it about, for in a moment my mind was made up and I turned to my friend.

"You say there are no adventures to be found in Washington," I said, stopping him. "Now, I am ready to disprove your words. On either side of this street there are rich mansions, and neither of us know their owners. I will bet twenty-five dollars that I can enter one of these houses, send in a fictitious card, and appear at our rooms before midnight with a true story that you will admit is an adventure."

"Who is to be the judge?" my friend asked.

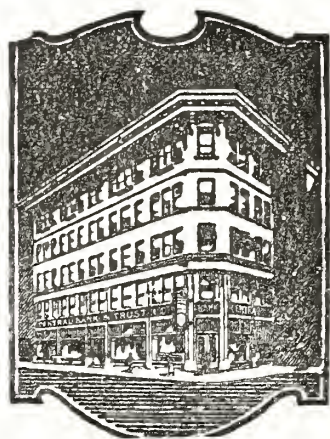
"You may be," I answered him.

"I'll take the bet," McDonald said. "I only hope, though, that you won't be turned over to the authorities."

"Don't worry," I replied, "I'll see you again before midnight."

I walked a few more blocks and then I stopped to gaze at the houses around me. Which one should I enter? I wanted to have a story for McDonald but the pure rashness of such an act that I was about to perform caused me to hesitate. There was only one way to solve the question and that was by chance, so I took a coin from my pocket. I was standing before two stone houses; if the coin fell face up, I would enter the house on my right; otherwise I would enter the one to my left. I threw the coin, but when it came down, it bounded out of my hand and fell to the cement sidewalk. I picked it up and tossed it into the air again. For the second time the coin fell from my hand to the sidewalk. What was the matter with my hands?

## As Potent Now As In 1776



GENERAL Harry Lee said to George Washington: "We are amazed at the amount of work you can get through." His answer was: "Sir, I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done while others sleep." Washington went to bed at nine in all seasons.

B. C. Forbes, modern judge of business conditions, recently advised folk "to go in less for late, devitalizing hours and utilize more the creative hours of the morning."

The Central Bank and Trust Company, of Asheville, N. C., is on the job early every day to further interests of students. It is ever ready to aid young people starting in business.

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THE  
CENTRAL  
BANK & TRUST CO.

South Pack Square

When I stooped the second time to obtain the coin, a man came out from the house on my right, walked down the brick walk, and met me as I straightened up. The man was rather old, and would have been tall if his shoulders had not born a marked hump. He had a sombre complexion, wore a black, unkempt beard and his dark eyes, almost surrounded by shaggy eyebrows, seemed to send shafts of suspicion through me.

"Lost something, my friend?" the man asked in a deep, emotionless voice.

"Yes—well, I had," I stammered, "Just a piece of silver money. I have just recovered it, though."

He gazed at me for ten seconds with those black piercing eyes. They suggested to me the eyes of a Polish hypnotist I had seen once—dreamy, ominous, but strikingly clear in the uncertain light of the arc lamps. They seemed to express his thoughts as clearly as words could have done, and my whole plan seemed to have been laid open before this strange man.

The old man uttered two words and continued walking up the street.

"Good luck!" he said.

I was amazed. What did the words mean! Had he read my plan as clearly as one would read a book, or did the words concern the lost coin? The two words, 'good luck,' were very appropriate for a man in my situation. I certainly hoped for good luck in my venture.

As a result of this weird encounter thrown with the mysterious stranger, the question that had been debating with the coin seemed to be settled. For some unfathomable reason I decided to go to the house from which the man had just departed. Trusting to his words, I turned into the brick walk.

Before me was a large stone building with a small porch on each side of which rose a Grecian pillar; lights burned on either side of the steps, and a bright glare was thrown around the big hardwood door. I stepped up and pressed the electric button. A moment later I was admitted into the hall, and a silent servant took my hat and overcoat. I was then shown into a richly furnished drawing room, and the servant presented a silver card tray, I felt for my card case, and took out a blank card. Taking out my pen, I paused a moment. What should the name be? Then I wrote Charles G. Maynard, and gave the



card to the waiting servant. After the man had gone I remembered with a start where I had heard that name before. It was that of a man whom I had seen dead by his own hand in the famous casino at Monte Carlo. I recalled with a shudder how I had seen him lying on the hard glazed floor, the blood oozing slowly from a hole in his white vest, with the astounded crowd and the uniformed French policemen gesticulating over his limp form.

But the fact that there has been a man by that name was not so startling. There was something else which caused me to form some explanation of why I had recalled that name. The man who had killed himself resembled me in his personal appearance. One of my friends had remarked about this as they were carrying the man out. This situation must have made an indelible impression on my mind. It was the only explanation I could conjure as to why this one name should come out of the vague memories of the past just at this moment. I considered this no cause for fear because the chance of anyone in the house knowing the dead man personally would be very, very rare. My thoughts were interrupted by the servant entering the room.

"Miss Stanton will be glad to see Mr. Maynard in a moment," he announced, and withdrew quietly.

What could it mean? Had the impossible happened? Could it be that I had entered the home of an acquaintance of the man I knew to be dead? If not, what could the words of the servant mean? Had the Miss Stanton, whoever she was, known the real Maynard? If so, what should I do? These questions and a hundred others flashed through my mind as I waited for the lady. I started to slip away, but pride forbade. How McDonald would jeer if I returned to him without the semblance of a story! No, I would see the adventure to the end, play my part the best I could, and trust the outcome to fate.

I heard a quick step and the rustle of skirts in the hall. The space between the sliding doors was darkened and a woman hurried in. She was small, dark and exquisitely beautiful. I rose as she entered, and a moment later she was in my arms, laughing and sobbing on my breast. I held her where she lay, and gazed down upon her dark head, wondering what it all meant.

"Oh, Charles, I knew you would come! The old fortune-teller just told me so. But it has

been so long, so very long, and I felt that my heart would break. Did you really think I was angry? Didn't you know that I would forgive you, Charles?"

For the first time she looked into my face, and I waited breathlessly for the inevitable recognition. But it did not come. There was no doubt in the beautiful eye raised to mine. There was only perplexed happiness.

"Ah, you too, have suffered, Charles," she said softly. "You have changed so much that I hardly know you. But why do you look so troubled and surprised? Do you doubt my forgiveness?"

I released her, and stepped back a little.

"Miss Stanton—," I began hesitatingly.

She paled at my cold and shaking voice, and pressed a trembling hand over her heart.

"Miss Stanton?" she said in a low voice. "I used to be Ruth, Charles."

"But you do not understand. I—"

With a quick movement she was by me again, and she held my arms in her white fingers, her eyes gazing searchingly into mine.

"Oh!" she cried, her voice almost breaking, "why do you look at me so strangely? Surely you have not ceased to love me!"

A curious feeling that the events of the evening had thrown over me was renewed with a wave of emotion. I forgot what I was doing, that I was a gentleman,—everything but those dark, passionate eyes.

"No," I cried fervently, "no, I shall never cease to love you, Ruth. I know this time."

"I knew you would be true, Charles," she murmured with her head against my shoulder, "I knew you would always be true."

We went over to a divan and sat down. Her head was resting on my shoulder, and my arm was about her slim waist. The perfume from her hair intoxicated me like some enchanted liquor brewed by fairies and elves in beautiful valleys where brooks babble and shepherds play mellow woodland tunes.

"It has been so long," she said. "Why did you stay so long, Charles, when you knew that I was longing for you to return and be forgiven?"

"At first it was pride," I found my self saying. I don't know what made me say these words. I hesitated but finally continued with some imaginative story. "Then I could not come. I went to England to leave forever the city of sweet memories. From England I went

to Florence, and there the Italian Government held me as an Austrian spy. All my days and nights I was thinking of you, and planning to escape. It seemed ages before I finally got away, and I came to you as quickly as possible."

"Oh, you poor boy! And I thought you were cruel and didn't respect my opinion of you in the least. Can you ever forgive me, Charles? Sometimes I prayed for you to return, and sometimes I thought that my heart would break. But always there remained the slight hope and the weird old fortune-teller assured me tonight."

I drew her nearer; and in my very being there was a passionate desire to carry her far, far away to the same valley of fairies and mellow music. There she would be mine and the world with all its silly convention could not come between us.

We sat on the divan and the hands of the great mahogany clock in the corner of the room moved slowly around to the eleven-fifteen mark. Then I rose reluctantly to go and she accompanied me to the hall.

"You will return tomorrow?" she asked with a smile of mingled pleading and surety.

I gazed down into her happy face, and I had an overwhelming desire to tell her that I would return. The hours had put away some of that curious feeling of romance and adventure and I

had come into my former sense of reason. Then there came to me the mental picture of the man lying dead on the floor of that great gambling resort in far away Monaco, and my duty became obvious. I would tell her a lie and write a letter of explanation on the following day.

"Yes," I answered, "I will come tomorrow evening."

I held her to me one last moment in the small vestibule. Then I left the house and walked down the brick walk. When I turned down the sidewalk, I met that same strange man whom I had seen in the early part of the evening. He must have been the fortune teller of whom the girl had spoken. When he drew close he gave me another quizzical look and laughed dryly. It sounded to me like a laugh of triumph.

When I entered our rooms, McDonald was sitting in an easy chair, reading and smoking quietly. I dropped down into the other chair and gazed dejectedly at the picture of Napoleon at Elba which hung over the mantle.

"Well," said McDonald, "have you an adventure to relate?"

I felt in my pocket and pulled out two ten dollar bills and one five and handed them to McDonald.

"I have nothing to tell," I answered.

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HENRY R. FULLER, in his Article

## Taking The University to the State

Tells how the Extension Division has enlarged the campus to 33,552,640 acres

ACCORDING to the latest figures there are now 33,552,640 acres in the campus of the University of North Carolina. Not long ago three minutes were thought to be sufficient for passing between the most widely separated class rooms; but now it is best to take a Pullman when making such a journey, for this fall one would have to go from Shelby to Roanoke Rapids. The State is the campus.

The University Extension Division came into existence in 1912 during the presidency of Edward Kidder Graham. The purpose of the new division, then known as a Department, was "to take the University to the State," to give every man or woman in North Carolina who could not go to college an opportunity to receive some instruction and service from the University. There are now thirteen bureaus carrying on many kinds of work, touching not only every county in the State but also many other states and countries. During the last three years it has made tremendous strides in the scope and usefulness of its work under the directorship of Chester D. Snell.

Last year 1277 students from "Manteo to Murphy" were enrolled in extension classes or correspondence courses of the University, a number three times as large as that of the preceding year and as large as the entire student body not many years ago. Of this number 901 were enrolled in extension classes taught in person by the instructors, and 376 in correspondence courses.

Extension classes are formed in any town in the State where fifteen or more people request it, as far as the resources of the University permit. Formerly the classes were held principally in cities near Chapel Hill, as the regular professors could give only a limited amount of their time to extension work, and many requests of more distant cities for classes had to be refused. This year, however, the experiment of employing full time instructors to teach extension classes and correspondence courses has been tried out.

Dr. E. R. Mosher, formerly acting president of the Montana State Normal College, was secured for full time extension work with the rank of professor of education in the School of Education. If this policy is continued and expanded, the University will be able to meet the needs of the most distant communities. The classes meet one evening a week for sixteen weeks, and the work done is equivalent to that of a course of residence work. Last year 45 classes were given in 31 towns and cities distributed from Waynesville to Washington. Most of the students enrolled were school teachers, but business men, social workers, club women, and others were also enrolled.

The correspondence courses are taken by people of all ages and occupations. One grandmother took Mr. Hibbard's course in short story writing so that she might be able to write stories for her grandchildren. Others in that class have had the pleasure of "seeing themselves in print" and also more than paid for the expense of their course by selling their stories to the *Greensboro Daily News*. Farmers, ministers, army officers and their wives, club women, social workers, a bank cashier, bank and postal clerks, and others have taken advantage of the fifty-six courses offered by the University for study by mail. About two thirds, however, are school teachers who wish to raise the grades of their teaching certificates. About two thirds of the total number are women. Although most of the students are in North Carolina, there are some in many states, such as Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Ohio.

The standards of both extension classes and correspondence courses are very high and credit towards the A. B. degree are given for all courses offered, to students who can meet the entrance requirements of the University.

In commenting upon the proved success of correspondence study, the extension bulletin quotes this from the *University of Texas Bulle-*

tin: ". . . correspondence study offers substantial advantages. In correspondence instruction the teaching is entirely individual; each student comes into individual relation with the instructor in a way impossible in a crowded classroom. He recites the whole of every lesson with a consequent advantage to himself that is obvious. Full opportunity is given to discuss all difficulties in writing, and this written discussion in itself affords valuable training. Further, a correspondence student is not hampered by the usual time regulations."

Some students might question the advantage of "reciting the whole of every lesson."

Another form of extension teaching is the holding of post graduate medical courses throughout the State. Last year these were held in twenty-four cities and were attended by 381 physicians.

Are you interested in Greek Drama or Irish plays, in Bolshevism and industrial Relations or Psychoses and Anti-Social Behavior? Is your community in need of a speaker for commencement or the Kiwanis Club banquet or that Farmers' Convention? Then remember that in such

cases the extension division is an ever present help in time of trouble and write to the lecture bureau for the most available speaker. Every two years the lecture bureau publishes a booklet containing a list of special lectures that various members of the faculty are prepared to give. The last booklet contained descriptive titles of 275 lectures. Last year the bureau arranged for 124 lectures which were delivered in 92 communities to a total of about 47,500 people.

The work of the bureau of high school debating and athletics under the leadership of Mr. E. R. Rankin is too well known to need much description. The annual triangular debates, in which 250 high schools participated last year, the annual inundation of Chapel Hill with winning debaters to battle for the Aycock Cup, the State track meet and tennis tournament at Chapel Hill and the contests for determining the high school champions of the State in football, basketball and baseball, are all familiar. Not so colorful or of such popular interest, but of great importance to high school athletics in the State, as the coaching school for high school coaches. The second of these was conducted at the University last summer from August 29 until September 8 by coaches "Bob" and "Bill" Fetzer. Thirty men from four states received instruction in football, baseball, basketball, track and tennis.

The second annual high school essay contest was also held last year, the subject being "The Influence of Good Roads Upon the Religious Life of My Community." A typewriting contest is held annually and plans are being made for instituting an annual contest in high school journalism.

If you want to know how many cattle there are in Edgecombe county, the bureau of public discussion will be glad to count them for you—or at least give you the result of somebody else's counting. If you belong to a woman's club, don't fail to write the bureau for programs and study guides. Or if you are participating in a high school debate, write the bureau for a bulletin and a package library on your subject.

The bureau of public discussion is not an information bureau, yet it answers an ever increasing number of letters asking for information of all kinds. Most of its work depends upon its package library section. A package library consists of pamphlets, clippings and books on a given subject assembled in a convenient form for

*As the University  
of North Carolina leads the  
South in education;  
so does*

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
CAFETERIA

*lead "Carolina" in good food  
and excellent service*

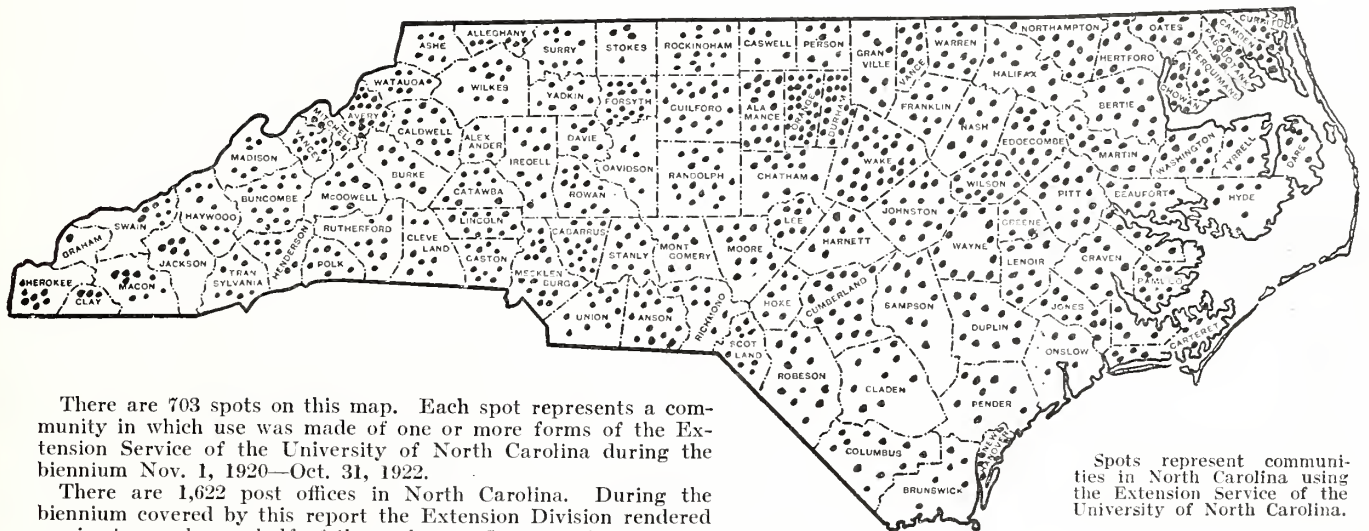


mailing. Hundreds of these have been assembled and are sent out on request together with books from the extension library and the main University library. The bureau renders much service to club women, for whom it has printed programs and suggestive studies prepared by members of the faculty. These studies were used last year by 400 clubs. The subjects, arranged in the order of their relative popularity, are: Southern Literature, Contemporary Literature, Modern Drama, American Literature, Our Heritage, Literature of Today, American Art, and Citizenship. They have been used not only in North Carolina, but also in many other states

but the purpose is the same. Professor Koch is the director of the bureau, and Miss Elizabeth Taylor, who was an accomplished "Playmaker," was the State representative until last June. Miss Ethel T. Rockwell now serves as the State representative. During the last year the bureau has assisted 292 towns in ways varying from suggesting and loaning plays to the personal direction of plays by the State representative. Recently Miss Rockwell directed the production of three one-act plays in Charlotte to a capacity house, selecting the plays and casts, making the scenery and costumes, and producing the plays, in the brief space of ten days. This, however,

### "SERVICE TO THE STATE"

*The University of North Carolina: University Extension Division*



from New Jersey to California. The bureau supplies books from the University library for the suggested studies.

The greatest amount of material, however, is sent to the schools of the State,—last year 2,645 packages. For the assistance of the high school debaters a bulletin was published on "The Enforcement of the Decisions of the United States Labor Board."

The Bureau of Community Drama may be said to attempt to repeat on a smaller scale throughout the State what the Carolina Playmakers are doing in the University. The scale is much smaller and the scope more restricted in the individual schools or organizations assisted,

was rushing things more than she ordinarily prefers. Often the representative visits the community merely to give advice and to plan the production or to finish the production after it is already under way, or to give special instruction in folk-dancing, make-up or stage crafts. Thirty-five addresses were made by Professor Koch or the representative in the interest of community drama.

The calls upon the bureau have become so numerous that it has become impossible to fill half of them. Because of this great demand, a North Carolina Dramatic Association has been formed for the purpose of promoting permanent dramatic clubs throughout the State. It is hoped

to have a State-wide drama-festival week in the Spring, and also a dramatic institute in Chapel Hill for the leaders and directors.

In this brief and rather fragmentary review of the work of the extension division, but slight mention can be made of the other eight bureaus. The bureau of economic and social surveys, working through the department of rural social economics, has for years been making studies of economic and social conditions in the State and in individual counties. Last year it published the only book ever written on the problem of the landless farmer, a work which called forth editorial comment all over the State and influenced investigative legislation by the last General Assembly.

Concerning the *News Letter*, which now has a circulation of 16,000, the following is quoted from Collier's Magazine: "Once a week for nearly ten years every doctor, lawyer, banker, preacher, teacher, editor, office-holder, and every known forward-looking citizen in the commonwealth has been getting a little five-column, one-page sheet called the University of North Carolina *News Letter*. This tells with embarrassing

frankness exactly what is wrong in the State and how it can be remedied."

Thousands of letters asking for information on an indefinite variety of subjects are answered by the department every year.

The bureau of municipal information and research was organized for the purpose of aiding town and city governments. The North Carolina Municipal Association has requested a full-time man for this work.

The bureau of educational service and research has stimulated and directed research in the school of the State involving 10,000 high school students, and has distributed thousands of intelligence and achievement tests. Hundreds of letters have been answered.

If you wish to invest your surplus wealth, consult the bureau of commercial and industrial relations, which furnishes lectures, expert advice, and information for the manufacturing, banking and commercial interests and organizations of the State. This fall it helped to establish a monthly publication entitled North Carolina Commerce and Industry, which has received favorable comment within and without the State.

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# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor. Published by the  
University of North Carolina Publications Union

Old Series Vol. 54

Number 6

New Series Vol. 41

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Articles in the MAGAZINE are not necessarily the opinion of the editor of the publication.

Address all communications to the *Editor or Business Manager*, CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill North Carolina.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1923.



MICHAEL FARADAY  
1791-1867

Apprentice to an English book-binder. Attracted the attention of Sir Humphrey Davy, becoming his assistant. "The greatest experimentalist of all times," says one biographer. The electrical unit Farad was named for him.



In 1880 the Edison Electric Illuminating Company, of New York City, installed a generator of 1200 lamps capacity, then considered a giant. By continuous experimentation and research the General Electric Company has developed generators 900 times as powerful as this wonder of forty years ago.

## "What's the use of it?"

Michael Faraday saw the real beginning of the age of electricity nearly a century ago when he thrust a bar magnet into a coil of wire connected with a galvanometer and made the needle swing.

Gladstone, watching Faraday at work in his laboratory, asked, "What's the use of it?" The experimenter jestingly replied, "There is every probability that you will soon be able to tax it." The world-wide use of electricity that has followed the Faraday discovery abundantly justifies the retort to Gladstone.

Faraday's theory of lines of force is constantly applied in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company in devising new electrical apparatus of which Faraday never dreamed. Every generator and motor is an elaboration of the simple instruments with which he first discovered and explained induction.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC





# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

March, 1924



We have long thought *E. R. PATTERSON* to be the best short story writer in the Sophomore Class. This is

## THE TEST

THE sun was setting. Golden streamers were shooting across the sparsely grass-covered sand dunes and playing on the low billows rolling in from a quiet sea. The azure sky was changing into a copper-hued canopy spotted here and there with gold tinted clouds, which hung lazily in the still atmosphere. Slowly the carmine disk sank and the flaming arc decreased until it disappeared suddenly below the inland horizon. In the fading after-glow the struggling bunches of wild grass growing in the sand became dark, sombre blotches. The stark timbers of some long forgotten ship, protruding from the damp sand of the shore, blended swiftly against the western sky and then disappeared. Total darkness spread everywhere. The early stars increased in brightness until they began to be reflected on the tops of the moving breakers. But their brightness was short-lived, for a yellow moon, heralded by a colorful hue glowing over the black expanse of waves, rose in the East with the same slow surety with which the sun had gone down in the West. A golden ribbon of reflection lengthened across the sea, blending rhythmically with the rise and fall of the billows. As if not to be outdone by any margin at all, the great satellite, smiling and full replaced the light of the day with soft and silvery sheens of moonlight.

Along the strip of sand lying between the lowest dunes and the sea itself, a man walked. He was walking rather briskly, and his shoes crunched in the damp sand with an almost machine-like regularity. He seemed to be unconscious of the beautiful scene around him, and his head was bent towards the ground as if he were in deep thought. For ten minutes he walked parallel with the edge of the water; then he turned ab-

ruptly toward the dunes. As he began to climb the miniature foothills, his step grew slower and when he reached the top of the highest dune he stopped entirely.

For the first time he held his head erect and gazed out across the silver capped waves. The man resembled a chiselled statue as he stood on the top of the dune, his profile standing out clearly against the moon and his white linen apparel gleaming in the flood of moonlight. He was tall, very erect, and well proportioned. He was hatless; his curly hair became fringed with a silver edge as the moonbeams sifted through it. His face might have been the marble work of some great sculptor, so well were his features proportioned. A prominent chin, a high forehead and a slightly Roman nose were in complete harmony with the makeup of his clean cut countenance.

For several minutes he stood thus, outlined against the moonlit sky. Then he turned slowly, as if reluctant to leave the scenic panorama, and began to walk down the opposite slope of the dunes with the same brisk gait as before. After another short walk he had left the dunes and had come to the shore of a quiet oval lagoon surrounded by low sandbanks on which stunted pines and palmettos struggled for life. At one end of the lagoon a small log cabin, set well back from the edge of the water, was situated. Directly in front of the cabin a small wharf extended over the water. At the other end of the small body of water, a narrow outlet opened into the sound, which lay between dunes and mainland.

The man walked straight to the cabin, entered, and returned in a short time with a lighted lantern which he carried to the jetty. When he had set the lantern down he walked back to the shore and stood alert, as if listening for some sound

other than the occasional splash of an energetic fish and the low moan of the surf on the other side of the dunes.

Presently he was rewarded, for there came the dull, put-put, of a gasoline launch from somewhere on the sound beyond the mouth of the lagoon, almost inaudible at first, but becoming more and more distinct as the moments went by. Sound is transmitted long distances over water, so the man lighted a cigarette and sat down on the sand. For half an hour the steady throbbing sound of the engine increased; then a pale light appeared in the mouth of the lagoon and the moonlight sparkled on the tops of the waves sent out from the sides of a small motorboat. The man on the sand rose and walked to the end of the jetty.

When the motorboat drew up alongside the wharf, a deep staccato voice hailed the man on the platform.

"Dat you', Mista' Charley?"

"Certainly, Jim," answered the white man. "Who else did you expect to find here?"

"No un' 'specially," answered the negro, as he stepped lightly from the boat to the wharf.

"Have you brought my mail?" asked the white man.

"Yeah, an' a heap o' other things dat' yo' pappy done sent yo'," came the answer. "He sho' am good to yo'. He done sent some rashuns which is fit fo' a king. Yo' mammy's been cooking dese heah cakes all day. Boy, yo' ought to be sompin' proud of dis trip."

"Well, give me my mail and bring the supplies to the cabin," ordered Mr. Charley. "You can use this lantern. I'll go on up."

The negro stepped back into the launch and handed a big leather bag to the white man, who swung it over his shoulder and walked to the cabin. Once on the inside he lit a large oil lamp on a dingy table, opened the bag and began to tear open and read the letters. The table at which the man sat was partly covered with writing paper, some sheets written on and others blank. A row of handsomely bound books, held together by two bronze book-ends, occupied the other space. On top of these books lay a Bible—worn

and dirty, as if it had been used constantly. The other furnishings of the room were meagre. A rusty stove stood in one corner and a cot stood in the opposite end. The ceiling was low and the boards of which it was made were cracked and warped.

The man read most of the letters hastily, but he stopped when he drew out a small, dark blue envelope addressed in a back-slanting feminine handwriting. The expression on his face changed suddenly as he held the envelope between his fingers; he seemed to be meditating whether or not to open it. His face wore a look of sadness at first; then a faint smile of doubtful joy spread over it, as he slowly tore off the end of the envelope and withdrew the letter. The letter was short and the man read it again and again. Finally he replaced it in the envelope and muttered a single sentence: "Ah, the finest girl in all the world."

Then there was a heavy step on the door sill, and a giant negro entered the room, stooping so that his head would not strike the rough boards of the ceiling. He carried a large box filled with wrapped packages and cans of all sizes. The negro was shabbily dressed in a pair of dirty white breeches and a faded blue shirt. His claw-like toes protruded from splits in his worn shoes and short kinky hair protruded under a black felt hat.

"Who dat yo' talkin' to?" he asked.

"Oh, nobody," answered the white man. "I was just thinking aloud. Put the supplies over by the stove."

The negro gazed quizzically at the man by the table, but did as he was told and returned to the door. "Dey's a heap mo' to come, Mista Charley," he said, as if making an excuse for his return. Mr. Charley gazed at the negro's broad shoulders receding into the moonlight and smiled.

Then he drew out a newspaper and began to read the headlines. After scanning the front page, he turned the sheet and began reading the second. Something in the printed columns caught his attention and he lowered his head slightly. Mr. Charley was very interested, for the title words of the article bore his name. He



folded the paper in order that the light might shine on it better and read:

## CHARLES THOMPSON IS STILL MISSING

Father Refuses to Give Any Information Regarding His Son, Except He Is Safe

Charleston, May 28.—The whereabouts of Charles G. Thompson, Jr., prominent local banker's son, is still unknown, according to all his former friends of this city. His father, C. G. Thompson, refuses to discuss the matter with any of the news reporters, though he says that his son is safe and in good keeping. The younger Thompson left Charleston on the fifteenth of April of this year, after a trial for manslaughter in which he was the defendant. Although he was found not guilty by a jury of local men, he seemed to be very much affected by the trial and left the city in a motor launch the next day. The whole affair retains somewhat a mysterious air, and the public seems to be absolutely in the dark as to the reason for his action.

The charge against Mr. Thompson was brought about as a result of an automobile wreck, in which Ruth Jennings, a popular young lady of this city, was badly injured, and in which Mabel, twelve-year-old sister of Ruth, was killed instantly. Mr. Thompson was driving the car at the time the wreck occurred, and although the automobile was totally demolished, he was not injured to any great extent. The wreck occurred on the Savannah road near the old Davis place. The cause is unknown, but it is supposed that something about the steering apparatus went wrong and the car ran off the road which was banked on either side.

Miss Jennings's father immediately brought the charge of manslaughter against Thompson and he was placed under a \$15,000 bond, which was stood by his father. The fact that the defendant left after the trial in which he was found innocent of the charge adds mystery to the whole affair. It is rumored that Thompson was seen in Jacksonville, Fla., but there is no evidence to substantiate the rumor.

The man at the table was disturbed again by the heavy step of the negro bringing in supplies. The negro brought nothing this time but after he had put the box down, he walked slowly to the door, casting furtive glances at his employer. When he reached the door, he hung back as if afraid to go out into the darkness.

Thompson placed the paper on the table and gazed up at the negro.

"What is the matter with you, Jim," he asked "You act as if you were afraid the Ku Klux Klan was after you."

"I ain't scared of nothing, Mista' Charley," said the negro, "But I hates to go ten miles back to Charleston in the night time. I don't know

them bars and inlets like I allus did. I'se gittin' old and it seems like I forgits terribly much now."

Charles Thompson smiled at the negro's excuse for inborn fear and superstition of the darkness, and said to him:

"Well, Jim, you needn't go back tonight. You can throw a blanket on the floor and stay with me if you like. But tie the boat good and be sure to cover the engine."

"Yas suh, yas suh," answered the delighted negro with a broad grin which showed his gleaming white teeth. "I sho' am much obliged to yo'. Yo's de same boy I used to roll 'round in a carriage. Yo'se got de biggest heart ob any man in South Ca'lina. I'll be right back as soon as I kiver up de engine."

The negro left the room and Thompson picked up the paper and continued to read.

In a few minutes, Jim returned, and to the surprise of Thompson, he was carrying a turn of driftwood.

"What are you going to do with that wood?" asked the white man curiously.

"I'se gittin' sort'a chillish," answered the negro. "Do yo' care if I kindle up a little fire?"

Thompson, knowing that a negro was almost a worshipper of fire and wanted one in any kind of weather, especially if darkness had fallen, gave his assent. The negro bustled around a few minutes and soon had a cheerful blaze going in the small stove in the corner of the room. Then he sat down on a box, pulled out an aged corn cob pipe and soon had the room filled with the odor of cheap tobacco. The room grew silent except for the crackling of the burning wood and the rattling of the newspaper which Thompson was reading.

The white man finished the paper and pulled out more letters. Jim watched every move he made like a faithful dog; he seemed to be very proud of the fact that his employer thought enough of his company to allow him to sit in the same room. After puffing away with the pipe awhile, the negro shifted his position on the box and asked a question.

"Is yo' read in that paper 'bout de strange ship outside the harbor, Mista' Charley?" he asked.

Thompson looked from his paper to the negro. He had read about an English schooner an-

chored outside the three-mile limit, but he was curious to know what tale the negro would tell about it.

"No," he answered. "What about it, Jim? There's not a pirate ship threatening the city as they used to do in Blackbeard's time, is there?"

"Lord, Mista' Charley. Ain't yo' never goin' to forgit 'bout dat ol' Blackbeard I used to tell yo' bout?" exclaimed the negro. "But dis here ship ain't no pirate ship. Dey say it's carrying licker"—he lowered his voice—"an' I tell yo', Mista' Charley, I'm scared dey's goin' to be trouble on de beach. I seed a boat full ob de wust lookin' men I eber see when I came over hear dis ebening. . . Mista' Charley! What's dat? Did yo' hear sompin'?"

The negro stood up trembling. His eyes grew into great white balls and he began to look around the room in dread. "I heard sompin' like a bow whine! G-good Gawd a'mighty!"

At this moment, Thompson jumped also. There was a tremendous crash of splintering wood and breaking glass. A second followed in which nothing could be heard but the moaning of the surf. Then there came an agonizing cry from somewhere outside the cabin. The white man rushed to the door, pulled it open and looked out upon the moonlit shore of the lagoon. The negro remained by the stove, shaking and muttering in fear.

On the shore of the lagoon lay a shapeless pile of wood, canvas, and glass, which had once been a seaplane. The machine had dived headlong into the sand, and the tail rudder and part of the fuselage stood up straight, reflecting on its varnished surface the silver beams from the moon. A curl of blue smoke rose from the center of the mass, sending an odor of scorched oil into the atmosphere around the cabin. In a moment, Charles Thompson realized the situation, and, calling to the negro, ran swiftly to the splintered mass. Jim first put his head in the doorway cautiously but started out when he saw his master running toward the strange object.

Thompson's first thought was for the pilot who might be pinned down, dead or alive, under the wreckage which he knew might burst into a mass of flames at any moment. He would remove the body if possible and try to save it from a horrible cremation.

"Get in here and help me get this man out," he cried to the negro as he began to clear away the

torn canvas and shattered wood. Jim, seeing his master advancing, jumped beside him, and they both began to dig into the debris like two dogs digging frantically for freedom. Soon they saw a leather clad arm protruding fantastically from the smoking wood, and then they uncovered a head overspread with bloody locks. They were too excited to realize the gruesomeness of the sight and so intent upon extricating the body that they did not notice a distinct odor of alcohol mingled with the hot gasoline.

Finally the body was uncovered but large leather belts held it securely in the twisted seat. Jim produced a worn pocket knife and managed to sever the straps with a few vigorous strokes. Then Thompson dragged the body from the mass to a sandy spot some distance from the shattered aeroplane, which had already begun to burn.

The white man bent over the limp form, and raised up with an ejaculation:

"Good God, his heart is still beating! Jim, go back to Charleston. Tell father to get a doctor and come back as quick as possible in the racer. But wait! Help me carry this man into the cabin."

They lifted the body and started slowly towards the cabin. The negro held the wounded man's legs and was walking backwards, gazing over his shoulder at the door from which shone the light of the lamp. When halfway to the steps, he stumbled over an object and fell sprawling to the ground.

"What's dis?" cried the frightened Jim as he sprang quickly to his feet. The blazing remains of the aeroplane furnished ample light for the examination of any object lying before the cabin. Thompson still held to the wounded man's shoulders, and Jim bent down over a small oblong box, two sides of which had been broken open. The sand around the box was saturated with some sort of alcoholic liquor and fragments of brown glass lay scattered about.

"Good Lawd!" exclaimed the negro. "Dis heah wuz a box of pure natural rye whiskey. Don't yo' smell it, Mista Charley? Heah's one bottle dat ain't eben broke."

For an answer, Charles Thompson drew his chin up quickly and the lines around his mouth snapped into an almost cruel grimness. "Here,



leave it alone! Let's take this man into the house. Then you go to Charleston!"

Soon they had the wounded man lying on the single cot in the cabin. The yellow light of the lamp shone on his bloody head and neck. One leg dangled helplessly from the edge of the cot, red blood dripping regularly from the torn shoe. His clothes were slashed everywhere, and in some spots the white skin could be seen dimly.

The negro wasted no time in leaving the gruesome scene. When Thompson ran down to the lagoon to procure a bucket of water, the sound of the regular beats of the engine was already growing fainter.

When Thompson re-entered the cabin, he removed the wounded man's coat and bathed his head, which was cut terribly in several places. He tried to stop the bleeding by wrapping the head with worn pieces of sheeting. Then he ripped off the leggings and breeches and tried to ascertain the number of broken bones. He found both the leg bones broken above the knees, and the left one broken below. Both bones of one arm were shattered and the other shoulder was twisted out of place. The scratches and small cuts on the man's body were innumerable. Thompson hastily dressed the worst wounds with more pieces of sheeting. This was the only aid that he could possibly render the dying run-run-ner.

Thompson knew that only a miracle could save the breaking of the slim thread upon which hung the stranger's life, and he was surprised that the man escaped being killed instantly in the wreck. After placing a pillow under the man's head, Thompson sat down at the table. The red light from the burning plane shot through the open door and lone window and covered the farther wall with fantastic shadows. Then the man on the cot moved slightly. Thompson grew nervous, lit a cigarette and began taking enormous lungfuls of the smoke at very short intervals. Soon the fire of the blazing plane began to die down, and the moon, as if conscious of being cheated for a short time by man-made light, seemed to shine more brilliantly than before. Except for the distant roar of the surf, a deadly silence settled over the whole scene.

The man at the table continued to smoke cigarette after cigarette, lighting one from the short stub of the other. Suddenly the man on the cot

drew a hissing breath and emitted a low groan. Thompson started and puffed more vigorously at the cigarette which he held nervously between his shaking fingers. He rose and walked over to the side of the cot. The dying man began to roll his bloodshot eyes, shooting crazed glances over the low ceiling. He tried to speak but the partly formed words were lost in groans and gurgles coming from deep down in his lacerated lungs. Blood began to ooze slowly from the mouth which hung listlessly open. Thompson turned away from the ghastly sight and heavily sat down again at the table.

Cigarette after cigarette was flung to the floor. Thompson grabbed a book and opened it quickly. His eyes scanned the first few lines, but another agonizing groan caused him to slam the book shut on the table. Then he jerked his head suddenly toward the door as if he remembered something. He rose slowly from the chair, but shook his head and sat down again. Then he began to run his long fingers through his blonde hair, laying the smoking cigarette on the table so that his trembling hands might be free. His face was haggard now, and his eyes grew wide and his nostrils dilated as he glanced around the dimly lit room.

The newspaper still lay on the table. Thompson grabbed it and read again the article concerning himself. Then he flung the newspaper across the room muttering and cursing as he did so.

A louder groan came from the mangled form on the cot. A head, bound with blood-soaked bandages rose slowly six inches from a reddened pillow, remained there for a fleeting moment, and then dropped suddenly. Another prolonged guttural sound came from the bloody lips, beginning like the rasping growl of a sleeping dog and decreasing in volume until it dwindled to a faint hiss. The wild eyes stared and a dead man lay on the cot.

Charles Thompson was fighting a hard battle and his mental endurance was nearly gone. He brushed the papers and books from the table with a quick sweep of his muscular arm, and dashed to the door of the cabin. A slight breeze had sprung up and blew across the alcohol-soaked sand. The man in the door covered his face with a sweating arm, but dimming his eyes and obstructing his nostrils could not quiet the moral

battle which was raging in his soul. His throat was parched and the craze for alcohol came over him in a hot wave, like scorched wind across a desert. He hesitated no longer, but ran to the partly shattered box lying on the white sand, and grabbed up the only unbroken bottle in the pile of brown glass. He rushed back into the cabin and slammed the door, forgetting that in there lay a mangled dead body, growing cold.

Silence reigned over the little clearing on the shore of the glistening lagoon. The low roar of the distant surf increased as a breeze began to whip cross the barren dunes. The high-riding moon sailed behind a slow moving cloud, darkening the stage of the tragic drama which had just been enacted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Presently a high powered motorboat turned into the lagoon's inlet and raced across the still water. A powerful searchlight played on the little wooden jetty and the lone cabin. The boat slowed down as it drew near the shore and then struck the wharf with a resounding thud. Three men jumped out—a tall, well built man of middle age, a smaller man wearing an immaculate Van Dyke beard, and a large, powerful negro. The three approached the cabin quickly, but stopped suddenly when a sharp cracking noise sounded before them.

The small square window, from which a dull light shone, was shattered completely and an empty brown bottle struck the sand and rolled to the feet of the men.



## The School of Applied Science

### *What and Why?*

HERE are three courses of study in the School of Applied Science which lead to the undergraduate degrees: B. S. in Chemistry, B. S. in Geology, and B. S. in Medicine. The other courses of study, which do not lead to degrees, prepare students to enter medical and dental schools. The time required for the attainment of degrees is usually four or five years: The pre-medical course, which is the minimum amount of college work for entrance into medical school, requires two years, and the newly established dental course, which fulfills the requirements for the best dental colleges, may be completed in one college year, or in one college year with a summer quarter. To summarize: the degree B. S. in Medicine requires three years of academic work and two years in the school of medicine, the degrees in Chemistry and Geology four years of academic work, the premedical course two years of academic work, and the pre-dental course one year of academic work comprising 11 courses.

It is obvious that there are certain prescribed courses of study in each of these schedules. In the medical and dental courses the amount of work and the particular courses are laid down

in a great measure by the American Medical Association and also by the particular college to which the student goes to do his clinical work. The degree B. S. in Medicine fulfills all the requirements of any medical school, except those which now require the four preliminary years of academic work. The courses in Chemistry and Geology are also rather rigidly planned, and include the allied subjects Physics and Mathematics, Engineering and Economics. These courses are intended to equip men who are aiming to teach the subject or to enter the professions as practitioners or as research men.

On the completion of the requirements, the graduate chemist, geologist, or physician may pursue one of two distinct types of work. There is the application of present scientific knowledge to present day situations; and the search for new facts with the development of new theories. The large majority of graduate physicians and surgeons enter the first of the two routes, the practice of medicine or surgery, which consists of diagnosis and application of the appropriate remedy, the remedy having been developed by some research. A smaller number turn to investigating and research, having as a goal



the discovery of causes and of methods of cure and remedy. Such work is usually carried out at a medical school or institution established for research. Dr. Banting, who recently made a great advance in the treatment of diabetes, was a practicing physician, but after he conceived his idea of the disease, he gave up general practice and became a research worker at a medical school where the facilities and atmosphere were favorable. Several institutions, such as the Rockefeller Institute, have been established for this very purpose.

In the chemical field the graduate chemist may enter upon the practice of his profession. He becomes a chemist in an industrial concern, and enters a laboratory where the raw materials or the products of the plant pass under close scrutiny and analysis; or he enters the plant as a foreman or superintendent of some process requiring chemical knowledge; or he enters the sales department where the product comes from chemical processes; or he enters the teaching profession, to impart the knowledge that he has acquired to others. In the past 26 years the Department of Chemistry has placed its graduates in some one of these lines. Some have become superintendents of textile, paper, and paint concerns, some have become salesmen of chemical products, some have entered the teaching profession. Of the men who went out last summer, six have become professors or instructors in colleges and universities.

A similar condition exists in the geological field, many kinds of work being available, such as in soils, oil, and metallurgy. Another aim which the graduate may have is the advancement of knowledge; always, of course, with the hope of improving living conditions, or improving some process so as to increase yield. Many of the Government bureaus have well equipped laboratories where fundamental scientific investigation is in progress. Special research institutions have been founded, notably the Carnegie Institution, for this purpose, and the results of the work cannot be calculated in dollars and cents. One of the attractions of the teaching profession is the leisure which is afforded to engage in research work. The large number of scientific papers from university laboratories testifies to the activity of the staff of instructors in the prosecution of research. Some of the more progressive industrial corporations have recognized the de-

pendence of the progress of industry on scientific research, and have established laboratories, some of which have produced remarkable results which have been of untold social, financial and economic value.

The man with hopes of financial success will attain these in the practice of his profession rather than by the research career. Practice naturally brings the practitioner into intimate contact with the economic and business plans, and not infrequently the practitioner becomes an important business administrative figure.

The School of Applied Science is, therefore, the training school of men who propose to enter certain professions, others as researchers for new truth, or as practitioners of the methods which have become recognized and established. These professions are medicine, dentistry, geology and chemistry.

◆◆◆◆◆

## Divination

A wanton,  
You plucked a  
Rose and dropped it  
In the mire.

In the mire  
It lay,  
Crushed by each passer-by  
Till  
One pitied.

One pitied  
And lifted up the dying rose  
And kissed the petals clean,  
Breathing new life into  
The slender stem.

The slender stem  
Was planted in Love's garden,  
Grew and bloomed,  
A bush with buds and blooms  
More fair  
Even in your eyes;  
But guarded each by  
Thorns.

Thorns  
Which make to bleed  
The remnants of your soul.

—S. G.

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

MARCH, 1924

## University Unification

FOR SOME WEEKS past now there has been a general and welcome revival of that age-old subject of college spirit, that "it isn't what it used to be" sort of talk, and the same thing that college men of every college have talked about through all time. But we are sincere in our belief that Carolina men have every need in the world to talk of this thing at this time and to lament the more or less deplorable state that we have permitted ourselves to lapse into, for no reason in particular, yet a thousand in general. Practically every senior will admit that there isn't the same general interest in things here that there was four years ago. Many attribute various and sundry reasons for our present state, and everyone admits that the state of affairs is bad.

Everyone, it seems, attributes the nonchalance to increase in size, the result of evolution, growth from a small college into a comparatively large University. With this growth old ties of intimacy have been torn asunder, and it is natural. The time has been when everybody here knew everybody else and naturally the feeling of intimacy, otherwise known as college spirit, was greater than it is at present. But the question of immediate interest is whether or not the spirit here is as great as it should be, our size taken into consideration.

Our interests are more particular now than

ever before, that is they have become narrowed, we are in respective ruts, and the ruts are where our chief interests lie. That is natural. We believe that the majority of the student body wants more intimacy with that element with which it is not acquainted.

This leads us to the problem of how to get that spirit of intimacy. First and foremost, there is no place of common gathering, where students can meet and mingle on common grounds with those of other schools and departments. This problem will be somewhat alleviated when the Graham Memorial Building is finished. This building will not serve as the panacea for all the evils which we confront, but it will, we believe, in a large measure help the general situation.

Next, we think there exist no intimate relations between students and the executive officers and faculty of the University. This is their fault. All the students here do not desire any such thing, nor would they take advantage of it should it be proffered. Students think the faculty aloof, and from all indications the great majority of them are. Then too, there are a great many questions which arise relative to student affairs which are not settled to the satisfaction of the student body, and this casts a shade of doubt and suspicion over procedure. Take the *Boll Weevil* incident during the first quarter. A great many students floundered about in ignorance



blaming the executive committee for a good many things relative to the affair. Some of these doubts were eventually cleared, but there are some students who still blame them. Affairs of this nature should be cleared to the minutest detail, and until they are we can never hope to be fully satisfied with the conduct in such matters on their part. By no means do all students here have faith in all the officers of the University.

Then, too, students take too little interest in college affairs. We do not know any remedy for this, but it is a problem which causes trouble and conflicts.

No one wants any so-called "hurrah" spirit here. We have passed that stage. It will never be again where there will be a hand shaking acquaintance between all students. Neither is that desired. One extremist in this matter remarked some few weeks ago that he did not care to have any connections with about 85 per cent of the student body. That is a rare case, but by no means is this man in a class by himself.

Take the old time pep meetings as an example of spirit. Four years ago they were attended by far more students than they are now, but then they were not run in the ground as they have been in the past. Only a few upper classmen attend now, and the freshmen have to bear the burden of keeping them going.

And so on forever. We know our troubles, we think we know the source of a great many of our evils, and some of the thinking men on the campus try and combat these things all the time, whereas others have either never thought or failed to act in case they experienced the ordeal of mental functioning. Earlier in the year we maintained that the Carolina spirit was here, dormant; we still hope that it is and now is the time to bring it out of its long sleep. If the men who entered here when this feeling was rife cannot bring it out, then we feel that the task is more or less hopeless. These men who have the interest in and love for the University are now working hard to revive it. The movement started with the senior class early in the year and they have worked on it steadily all the while. We congratulate them on their objective and wish them all the success possible, for their efforts are highly commendable whether they succeed or fail.

## *In Self Defense*

FOR SOME TIME PAST we have been bearing the attack of fellow journalists on THE MAGAZINE, and we think that we have stood up fairly well under blows that they have been dealing our favorite monthly. It is not the purpose of these remarks to take out in any way our malice upon these gentlemen nor to try and dodge the issue. We accept things as they are and let the matter stand. We do not think all the adverse criticisms quite correct nor fair, but that is another matter.

But there are two sides to the matter which we would like to present. First, in the future, we would be highly pleased if our critics would take out their wrath on the Editor of THE MAGAZINE rather than on the publication itself. Things have reached the stage where some people fear to have their work printed within its columns due to the scourging attacks of others. They do their best, and the editorial staff appreciates their efforts whether or not the readers do. As it stands now the publication must appear and they are conferring a favor when they write for it.

Second, in justice to ourselves, we are forced to state that we have to print what we can get. If certain members of the faculty who have been very harsh and not judicious in their comments upon the matter, and if those students who have taken out their wrath on the publication would suggest some means by which we can improve the reading matter, we shall listen with open ears. The stage has been reached on the campus where we have to print what is handed in to us, and if it is not what everyone might wish, then we can't help it. We are willing to admit that THE MAGAZINE is not what it might be, but when there exists such a paucity of good writers on the campus as we confront today, then what is to be done? There are some ten or a dozen students on the campus who have been untiring in their efforts to better the thing, and their efforts, likewise, are appreciated. On the other hand there are others upon whom we had placed some degree of dependence for material and who have as yet contributed not one whit toward its success. Perhaps they are too busy to write, perhaps they prefer to cuss rather than contribute.

But anything worth doing is worth doing poorly, and we thank those who have done even that.



# THE PASTURE

BY J. E. H.



## ESPRIT DE CORPS

**I** HAVE seriously considered changing the name of this department from The Pastime to True Love. Certainly it has yet to experience a moment of tranquility. Already it has caused two colossal altercations and seems likely to generate more. To begin with, the printer hashed it in such a manner last month that to all appearances the whole of it was written by the man who wrote only the verse at the end. This was just fine for the true author but not so good for the gentleman who got the credit, or discredit, for writing it. The sporting thing to do, therefore, is to announce that this column is and has been conducted and for the most part written by J. E. Hawkins Himself, humble asst. ed. of the humble magazine, who will receive all offended parties in person at any set date and place, weapons to be chosen by the offender, contributions appreciated.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TRUER LOVE

THIS is the second column which I have begun on this campus in as many months. In both cases, due to the carelessness of the compositor in neglecting to follow copy, the first installment has been run under or above the name of another person. Though I regret that I have but one reputation to lose for my University it is better that mine alone be lost than that of several hitherto respectable gentlemen.

Next month I think maybe I shall make a third attempt in a third publication to run a column anonymously. So "please, Mr. Printer, whichever one you may be, let me be a good little columnist, and please don't be so promiscuous with perfectly good names. Amen."

\* \* \* \* \*

HEH, HEH, HEH!

BY WAY of making a reactionary joyful noise after the foregoing gobs of gloom, I shall herein-

after set forth the best joke that I heard during the past month. I have forgotten where I heard it but it's a pip, so here goes:

It seems that a certain woman, who is or was very careful of her reading, asked a certain eminent litterateur to recommend to her a really good novel.

"Why not try 'The Kentucky Cardinal'?" he suggested.

"No, thank you. I don't care for theological works."

"But this cardinal was a bird," he gently protested.

"That may be," she replied icily, "but that wouldn't recommend him to me in the slightest."

In reading it over it seems to me that this little story may well have a certain peculiar campus application.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CAVEAT EMPTOR

It is quite fitting that I should follow the above with the best and only piece of poetry which I have written during the past month. It is done in the best campus manner and appropriate apologies are rendered to whom it may concern—

I love. Yea, I worship.  
But the things that I love most  
Hate me.  
I am loathed with the loathing  
Of Medusa—  
I am destroyed.  
For I love false gods  
And worship at shrines that are not holy.

I love the hour  
Between the dawn and the daylight  
When the philomel  
Twitters in the marshes  
And the humming bird  
Lilts his dew-stung notes  
In the depths of the blushing heavens.



I love the deep resonance  
Of the matin tocsin  
Which shatters harsh dreams  
And beckons me to Elysian joys.  
I love. I adore.  
But my loves are false.

I love the gleam of burnished ivory  
And the twinkle of legal tender  
Where clouds of translucent opaqueness  
Gently swirl. I love anthems  
Of transcendent purity—paean  
Of joys in the dim, dear, dead, dull past,  
Half forgotten songs of days  
When minstrels sang of feudal kings.

I love the wild Taurus that flows  
Eternally—rhythmic, discordant—  
Like the gentle purring  
Of a wind-swept moon,  
Or the mellow bark of a mangy dog.

I love the exotic foods  
Of nocturnal moments,  
The puerile nectar  
Of the half gods  
Of town and country.  
And I love pairs and couples,  
I would be a One—  
But dozens divide and slay me.

I love. Yea, I worship.  
But I love too well,  
I love too much.  
My gods are false  
And I am undone.

If one try hard enough I think that even in the above there can be found a peculiar campus application.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### UT SUPRA

THE exact inception of the following little tale is a bit hazy in my mind. If I am not badly mistaken it was in a story told in a gathering of Tank Corps officers back in the hectic days of 1918, at which time I was yet a mere lad, still swinging on the gate.

At any rate, I have called it

#### THE FABLE OF THE FOUR DUMB-BELLS

ONCE upon a time, not so terribly long ago, it happened, either in China or in Russia after the

peace with the Germans, or maybe in North Carolina out where they still swing by their tails from branch to branch in great cobwebby forests of mental stagnation. The place doesn't make much difference anyway.

The point is that a certain coolie or peasant or tenant, it really doesn't matter which, while plowing, turned up a long cylindrical object which was pointed at one end and which was bright and shiny when the dirt was brushed off. Now this happened near Pekin or in the Russian ex-war-zone or it may have been near the world's largest artillery camp, I don't remember just where and it really doesn't matter, but the shiny object was a 'dud', that is to say, it was a shell which had been fired from a piece of heavy artillery and had failed to explode.

The man who found it, however, did not know that it was a 'dud'. Neither did the other man who was plowing in the field (which belonged to neither) and who rushed up and laid claim to the shell, saying that he had seen it at the same time as the other. Nor did the fact that it was a 'dud' have any effect upon the heated controversy which lasted for half a day. Both men thought they had discovered a treasure. The first claimed all of it because he had found it; the second claimed half of it because he had seen it.

The two, being not intellectual giants, could come to no amicable agreement; so they decided, as such men do in such cases, to lay the matter before a Magistrate. This they did. The Magistrate was a very wise man locally, by which I mean to say that locally he was a very learned man. He consulted the law and, being a very wise man, based a decision on Burns vs. Clark, 66 Pac. 12, 139 Cal. 624, and also 17 R. C. L. 1202. (This is what makes me think it happened in North Carolina.) He ruled that the property belonged to both the parties concerned and therefore should be divided equally between them. However, he was himself quite struck with the shiny object, and not knowing what it was, decreed that it should be divided into three parts, one of these parts to belong to him in payment for his jurisdiction. (This is what makes me think it happened in China.)

So the three men took the shell to the local blacksmith shoppe to be divided into three parts. But the smithy, being a man of advanced intelligence, (this is what makes me think it happened in Russia) would consent only to dividing it into

four parts, requiring one part for his trouble. This was finally agreed to from sheer necessity and the ceremony was all set to begin, with an audience of curious villagers draped about the walls of the shoppe.

The 'dud' was clamped into place, the eyes of the onlookers were gleaming, the several particularly interested parties were wringing their hands in ecstatic expectation, the smithy's apprentice was holding the cold chisel in place. The gigantic blacksmith drew back his great sledge

with his eustomary assurance, swung it in a graceful and mighty arc above his head and—to this day they are picking up the pieces scattered over an area two-score miles square.

The moral is so obvious that I leave the reader to dope it out for himself. Those who were expecting the shell not to explode may receive their money back at the door. I don't know just why this story cocurred to me but on the whole it seems to me that it also has a peculiar campus application.



### RETROSPECT

In my two hands I held my happiness,  
The need of joy God destined to be mine.  
I held it as a goblet filled with wine,  
And would not drink. One drop of bitterness  
I found therein when first my lips did press  
Against the rim. The sweetness was no less,  
And yet, I feared to drink. I did not know  
The joy of life is ever bitter-sweet.  
I turned the goblet, watched it slowly pour  
Its precious liquid downward to the floor.  
I dropped the cup; it shattered at my feet.

F. L.

### THE TRYST

The pale, silvery moonbeams play,  
Midst breezes fanning flowers  
Near beds of frail violets,  
'Neath fragrant myrtle bowers,  
Where sportive nymphs reincarnate  
While elves flit above,  
Whispering to me, waiting,  
For the coming of my love.

A creaking of the rustic gate,  
A rustle of dew-sparkled grass,  
The phantom spirits then draw back  
To allow my love to pass.  
Anticipation rises to  
Sweet ecstasy and bliss.  
No foolish words are spoken  
Before the gentle kiss.

E. R. PATTERSON.

### DIANA TO ENDYMION

I would not waken you, Endymion.  
Your youthful slumber has a greater charm  
Than amorous passion.

I have scorned to love  
With ardent kiss  
And languishing embrace.

If you should lift the curtain from your eyes,  
And gaze at me with wakening desire,  
My dart would kill you.  
Sleep Endymion.

F. L.

### NEPTUNE'S WRATH

The angry waves are harsh and cold,  
The clouds are dark and low. Like old  
And withered leaves, in frightened chase  
They speed by Heaven's cheerless face.

The waters wild of ocean wide  
Arc flecked with frothing foam. The tide  
Runs high, while Neptune's giants dash  
Upon the rocks with thundering crash.

In wild despair they toss in air  
Their silvery arms and snowy hair.  
Their cries and moans of no avail  
Are smothered in the surge and gale.

H. R. F.



You Remember the Old Swimming Hole of your boyhood days where you played hookey in early summer? *MARY CALHOUN HENLEY*  
lets two old sports hark back to childhood

# ONE FINE AFTERNOON

**T**HE DAY was undoubtedly hot. Andrew Parkman, who furnished all the farmers in the county with farm implements, sat back in his squeaky swivel chair and mopped his face. Andrew was decidedly warmer than the weather warranted—even North Carolina weather in July. He might have been called “hot under the collar” had not that uncomfortable article of vesture been hanging over his coat on the back of the door. Comfort, if possible, is the first law among business men of the little town of Johnston. Nevertheless, Andrew’s shrewd, lean face was uncomfortably flushed up to the edge of his graying hair.

The door of the unpretentious little office was pushed open unceremoniously, and Tom Hawley’s round, polished head and pink face appeared.

“Busy, Andy?” he queried, interrupting Andrew’s heated reflections with an ease born of long friendship.

“Might be, if it wasn’t for the weather and Cliff Willis. He’s been around again. Come in.”

“Wasting time, that fellow,” remarked Tom, settling his plump self in the one chair vacated not so long since by the disturbing Willis. Tom was, according to himself, “a gent of leisure and Justice of the Peace.” In the latter role, he sometimes married a negro couple or executed a will. In the former, he was official gossip and joke-teller among the loungers in the post office and the hotel lobby. Tom himself never “wasted time” interviewing unpromising sales prospects.

“Willis has the idea he can bulldoze me into a contract with his firm,” Andrew unburdened himself. “All the Cude-Willis Company wants is to build up a market for their plows on my reputation in this county.”

“He’s too sure of himself all right, and too darned persistent.” Tom disliked too much perseverance. “A man of his sense ought to know better than to try and force a stubborn Scotchman into a deal.”

“I’m not all Scotch,” Andrew reminded him, meticulously.

“No, but you’re all stubborn,” Tom retorted. He walked languidly to the window in search of cooler air. The view took in part of Main Street and the courthouse yard adjoining Andrew’s office.

“Look at those kids playing over there in the fountain. Seeing them awhile ago set me to thinking about old Fullam’s Creek and the gang. Remember how we used to make for the creek when we got done hoeing corn?”

“Don’t talk about the creek,” begged Andrew, wiping more beads of water from his face. “It’s hot enough now without any contrasts.”

“Talk about Atlantic City!” continued Tom, irrepressibly. “Nothing to it compared to the times we had down there. I say, Andy, I wouldn’t mind looking the old bend in the creek over again some time. It’s not so far away, and your ear’s handy, ain’t it?”

“You mean, go in swimming like we used to? What would Bess say? You know how she’d be.”

“Shucks! She doesn’t have to know, does she?” Tom had eluded marital as well as business worries. “If you could get off, we might try it today.”

Andrew scratched his ear reflectively for a moment, then sat up with decision.

“Wait a couple of minutes till I get this letter done. I’ll put it in the post office as we go by. Come to think about it, Tom, I believe that’s the best idea you’ve had since you got to be J. P.”

Some time later they were cutting through the woods on foot. Since the creek was swampy, they were forced to run the Ford into some underbrush near the road where it would not be observed.

“Don’t you feel funny Andy?” cried the exhilarated Tom, as they crunched over dead leaves. “Just like when we used to play hookey from school.”

“Uh-huh, it *is* queer. I’ve got a hunch, though, that we’d better stayed at home.”

"Likely as not we ought," agreed Tom, blithely. "We'll eatch our deaths of cold or be run in for trespassing. But I'll say this is one fine afternoon. Look at that squirrel over there. He's the first wild one I've seen in a dog's age."

"I believe he's got a nest in that tree," cried Andrew, pointing to a large oak about twenty-five feet from them, where, indeed, a small round hole appeared under the lower branches.

"He's going into it," shouted his boisterous companion. "Let me see if I can't get him out again." He picked up a small stone and threw it accurately into the hole. The disturbed little creature ran along a limb of the oak, scolding as he went.

"That was an accident," Andrew accused. "You can't do it again."

"I'll show you," Tom returned. Suiting the action to the word, he threw two other pebbles, one after the other, into the hole. "It's not for nothing I've knocked down the stuffed doll-babies at fairs all my life."

"Bet I beat you in!" challenged Andrew, as they came in sight of the muddy little stream known as Fullam's Creek.

"Beat, nothing!" replied Tom, breaking into a run and loosening his apparel as he went. Andrew's longer legs brought him to the creek before his puffing companion arrived. Tom, though handicapped in the run, wore suspenders instead of a belt, and was enabled to rush for the water first. At the very edge his toe caught on a root, and he fell ingloriously into the creek. Andrew, hardly five seconds later, landed beside the spluttering stout one.

They splashed each other, dived, and swam under water to their heart's content. From the opposite shore a cypress had fallen obliquely across the stream. The top was in full leaf, but the trunk afforded an excellent diving platform, from which they competed in alleged fancy diving.

"I'm getting too fat to do them gracefully," mourned Tom, after several flops. Andrew agreed emphatically, while demonstrating his own superior ability.

"Mind that yellowjackets' nest in the beech tree," he called to the other, who had paused to rest a moment on shore under a large beech near the water.

"I'm minding, old timer," replied Tom. "I allow I saw it before you did, anyway." He flopped into the water again.

After half an hour's sport, the water began to lose its first attraction.

"We'd better be getting out, I reckon," pronounced Andrew.

"One more dive," responded Tom, starting for the eypress.

"Great guns! Who's that?" gulped Andrew, who was staring shoreward.

Someone was certainly approaching through the woods. Tom halted and gazed.

"Lord, Andy, there's two of 'em, and one's a girl. I saw something pink. What in thunder'll we do?" he groaned.

"They can almost see us now. Here, let's get behind the eypress top. It's shallow enough to stand back there." Noiselessly they slipped behind the leaf-screen.

"I reckon they're just strolling through the woods. They won't stop here," surmised Tom.

Andrew peered out at the couple, who were by this time nearing the creek. He jerked his head back with a look amounting almost to horror.

"Great Jupiter!" he whispered hoarsely. "It's Willis, and he saw me. We're in for it."

"Who's the girl?"

"That new stenographer of mine, Bonnie Davis. Let me tell you, Tom, he didn't come out here by accident, either. He saw us leave, most likely, and tracked us by that ragged tire on the Ford."

The two men looked at each other despairingly. Both were convinced that Willis was not out merely for a petting party with shallow little Bonnie Davis. His efficient methods permitted no such diversions in business hours. The couple, who had taken seats on the bank at the foot of the beech, continued their animated talk.

The cool water, waist-deep about the erstwhile swimmers, became cooler each moment. The air was cool, too, as the sun was lower now than when they went in, and the spot was well shaded. An army of mosquitoes made their appearance from the swamp. They hummed around the heads of the hidden two, alighting to feast enthusiastically upon unprotected places. Their victims lashed the air with their arms and jerked



their heads about, but the mosquitoes refused to be vanquished. More stringent methods required too much noise.

"Dang you!" breathed Tom, laying his hand gently over a banqueter feasting on his arm. The insect glided easily from his grasp and rested between his bare shoulders.

"Devil's own critters!" muttered Andrew vehemently, brushing several from his face. Owing to a strict Presbyterian training, this speech was as near as he ever came to swearing.

"This sure *is* one fine afternoon!" he added sarcastically. "We'll be the laughing stocks of the town if this ever gets out."

In spite of their efforts, little red spots began to appear on their shoulders, arms and chests. Still, all their exertions did not counteract the chilly water.

"Let's get under the water," whispered Tom. "Maybe it'll be warmer, and the mosquitoes will lose out."

They knelt until the water came up to their chins, but the rough gravel on the bottom bruised their knees and the water proved cooler than the air. The mosquitoes, too, concentrated on their faces. With some difficulty they arose from their cramped positions.

On the shore they could see Bonnie's fluffy head bobbing with Willis's black one. Words, low and indistinct for the most part, came across the water, accompanied now and then by giggles from Bonnie. It was evident that she knew nothing of the men behind the cypress. Once they heard Willis say clearly:

"Pardon me a moment. I want to make a memo of something." They saw him scribble on a bit of paper which he thrust into his pocket.

Behind the tree, the mosquitoes had redoubled their attacks. In desperation, Tom slapped his hand over a fat one on his shoulder. The noise attracted attention from the shore.

"What was that?" demanded Bonnie. "A snake?"

"Probably nothing but a frog," Willis reassured her. "I'll fix him."

He picked up a piece of the rotten wood scattered on the ground and walked over to the edge of the water. With his back to the unobservant girl, he quickly fastened his scribbled "memo" to the wood with a rubber band and tossed the missile behind the cypress.

The wood fell above Andrew, who caught it as the current whirled it by. He slipped out the paper with water-drawn hands and read:

"Splash twice if you will sign the contract, and I will leave. If not—."

Andrew flushed as much as his chilled skin permitted. "Look at it!" he growled. "These Yankee's don't stop at anything. I'll let Bonnie quit tomorrow, I'm thinking. She's not so much, anyway."

"It's not her fault," whispered Tom, for Bonnie really had an attractive figure. "But that ain't getting us out of here. Gosh, I thought it was a hot day. Can't we do anything?"

"Not that I know of, but I don't believe he'll get Bonnie to stay much longer. She's too fidgety."

Nevertheless, there was no sign of cessation in the talk and giggles on shore. Bonnie was too greatly flattered by the attention of Willis, the up-to-date Northerner. She was perfectly willing to stay by the stream, since her escort evidently wanted to do so.

In the water, July had long since changed to January without bothering to pass through the intervening months. January was lasting for several years. Tom's fat cheeks were drawn and purple, and his efforts against the mosquitoes were getting feebler. The tougher Andrew, in spite of shivering looked like a stubborn Spartan. He glanced at the pitiful-looking Tom, however, and relented.

"Old Tom, I haven't got any right to keep you in this," he murmured. "It's my trouble."

"Don't mind me, Andy," protested Tom, bravely. "I don't like him any better than you do. But, Lord knows, I can't stand it much longer."

"Me either. I guess you'd better splash twice. He's beaten me this time."

Dashing a mosquito from his nose, Tom raised his hand, looking toward the shore as he did so. His eyes fell upon the tree under which Willis and Bonnie sat. His face lighted up.

"Looky yonder, Andy!" he cried, almost aloud. "Why in thunder haven't we thought about that before? And me chunking rocks at squirrel nests."

"Great Jupiter!" exulted Andrew. "Can you hit it?"

In the tree above the heads of the man and the girl hung the sword of Damocles, a boon and a pearl of great price, all embodied in that insignificant yellowjackets' nest, which the two men had avoided so carefully. Round and grayish, it clung innocently to the crotch of the tree, but no sight was ever more lovely to the tortured ones in the water.

"Do you reckon you can hit it, Tom?" repeated Andrew. Tom leaned over in the water and felt about the bottom for a suitable rock. Selecting one, he stood up.

"I don't know, but I'm going to try. Rub my arm a little. It's pretty numb." Andrew rubbed briskly while Tom flexed his fingers.

Finally he grasped the stone and, with the careful sighting of a marksman, he flung it across the water. The watchers held their breaths while the stone sailed straight into the life-saving yellow jackets' nest, shattering it.

The alarmed insects poured out of their stricken home and swarmed down upon the couple at the foot of the tree. The surprised pair jumped up in surprise as the rock fell. The insects came down upon them, and a fiery needle shot into Bonnie's arm. With a scream she rushed in the direction of the road, the yellowjackets after her. Willis, attacked from all sides, followed her without hesitation. Waving their hands, the two ran blindly across the woods, with the angry insects in their wake.

Behind them, two shivering and mosquito-bitten, but laughing men climbed stiffly out of the water upon the warm sand.

"He'll leave county now," averred Tom, forcing a damp foot into his sock. "He knows the fellows will jeer him out of town, and you're well rid of him."

"Uh-huh," agreed Andrew, "and thinking about it from that point of view, this *is* one fine afternoon."

We have heard the Call of the Wild and  
herewith present *R. L. FELTON'S*

## ITCH

*Which is not a Literary Production*

THIS ARTICLE is indebted for its subject to a certain freshman English theme. The author of same was told by his professor to write on some familiar subject, some subject with which he was acquainted as a result of association with it, some subject that he could handle well because of exact knowledge concerning it. (N. B. This was English I, not English 31.) In fulfilling the above requirements the freshman chose as a theme "The Itch," having had it himself and having roommates afflicted with it. In search of additional data he made a canvass of the entire dormitory in which he rooms. In this way the subject came to the attention of the present author.

The itch, commonly known as the seabies, is caused by the itch-mite, which in ordinary language is called *sarcoptes scabiei*. This little animal burrows under the skin, resembling the rab-

bit in this respect as also in the fact that it has long ears, the irritation being brought about by the wiggling of these ears. The word "itch" is derived from the Latin word 'punna', meaning 'velocipede', and is applied to the disease because burrows or canals are formed under the skin by the itch mite.

The little beast is quite playful and likes to be petted, consequently he wiggles his ears more than usual when rubbed against some object, demonstrating his enjoyment of the process in this way. When finger nails are applied to his burrow he becomes frightened, rapidly opening and closing his eyes and in this way intensifying the irritation.

There are several types of itch. Among these is the bricklayers itch, in which case the mite strengthens his burrow with columns of brick dust. Another type is the baker's itch, called



so because the animal has to remake an entrance into his burrow in order to carry clothes to his children within. In the case of washerwoman's itch the mite is equipped with gills and fins.

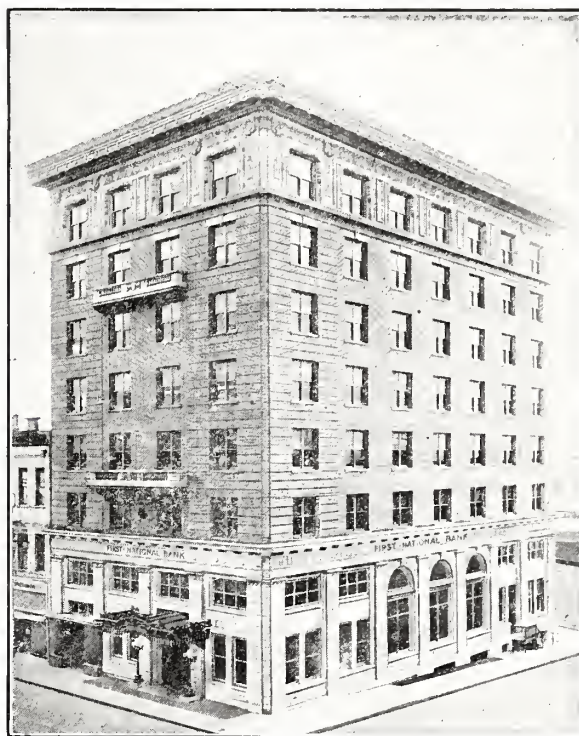
When a man worth over twenty-five thousand dollars has the itch it is called *pruritis*, when a man possessing less than this amount has the itch it is called *the itch*. Half the pet animals in existence are itch-mites. These are very tame, feeding from the hand, also other parts of the body. They are not at all exclusive, associating with anyone who has any skin left. The mite is very prolific, again resembling the rabbit, also the guinea pig. When cutting one's hand one should be very careful lest one destroy whole families of the little creatures.

Nearly everyone has had, has, or will have the itch. The disease is especially prevalent in college communities, because the mite loves the professors around such a place. It is estimated that last year at this university alone, in a student body numbering two thousand and four, there were twenty-one hundred and seven cases of itch—and *pruritis*. At one of the popular girl's colleges in the South a building recently caved in, because the girls wore away the supporting pillars in the process of scratching their several backs. Most of the college buildings which are now being constructed, including those at this university, are being made fireproof, due to the ever-present danger of fire caused by such friction.

The itch-mite thrives best in solitude; so the college authorities consider the students and place as many as possible in one room, so that the mite may have much company and the itch in this way not become widespread.

Enormous amounts of money and energy are expended annually in the process of scratching. Those particularly interested in the matter have shown conclusively that with the energy used in scratching and the money expended for sulphur ointments in the past eleven months the Graham Memorial Building could really be built. If the money expended for itch compounds was directed toward a fund for self-help students, these students would be lousy with money; they would, in fact, be the richest group on the campus. While speaking of self-help students, it is a matter of record that one on this campus at one time became temporarily insane as a result of

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trying to figure out a method by which scratching energy might be utilized.

The author suggests that in future freshmen who have the itch be not required to take physical exercise or play push-ball, since scratching the itch-mite is a most excellent means of developing all the muscles of the body. As a matter of fact, it is second only to swimming as an all-around body developer. Frequently the writer is awakened from his slumbers in the top bed of a double-decker outfit by what appears to be a young earthquake. However, it usually turns out to be only the room mate taking his nightly dozen scratching-up exercises.

Four hundred and thirty-nine courses were flunked in one year at this university as a result of the itch. In most of these cases the student preferred scratching to studying; in other cases he had to scratch instead of study. At times, too, while on class the student became so absorbed in petting his little favorites that he paid little attention to the lecture. In a few cases the professors were unable to lecture for the same reason and, in accordance with a peculiar professional custom, held their classes responsible for the unspoken word.

The university authorities realize that bathing causes an increase of itching, which explains their slowness in installing shower baths. Men are advised not to bathe except during holidays when they will have plenty of time to scratch. Not a few of them follow this advice.

No certain cure for the itch is known. One noted scientist has suggested that for three or four generations of itch-mites these be taught that there is going to be a sort of judgment day. They shall be taught that this day will be ushered in by a great pealing of bells and clothes. After the mites have been thoroughly assured as to the coming of this day they will naturally prepare for it and look forward to it with great joy.

Then on some prescribed day all the people of every community, especially college communities, will gather together and ring bells and remove clothing. The mites, noting the removal of clothing and the ringing of bells and thinking that the great day has come, will hasten forth from their burrows and leap to the ground. Then the people, still ringing the bells, will move toward a river in Pied Piper of Hamelin style, cross a bridge and burn it. The mites, having very

poor eyesight, thus resembling the mole—not the rabbit, will not see the burned bridge. Consequently they will rush into the river and be drowned with the exception of the washerwoman itch-mites, who will weep themselves to death on account of the loss of their brothers. This plan would very probably be successful were it not for the fact that there is some skepticism prevalent even among the itch-mites.

The foregoing has been gathered from observation and not from experience, for the writer (he knocks on wood as he writes this) has not as yet become a patron of the dotting itch-mite. And furthermore, lest the wrath of the gods be called down upon his skin, he humbly apologizes to the mite for having thus exposed its habits and for having dared to suggest a cure for the malady which it causes.



## TIES

To roam at will through all the earth  
Where chance may ever call,  
Without restraint of home or friend  
Or any hint of thrall:

To follow in the trail of luck  
Where lead our fancies fair;  
To visit strange lands of the earth  
And live without a care—

These things and freedom we would seek,  
And love and careless ease,  
The right to do or not to do,  
Not caring we displease;

But ties of love must all be served,  
And duty holds us close.  
Of idle splendor dream we on—  
And take our bitter dose.

—H. Y.



They say the good die young.  
Well, why shouldn't they?  
Anyone who wants to be good  
Should never live but a day.

They say that darkness is only  
The absence of light  
But I who love the twilight softness  
See more mystery in the night.



Perhaps you have often wondered, perhaps you thought you knew, but until you have read all of what KATHERINE WILSON has to say about

## *What Carolina has Meant to a Co-Ed*

why "*You don't know the half of it, Dearie*".

**I**F A representative of the *Tar Heel* would go to each student on the campus and ask him what Carolina has meant to him, he would obtain a great variety of answers, though every student would doubtless say that he had learned something from books. It is to be inferred that our courses have meant much to us, for our fundamental purpose here is to learn something from the great body of Truth. But aside from a knowledge of English, History, Science, or Mathematics, what does Carolina mean to a student? The athlete says that he has developed his muscles and acquired ideals of good sportsmanship; the individual who is socially inclined has found congenial groups in fraternities and clubs; the literary person has developed his talents through writing for the various publications; the poor student from some isolated, remote part of the state has found a bigger, finer life here; and some wealthy, idle boy from a larger town has learned to think seriously and to settle down to work. All of us, no doubt, have received much benefit from the various lectures, addresses, and concerts which we hear from time to time. But the thing that has meant the most to me is the Carolina spirit, for it has given me a larger view of life, a real college patriotism, genuine inspiration, and greater self-assurance.

One phase of the Carolina spirit that has meant much to me is that big, fine spirit of freedom and liberality which pervades the campus. It is especially manifest in the government of the students. Instead of a multiplicity of petty rules and a spy system to see that they are obeyed to the letter, we have for our guidance the general rules of morality and good conduct, which we are on our honor to obey. This has seemed like Paradise to a student who has been accustomed to having her life ruled by bells and hedged in by innumerable prohibitions. A bell told us when to arise, when to go to meals and classes, when to observe walking period, when to begin study hour, when to retire to our rooms for

"meditation," and when to go to bed. Not even during the long watches of the night were we free from this tyrant. Occasionally our slumbers were rudely disturbed by a monstrous gong, which sounded as if it might be capable of arousing the dead. When this brazen alarm elanged, it meant that we had to arise, don our garments, march out into the cold world, to wait until an imaginary fire was given time to be extinguished. Now, we have bells at Carolina, but they are not masters of every minute and second of our time. I have not felt, therefore, the constant strain of trying to keep up with a multitude of duties.

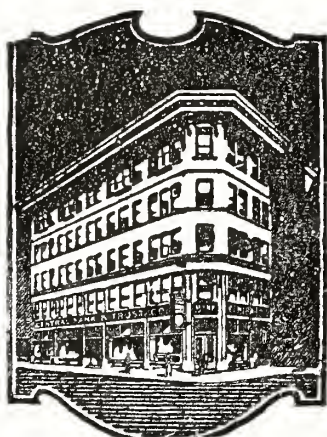
I had been accustomed, also, to a great many regulations. I had to get permission to go home for week-ends, to go calling, to use the telephone, or to have company. Naturally, when I came to Carolina, the first question I asked was "Where do we get permission to go to the post-office?" The friendly, kind-hearted person of whom I asked the question replied with considerable laughter, "Why just go ahead and mail your letters. You're as free as a bird here." It was thus that I first learned about the freedom of Carolina. Before I had been here very long, I found that I was able to turn around without breaking some rule. This has taken a great burden from my mind.

One of the best results of the Carolina spirit that I have noticed is the development of individuality, rather than a tendency to make everyone conform to a fixed pattern. Here indeed we plan our time, govern ourselves, and are truly "captains of our souls". If we have some particular interest, we follow it out instead of suppressing it. If we have some rather distinctive trait, we are respected, or at least tolerated for it. Since I have always been too individualistic to enjoy being a mere cog in a machine, I have enjoyed this phase of Carolina.

College spirit in the sense of college patriotism is a new feeling to me, and it is one that I am

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enjoying. All too few of the girl's colleges have intercollegiate activities; hence, a college consciousness is never highly developed. It was something new to me, therefore, on that memorable day of the Wake Forest game last fall to see a team that represented not a society or class, but my college. The huge crowd, the noisy cheers, the inspiring music of the band, and the brilliant success of our splendid team made me thrill with pride at the thought of being even an insignificant part of so great an institution. For when I think of all her other activities, I feel more pride in being a Carolina student. To paraphrase an old song:

*"I am proud of my college.  
Is my college proud of me?  
We're in need of students  
Filled with loyalty."*

There is something noble and inspiring about this fine old place with all its history and tradition that ought to bring out the best in us if we are influenced at all by our surroundings. Sometimes I look at the venerable trees and old buildings and think of the generations of great men who have traversed these paths, studied or rested beneath these trees, and lived in the old buildings. Like Wordsworth at Cambridge.

*"I could not print  
Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps  
Of generations of illustrious men,  
Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass  
Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,  
Wake where they had waked, range that inclosure old.  
That garden of great intellects, undisturbed."*

As we think of all these good and great men of bygone days, we feel their challenge to us.

*"To you with failing hands we throw  
The torch. Be yours to hold it high."*

Nor are all the human sources of inspiration among the illustrious dead, whose names are graven on tablets in Memorial Hall. Some of them are here among us. I have been greatly stimulated by the example of certain students, who seem, like the engineers in charge of the Panama canal, "to specialize in the wholly impossible." I refer to those heroic personages who came here and worked their way through, met and conquered various difficulties, made good grades in their work, and participated in campus activities. Such people are indeed a challenge to the best in anyone's nature. There are also the Ph.D. students, who radiate an atmosphere of scholarship and erudition. It is



really an inspiration just to be in their presence.

Finally, I believe that coeducation is a good thing for any girl, especially a timid one, for she learns to have a sensible attitude toward her fellow beings of the opposite sex. In a girl's college some fearful and wonderful ideas of the individuals of the other sex are formed. As it was stated in one annual, "man is a rare and sensitive specimen who does not flourish in an abnormal atmosphere." To some of the girls he is a hero or demi-god, to others, a creature to be regarded with suspicion, and to others, a matter of complete indifference. They all agree in regarding him as a being in an entirely different world, and in feeling a certain amount of self-consciousness in his presence.

We who have had the privilege of associating with a group of men have found that they are

neither white-robed angels nor desperate villains, but human beings like us. As Kipling states it, "We aren't no thin, red heroes, and we aren't no blackguards too, But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you."

This association with the men has overcome our foolish self-consciousness and timidity. When I came here in the fall, I was too timid to walk across the campus by myself. I clung desperately to every co-ed, whether I knew her or not. Now, however, I feel "free as a bird to wander where I will." This freedom is the finest thing that I have ever known.

Because Carolina represents the best there is in life, I can say that though I'm not a Tar Heel born, and but partly a Tar Heel bred,

"When I die,  
I'm a Tar Heel dead."



## What Becomes of the "Big Men"?

*Henry R. Fuller* traces the after-graduation records of ten football captains and twenty Phi Beta Kappa presidents

**W**HAT becomes of the "big men" in college life after they graduate? How far can success in college be taken as a test of future success? What becomes the presidents of Phi Beta Kappa? What of the captains of our football teams? This article is the result of a comparison of the records after leaving college of those men who held while at college the two honors just mentioned. No one has ever held both. We will not include any men since 1916.

Up to 1916 there had been twenty-three presidents of Phi Beta Kappa or of the honor society which preceded Phi Beta Kappa, and during the same time twenty-three captains of the football team. If you search through the files in the office of the Alumni Secretary, you will first be impressed by the great number of former leaders of the pig-skin chasers who are "missing." Out of the twenty-three captains, only nine have returned alumni questionnaires, while twenty out of the twenty-three presidents have done so. The record of one additional football hero, now dead, was discovered in *Who's Who*.

Where are the missing thirteen? As well ask, "Where are the snobs of yester year?" In the Alumni Office you can find nothing but a name and an old address. This may mean nothing else, but it puts the writer of this article under a handicap from the start.

Four former honor students have achieved enough distinction to be admitted into that collection of American greatness and near greatness, *Who's Who in America*, and two former gridiron generals. One of the latter was also a member of Pi Beta Kappa. However, all six rose to prominence in that line of work peculiarly fitted to the presidents of the honorary fraternity, teaching and scholarship.

Of the ten captains of whom records are attainable, not more than two went into the same kind of work. Two entered the teaching profession, and both attained considerable distinction; one as a professor of chemistry, discovering two new elements, and the other becoming president of a small college. Two entered medicine, of whom one is on the staff of the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and

the other is coroner of a North Carolina town. Two others went into the profession of law. One of these, in addition to his private practice of law, has been assistant attorney general of North Carolina and solicitor of the 20th judicial district. The other is judge of a district court of common pleas in Pennsylvania, and also is or has been treasurer and general manager of an engine works and a woolen mill, secretary of the Delaware Valley Railroad, and president of a realty company. Two went into insurance and then turned to textiles, one being secretary and treasurer of the High Point Overall Company. The ministry claimed another, now chaplain of the University of the South at Sewanee. The last of whom we have any record is a foreman in the maintenance department of the Southern Power Company.

Of the twenty Phi Beta Kappa presidents, ten entered various branches of the teaching profession, and eight remained permanently in it. Of the eight, one is a professor of English in Northwestern University, one a professor of Philosophy in New York University, one a professor of Biology in the University of Virginia, one is professor of Chemistry in the University of Tennessee College of Medicine, one an instructor of History in the University of Michigan, one is the registrar of the University of North Carolina, and one is Archibald Henderson. Another is at present archivist for the North Carolina Historical Commission.

Of the five lawyers in the group, one is J. J. Parker, trustee of the University, and former Republican nominee for governor and congressman. Two others have been in the State Legislature. Another practices law in Atlanta, and the fifth in Rocky Mount.

Three have gone into business. One is president of the Carolina Creamery Company and the Forsythe Dairy Company, of Asheville. A second is a broker in Atlanta, and the third is secretary and treasurer of two hosiery mills.

The remaining four have entered four different professions. One is a Unitarian minister at Ann Arbor, Michigan, with a Ph.D. degree from Harvard. Another is captain of a corps of engineers in the regular army. Another entered the State Department of the United States and was sent by Secretary Hughes as legal adviser to the American delegates at the Lausanne Conference. The last, Roy Melton Brown, first taught, and then entered public welfare work. He is head of the State bureau of institutional supervision.

♦♦□♦♦

#### A FRAGMENT

Yon man-made lamp that gleams  
Across the river, half a mile or more,  
Far stronger, brighter seems  
Than any star on Heaven's boundless shore.

So blaze men's wisest schemes.  
A while they shine and fill our mortal sight,  
Then fade like earthly beams  
Or vanish like gay visions of the night.

As stars of God endure  
Through ages long of years revolving slow,  
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Wm. J. Cocke, Jr. takes

## PUBLICA AMERICANA MAGNA

and assists Mr. Barnum in the argument which has made him famous

**Y**OU are of it. I am of it. We all are of it. We compose it, and we characterize it. As the most of us are born into political parties, so are we born into it. We share its greatness, and contribute to its littleness. Its sentiments are ours, and its feelings are our feelings. Thus we make a state, and our country is very dear to us. For when we see our flag at top mast with its stars and stripes flapping in the breeze, the breast of every true American is thrilled with the spark of patriotism. When our armies are successful, we have a pride for our country which is immeasurable. We glance back over the pages of our history, read of conquests over Indian tribes, see the expansion of our great country over the territory and dead bodies of these uncivilized peoples, and our love for America grows stronger and our veins pulsate with the thrill of patriotism. We love our country because she is humane. She has poured out her life blood for humanity. American charities are known over the world. In time of stress, peril, war, or disaster we are always the first at scene, ready, with our money bags open, to end humanitarian aid. Are we just? In the eyes of the world justice and America are words to be uttered in the same breath. We are asked to be judges in international arbitrations. The jury system is in our courts; there is tolerance of religion, and equality before the law. So just are we that we even take justice by the fore-lock, and try and punish hideous and shocking crime with mob violence. We are in truth a great race. We are little nevertheless. We have a peculiar trait. We like to be fooled. We are therefore fooled often, and we are even willing to pay for being fooled.

Knowing this characteristic, shrewd men with much insight have capitalized it, and great fortunes are made. We remember and joke about the patent medicine days of some years back. Then, when our towns were not so populous, we have seen men come through selling "Panacea." It was good for all ills. We knew it was not,

but we liked to be fooled into thinking it would do us good. Thus we have paid dearly for these concoctions, and many of us have been relieved from stomach- or tooth-ache by the absorption into our system of what not—probably muddy water, with tobacco juice put into it to make it taste bad. We laugh at those times, but there were enough "Lactan" bottles sold last year if placed end to end to encircle the globe twice and back to China again. From these statistics we know that we are a progressive nation. At least, we are told so.

This seems to be an age of propaganda. We believe what we see in print, and anything can be sold if enough is printed about it. Thus we pay for a rotten commodity, and also for the fine things that are said about it. But we like to be fooled. It gives us great pleasure to wear clothes, even though they are second class goods, which have been advertised as worn by exclusive people. Sandpaper underwear even could be sold if people were told that it was worn by the best people in America, or was good for dyspepsia. "Take this course," says an ad. "and get a \$5,000 raise in 2 months." We see this in print, fall for the proposition, and are fooled because it is our pleasure to be fooled. Again we see pictures of boiling water accidentally turned over on the parlor floor, and all is well for it is Sparvoled. "Get the Radio and hear the story of Faust—all the grand opera, in the ease of your parlor." "Use American motors because Doctors who use them arrive in time to save people from death." "Better use Heatoid brake linings if you can't stop your car within 20 feet when running 25 miles per hour." Such are our commodities, and we all buy these, pay for over-advertised junk, which none of our neighbors have ever used, and are charged extra for having it told to us that these are the best in their line. Such are we.

Gold bricks were sold in ancient days. Now, in our high state of society gold-back oil stock paying 25 per cent dividends are for sale, and we, the great American public, make thieves

rich by buying this stock from them. We know the stock is worthless; but fine pictures are put before our eyes, and we take delight in building castles. This thrill is a very expensive one.

Too, great men arise in our midst. They play upon our sentiments. They rear beautiful "platforms". They mis-quote Washington for the furtherance of their plans. They put a halo around their planks by shoving them, Lord knows how, under the sheltering wing of the Monroe Doctrine or brotherhood of man rot. We think of these men as statesmen and honor them by calling them such. They are politicians. They take their stand on the side of the heaviest artillery, and capitalize public sentiment for their own personal advancement.

In our literature we are fooled. Books and writings are turned out hot from the press, and are signaled as literature. They are for the most part tommy-rot. They gnaw at the heart of our country, and disintegrate its soul. The best seller gives us pictures of the unusual. We are made to think it is the real, and judging by it,

we deem ourselves out of step. Then we try to copy this life, and our nation goes to ruin. Poetasters with new forms are heralded as poets bringing on a new era. Making prose poetry is a now common indoor-sport of many. It is shoved to us as poetry. We, following the line of least resistance, say it is poetry also. It is put before us, and we swallow it because we are told to do so.

We are fooled also in our education. Many of us never receive an education; instead we get bare facts without wisdom. Without understanding knowledge is useless. Disconnected facts arranged alphabetically on a card index are of no purpose to us. Such a condition is not always our own fault. We are fooled into thinking in the first place that some of our instructors are teachers when they are only pedants, who give out dry and useless details without helping us to apply these to our own lives. Not being able to get the pedantic attitude, we become discouraged, and discouragement brings spiritual disarmament. This is a great handicap to growing men.

Besides, as a result of the materialistic age, riches are taken as a standard for culture. We are fooled to such an extent that no longer has a penniless man, however much inborn and acquired culture and polish he possesses, an entre to very elite or "polite" society. As Don Quixote of old, an ugly country wench was Dulcinea del Toboso, so we are fooled into thinking that the man with the smell of Mineralava on his person, and the clank of gold in the pockets of his bagging trousers is the cultured American gentleman, and an ideal to strive toward.

Last of all we exist and we think we are living. Is living in crowded cities where individualism cannot exist, life? We are, it seems, dumb cattle, driven on by extenuating circumstances, crowded together in unhealthy physical and moral environment. Life means little. There is no way for us to really enjoy our leisure hours. It is a continual rush, a grabbing contest in which success seems to rest on the slickest line. We are fooled.

This is one of our characteristics. We cannot get away from it. It seems to be our nature. We like to be fooled; we take delight in living under mental illusions, and for this illusion the Publica Americana Magna pays—willingly.

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Though you would scarcely believe it, it is

## THE OLD MAN OF THE WILDERNESS

who relates these adventures of

# *Alfred in Puppet Land*

for which he offers profuse apologies to Lewis Carroll, Dean Swift, Tony Sarg, *et al.*

IT was the night of the Marionettes. Alfred was only a Sophomore, which may explain a good deal, and his professors had harrassed him all day as only a Sophomore should be harrassed. They made him pay with usury for the delight of his rather late "bull" session the "night before." But on this particular night, as he sat drowsing in the over-warm theatre before the curtain parted, he discovered little, bald rotund professors chatting so gaily with long, dignified ones, and talking in such actually human tones that he forgave them every one and deduced that they were rather harmless nuisances after all.

To be exact, once or twice he did mark a slight queerness in their deportment. But why worry? Professors will come out in the wash—or the rain, without an umbrella. He thought this such a good joke that he smiled to himself about it for several minutes. Why, for an example, did the usually dignified Professor of Atoms catch all the ashes from his long, black cigar in a little cup, and why did he continually maul them in a tiny crucible in his lap? Just why did the jolly Professor of Geometry come in dressed in a loose-flowing pair, to tell the truth, Alfred thought at first of pajamas, but the pretty, black-haired maiden, with Oriental eyes, on each arm of the jolly Professor of Geometry, precluded such an idea and suggested Chinese pantaloons. Finally, why did the long Professor of Languages stride about the room with militant eyes and take each pair of feet off the back of the seat ahead, and stop his ears each time he could discover a drumming finger?

Quite abruptly a trumpet began to toot, and a spot of light appeared just where the center of the curtain seemed to lie. Alfred suspected the curtain had uplifting designs—which he did not think was a bad pun—so he focused his attention on the spot of light, now changing rapidly from white to pink and back again. Perhaps it

was not so strange after all that before he knew exactly what had happened he found himself on the stage. He wasn't sure just how he got there, but he *was* sure that the energetic little Professor in the pepper and salt suit, puffing a little round pipe, had something to do with it. At last he was on the stage. He had dreamed and brooded over his histrionic ambitions since the Playmakers first rejected his Sophomoric talent; and now he was as good as in the shoes of Eddie Cantor or Charles Chaplin, so to speak, with the only real disadvantage being that his was a puppet stage and that his hands and feet were tied fast by minute silken cords. They seemed small enough, but when Alfred tried to break them and free himself, he discovered that they were reinforced by tiny steel cables. The reflection that all puppets are tied to strings served to ease Alfred's disappointment.

The name of each cord was woven into its strands. The one on his left hand was called "trA", spelled with a capital A, and the one on his right, "lluP". The minute silken cords on his feet irked him. They guided him whether or no, when he tried to walk about. The funny thing about those particular cords was that the letters on them were made of little white electric lights which ran without any feet at all up and down the cord. Several times they even hopped off the cord and chased one another in circles about his legs, and once they dared to come all the way up to his mouth and run down his throat. He couldn't see how they got out again, but two years in college had taught him never to ask questions. They were so entirely erratic he could hardly spell them out, but at last he managed to make out what they were—yes, that's the word, "metsysronoH"! Why on earth should that be bound to his feet?

By this time, his audience had been forgotten; but he was a faithful puppet and didn't give a whoop. The wires were being yanked so fast

on his arms and legs that he hardly had time to see just where he was, but as his eyes became gradually accustomed to the queer light, he could discern shadows moving here and there about him.

He was astonished, even for a puppet, to discover that on of the shadows was his own jolly Professor of Geometry with the two black-eyed Oriental maidens still beside him. There was really no reason at all why it should be strange that they were all on board a sailing vessel steaming across the China Sea. Alfred guessed it was the China Sea, with the same detailed accuracy he always used on his exams, because all the crew were little, blue Japanese shoemakers, and the water was a delightful sky-blue pink, filled with junks. Near the Chinese capstan stood the jolly Professor of Geometry, while one of the black-eyed Oriental maidens reclined gracefully upon his knees. She was singing to him a beautiful Arabian love song, which Alfred readily translated into Scotch. It sounded a trifle harsh at first, because the music was not syncopated, but Alfred soon accustomed himself to it and even let his body sway in time

to its melody. The other black-eyed Oriental maiden was dancing a roundelay on the anchor chain. The beautiful Arabian love song was evidently directed toward the jolly Professor of Geometry, who smoked his long, black cigar in stolid silence. Her words came to Alfred with a pretty, twinkling sound:

"My love is like a red, red rose  
That's faded very soon.  
My love is like a violin  
That's slightly out of tune.  
So skill'd art thou, my boney lad,  
So wise a maid am I,  
That I will love thy still, my dear,  
While all the States are dry.  
While all the States are dry, my love,  
And corn is hard to get,  
And I will love thy still, my dear,  
Till all the States are wet!

So bait they hook with corn, my love,  
And stir thy brew awhile,  
And I will drink thy gin, my love,  
By bushel, rod, and mile."

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At first the jolly Professor of Geometry did not deign to notice her. Alfred was just about to go up to him and remind him it was good etiquette, according to Emily Post, to at least nod his approval, when the jolly Professor of Geometry suddenly swallowed the butt of his long, black cigar, and trundling the black-eyed Oriental maiden on his knee, began:

“One word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it,  
One dollar too falsely disdained  
For me to disdain it.  
An apple is too like a pear  
For prudence to smother,  
And one from a Jew more dear—”

“No, no, not that! No, no, not that,” shrieked the black-eyed Oriental maiden in despair. “I have a brother at Harvard!”

But the jolly Professor of Geometry continued in his heartless fashion—

“Than two from your mother.”

Both of the black-eyed Oriental maidens shrank back in silence and shame at this. The one dancing even went so far as to fall backward off the anchor chair and break her neck, but no one noticed it at the time. It was horrible for a black-eyed maiden from the Orient, with a brother at Harvard, to imagine that a Jewess should be preferred before herself.

Suddenly a horrible clatter, in Chinese or South Carolinian, Alfred could not quite guess which, rent the air. “Chow Chow!” “Chow Chow!” “Chow Chow!” was on everyone’s lips. The little blue Japanese shoemakers, naked to the waist, were running here and there in utmost frenzy, gradually converging in the general direction of the fallen girl. Alfred had heard somewhere that “Chow Chow” was nautical for dinner, and he began to wonder if the little blue Japanese shoemakers were planning to eat the poor girl. He hastened to protect her body, Pocahontas fashion, but the usually dignified Professor of Atoms appeared, laid his hand gently on Alfred’s arm, and said in his most didactic manner: “She is what she is largely be-

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cause she is where she is. Now if she had stayed on the anchor chain—”

“But why are the little, blue Japanese shoemakers yelling ‘Chow Chow?’” interpolated Alfred in a tone he had never been known to use in the laboratory where atoms were dissected.

“That’s her name”, explained the usually dignified Professor of Atoms, “and they are excited because they are going to have a funeral. The name of her sister is Koo Ed.”

Alfred was too interested in the funeral to pay any further attention to the usually dignified Professor of Atoms, who continued to talk for a long time at a very rapid rate. The Captain of the ship, whose name was Pig Chin, gathered all his trusty, little, blue Japanese shoemakers about him, and after a brief harangue gave commands thick and hoarse. “The corn!” he shouted to Alfred, “the corn!” Alfred being only a Sophomore did not know whether to go fore or aft for the corn. Just then he felt a tug on his right arm, and he realized that the minute silken cord, lluP, was being yanked. He had almost forgotten he was a puppet. He followed the

urging of the minute silken cord eagerly, until it led him up into the Crow’s Nest, where a little Cedar Bird was leading a Chorus in the song:

“Glorious, glorious—Just enough corn for the four of us.”

Alfred grasped the gallon jug that was reclining on the deck and was about to hasten to Pig Chin. “Hold on there! Where are you going?” shrilled the chief Cedar Bird.

“I am going to Chow Chow”, remarked Alfred when he noticed that the chorus was really made up of the members of the Student Council. He was about to hang his head in shame, when the Cedar Bird said: “That problem is easy of solution,” and he held out a box with a slot in it. Alfred felt a tug on the minute silken cord attached to his feet, so he dropped in a nickel, and immediately he found himself on the main deck with the jug of corn.

Pig Chin wrapped it carefully around the neck of Chow Chow and had the little, blue Japanese shoemakers throw her into the delightful sky-blue pink waves. Then a little, blue Japanese cobbler came out of the galley with a steam-

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ing pot of rice and dumped it into the delightful sky-blue pink billows. "What is that for?" naively inquired our hero.

"It is for Chow Chow", said Pig Chin. For two days at each meal a jug of corn and a steaming pot of rice were dumped into the delightful sky-blue pink waves.

Both Pig Chin and Alfred fell in love with the black-eyed Oriental Koo Ed on the next day. The jolly Professor of Geometry entirely disappeared from the ship. Perhaps he jumped into the delightful sky-blue pink waves, to be with Chow Chow. Perhaps Pig Chin had him thrown overboard. Who knows?

The hair of the black-eyed Oriental maiden, Koo Ed, was of a bewitching olive quality. Her brows were of an artistic east, making a sensitive beetle-bow across her forehead. They bore mute testimony to the skill hidden in the shapely fingers of the black-eyed Oriental Koo Ed.

Of an evening, in the pale moonlight, the three of them would sit on the poop deck, under the pale moon. It was the black-eyed Oriental Koo Ed's custom to sing to Pig Chin on these occasions, while she held Alfred's hand. Onee

Pig Chin attempted to retaliate. He sang in a sweet, gooing tone:

"There is a tale  
And if you'll stoop  
To hear, I'll now relate it.










There was a whale  
Who lived in soup—  
Oh, dear! He often ate it.

He had a tail  
From bow to poop  
That measured nearly eighty.

His mouth was wide  
And red inside;  
He kept it always open—"

"Why did he keep it always open?" interrupted Alfred spitefully. Pig Chin could not think of an answer to this question, and he finally became so confused that he jumped overboard.

The black-eyed, Oriental Koo Ed gave Alfred's hand a little squeeze, then she nestled up

		
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to him and said in a kooing voice, "Alfred, dear, why *did* he keep it always open?" Alfred had no idea that he would be expected to answer his own question. He was not surprised at her boldness, for he was a man of the world and a Sophomore, but that she should display a modicum of wit absolutely confounded him. His head began to whirl, and his eyes to dim. Fish jumped out of the sea and stood straight up, with only their feet in the water. The soles of his shoes began to spread until suddenly he found himself standing alone on a vast Desert. The fish, however, by some process of evolution, no doubt, had become trees, so that at his right a verdant Wilderness loomed dark and forbidding. The wind in the trees of the verdant Wilderness was meowing softly in the autumn breeze.

At first no sight presented itself to his eyes, then over the horizon a dark dot appeared and rapidly grew in volume, until before he could understand it a terrific Shriek in gaudy apparel, seated on the back of a tremendous Bull, appeared rushing toward him with an immense velocity. The terrific Shriek was goading the tremendous Bull to greater effort with such cries as "Ach, Weider! Himmel! Spitzenbergen, piazza!"

In the very nick of time, Alfred felt a tug on his left arm, and he realized that *trA* was pulling him toward the verdant Wilderness. He had quite forgotten he was a puppet. He fled, the terrific Shriek and the tremendous Bull at his heels. Alfred gained the verdant Wilderness, but ran almost smack into the arms of a wizened little fellow named "Bobo". "That's all right. I'll take care of you," said Bobo. "You are now in the land of leeH raT, which is not so ferocious as it is pronounced. In the meantime, the tremendous Bull had come plunging into the verdant Wilderness. The terrific Shriek had been, however, casually brushed aside by an overhanging bough at the edge of the Wilderness, and before the tremendous Bull reached Alfred Bobo jumped strenuously upon his back and succeeded in calming him. The cries of the terrific Shriek, despoiled of his rightful prey resounded with such phrases as "Ich, Frau piffle snip! Wednesday, A. M."

When the din had subsided a mite Alfred remarked sorrowfully to Bobo, "Can you tell me, please, where I can find my dear, black-eyed Oriental Koo Ed?"

"Around at the Frou-frou, I suppose," replied the wizened little fellow.

"Where is the Frou-frou?" asked Alfred, eyeing him with pity.

"I don't know. I've never been there," replied Bobo. Alfred meditated silently upon this for a few moments, then an inspiration came to him.

"Tell me," he said, "are all of the adventures I have had true, or are they only make-believe?"

This was too much for Bobo to answer at once. He was numb with consternation for a few moments, then he whispered the query into the ear of the tremendous Bull. Now it was not at all queer that the tremendous Bull should reply, all things considered, but Alfred was a little surprised to hear the tremendous Bull say in the politest Mexican:

"All of these things are true, I trow,  
And all that you have seen;  
Fancy's eyes are passing wise,  
If you know what I mean!"

"Hop up and ride with me," interjeeted Bobo. Soon they were off at a gallop through the verdant Wilderness, but before they had gone very far they reached the edge of a plain, along which a Colyum of Asterisks bloomed in shimmering constellations.

"What are those?" queried Alfred.

"Let your inelination be your guide," quoth the wise old Bobo, at the same time jumping off the tremendous Bull.

The slight jar aroused Alfred from the deep sleep into which he had fallen, and he discovered his usually dignified Professor of Atoms, the jolly Professor of Geometry, the long, striding Professor of Languages, and even the energetic little Professor in the pepper and salt suit who had something to do with it all, and was always puffing a little round pipe, applauding the Marionettes with professorially distant enthusiasm, just as if they did not realize that they, themselves, were antiemen in a pointless Puppet-Show.

By this time, Bobo was back on his tremendous Bull.



# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor. Published by the  
University of North Carolina Publications Union

Old Series Vol. 54

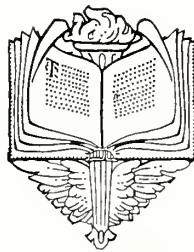
Number 7

New Series Vol. 41

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Articles in the MAGAZINE are not necessarily the opinion of the editor of the publication.

Address all communications to the *Editor* or *Business Manager*, CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill North Carolina.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1923.



EDMUND HALLEY  
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## The comet came back

The great comet that was seen by William of Normandy returned to our skies in 1910 on its eleventh visit since the Conquest. Astronomers knew when it would appear, and the exact spot in the sky where it would first be visible.

Edmund Halley's mathematical calculation of the great orbit of this 76-year visitor—his scientific proof that comets are part of our solar system—was a brilliant application of the then unpublished *Principia* of his friend Sir Isaac Newton.



As spectacular as a comet has been the world's electrical development. By continuous scientific research the General Electric Company has accelerated this development and has become a leader in the industry.

The laws of motion that Newton and Halley proved to govern the movements of a comet are used by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to determine the orbit of electrons in vacuum tubes.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

April, 1924



*There is both Delicacy and Spice in this Addisonian Essay by PAUL A. CLEMENT. It deals with a female of whom you have heard, seen, or perhaps known.*

## Comments Occasioned by a Letter

*From My Own Apartment, February 7*

**L**AST evening at Gooch's Coffee House my old friend, Will Honeycomb, showed me a letter which he professes to have received from a woman whom he has never met. I shall present the letter to you without further introduction:

"You will of course be puzzled when you get this letter in a strange handwriting, but I suppose a man in your station is accustomed to getting letters from unknown admirers. I have seen you only once, but my woman's intuition tells me more than I could have learned in ten years casual acquaintance with you. Besides, I know you from your reputation—and I am a hero worshipper. My childhood has been filled with dreams of a fairy prince—I still dream, for who will say that seventeen is so far removed from the realm of childhood? But the fairy prince in golden armor has been replaced by you—you, whom the power of words is inadequate to describe!

"Happiness has not been my portion until now—I cannot tell you why. Can it be that I must know you only in my dreams? Yet, you are already more than an elusive dream. I saw you in Raleigh on Saturday, February the second, in case you require the cold facts. And I hope I am to see you again in Durham on Saturday, February the ninth.

"I am a student at Meredith College, but not remarkable in a scholastic way. I am too ardent a pursuer of the will-o'-the-wisp, called pleasure, for that. I have never been in love but have been suspected of it many times. I am not a classic beauty, but I have often caused a second glance. I promise you that you will be inter-

ested, at least, when you see me. You will know me from this description: I am small and very slender, having an appearance of fragility. My hair is bobbed, but not in the usual way—it reminds one of dark hyacinth petals, and clings closely all over my head. These details would hardly be sufficient to identify me, but you cannot mistake my dress: I shall be wearing a froth of gold, and you will realize that my eyes are also gold. Around my head I shall wear a broad band of transparent gold with a delicate tracery in heavier design. You will call em "Queen Mab,"—others before you, have done so. My eyes are not metallic gold, but living, molten sunlight. I know that my soft lips and my slender throat were made for kisses, but never have they been touched save in my dreams. Would you be the first—the last—the only one to hold me in your arms? I know I cannot be mistaken in this: *you* are my fairy prince. You are the only one I can ever love with my whole heart. If I never meet you, I must make myself love some one else, but I cannot forget you—ever. Please, if you are at all interested, will you not write and tell me that you will be at the dance I mention?

"Thine own—if you want me—

"ARAMINTA FLUTTERHEART."

As a masterful example of epistolary correspondence this letter is without peer. The elegance of its style could be achieved only by a gentlewoman of learning—not withstanding her avowed seventeen years. Her figures are bold but delicate; somewhat hyperbolic, but they leave a very pleasant taste in the mouth. She is rather given to overstatements, such as "they have never been touched save in my dreams" and "I have

never been in love, but have—" None but the accomplished coquette could ever write a letter so credulously innocent at the first glance, but, withal, so fraught with meaning. His Majesty was deprived of an excellent minister when Araminta was born a woman. Notwithstanding the meritorious qualities of the epistle, such boldness, I think, does not become the sex.

My fair reader, do not be alarmed; do not cast aside this paper in a fit of petulence, for I shall not be didactic. Of all God's creations you I admire the most. You are noble, divine, and goodness itself. Remain so! Do not cheapen yourself, for man, poor creature, must have an ideal. Be not selfish. Pluck not our heart that you may amuse yourself a while by tossing it from hand to hand. Man is a credulous, susceptible beast; at the least encouragement he will lay his heart at your feet. Spurn it not! Lift it and return it with the soothing balm you know so well how to apply, or raise it carefully and treasure it in

your bosom, if you so desire. Be not a coquette, nor yet a prude. Love not one man tonight and another tomorrow. Refrain from playing with every man and giving none your heart, but rather choose one and to him devote yourself. On the other hand, be not indignant when told you are beautiful, nor yet retire to your chamber in scorn when asked for a kiss. Be not too easily won, but when won, remain so.

Madam, forgive me. I promised not to become didactic, yet I ended by hurling Baconian maxims at your fair head. I am not often so carried away; but I appeal to your sense of justice, for I am a firm believer in the feminine sense of justice—was it proper for Araminta, a young woman of seventeen, to write such a letter to Will, an old beau twice her age, and would not married life be much happier if my lady were not quite so willing to grant every favor to a gentleman whom she had known for just a short time—or not yet met?



FRANCES PRESTON VENABLE *has interestingly sketched the life of*

## Walter H. Page: *Democrat, Statesman, Man*

after reading the "*Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page*" and interviewing old acquaintances of his.

**S**TENOGRAPHY, typewriting, the combination of the two, have done much to destroy the art of letterwriting. In the busy rush of our modern-day civilization men of affairs have little time or desire to write their own personal letters, and, in writing them to leave the imprint of the writer's personality. The letters of Walter H. Page are intensely interesting specimens of this almost extinct art. His editorials, forceful in substance, delightful in style, brought him the nation's attention. Mr. Page wrote constantly; in the pages of his editorials, in the lines of his letters he left the indelible stamp of the convictions in which he honestly believed, colored by his own vigorous personality

and whimsical sense of humor. To understand Page and to appreciate more fully the services he rendered to his country, one has only to review his use of his talent for exposition.

The dominating interest of Mr. Page's life, the interest around which all his activities centered, was in the spiritual and material elevation of the masses. As he expressed it, "democracy with a small 'd' ". He believed, and was impatient with any one who believed otherwise, that the "only acceptable measure of any civilization is the extent to which it improves the condition of the common citizen." He gave up his editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* and established his own magazine, *The World's Work*, and by



means of this magazine he vigorously interpreted for the everyday American the "signs of a developing democracy in the fields of education, agriculture, industry, social life, and politics." During the eighties he was ahead of his time in his democratic creed, and when he used his pen mercilessly to prod the people of the South, his own people, from their state of lethargy, he was harshly criticised. As a young journalist he had written scathingly about the "professional Southerners," the "narrowbound ecclesiastics," the "mummies" who failed to realize that by living in the past, the war between the States, they were stifling progress. As an editor with an established reputation he inspired and supported the two great educators, McIver and Alderman, in their crusade against illiteracy. He came to the State of North Carolina and made addresses in behalf of the movement; he was never satisfied to do nothing but write when his interest was so keenly aroused—he had to write and give his whole self as well. "How Foolish Turkeys Lose their Lives" was the title of an address he made at the University in the early nineties. "Foolish turkeys" were the supposedly superior class of Southerners who were by their own blindness keeping southern civilization at a standstill. For as turkeys let themselves be led into a trap and kept there because they foolishly fail to see the means of escape at their feet, so the Southerners had drifted blindly along until the South was in a disgraceful state of backwardness. They had failed to realize that the people of the hovels were potential citizens and that upon the future conditions of the "forgotten man and woman" at their feet rested the hope of the future progress of the South. To educate the common citizen was to open the door to progress.

This vigorous and enthusiastic participation in public reform was an inherent quality in the Page stock. Page's North Carolina ancestors and the members of his own generation were pioneers and builders. From his father, Page received his rugged character and clear insight into the difference between right and wrong. From his mother, he received his love for literature, nature, and beauty. His letters to his mother show there was a great feeling of companionship between them. She encouraged the scholarly tendencies of his early youth and manhood. He was a dreamer in contrast to his more active kinsman. His keen mind and intellectual apti-

tude brought honor to him in the form of a fellowship at Johns Hopkins University, then in its infancy. Here contact with brilliant minds deepened his culture; here his associations broadened his outlook on life. He saw his native Southland as she appeared to more progressive sections; the prejudices of a reconstruction boyhood were softened, then cast aside. Here he made his decision not to devote his life to scholarly pursuits—not to teach Greek as a career, though he appreciated the value and worth of this culture. In this work his contact would be with educated people but his sympathy was with the masses who had been given no opportunity. He decided that his life work was to preach the doctrine of democracy and growth everlasting. He became a journalist, an editor; always his writing was to show the public the need of reform and arouse it to action. And his labors and those of his fellow idealists began to be rewarded. The South awoke to its need and put forward a great system of public education; the State College in Raleigh was one of his realized dreams. He interested the Rockefeller Foundation directors in the hookworm campaign and the "microbe of laziness," the curse of the poorer class, was being stamped out. He planned a governmental system of rural aid, which he was to see adopted in part by the Department of Agriculture.

It was his great interest in democracy that led him to stand behind Woodrow Wilson in 1912, and, through his magazine and in other news organs, to urge his election to the presidency. For he saw in Wilson the possible leader of a new epoch in American history. For thirty years Page had known Wilson, and the correspondence between the two men during this time shows the existence of a fine understanding and friendship between them. Page told his friends to "watch that man," and when this solitary, scholarly figure appeared on the horizon as a possible presidential candidate he was there to encourage him and to persuade him that his entrance into public life would mean the furthering of democratic ideals.

In a letter to Dr. Alderman at this time Page described his interest in Wilson. He felt that this man "whose thought and aim and dream" were the same as his own and those of Dr. Alderman and of the others who really believed in democracy. "I do profoundly hold this democratic faith," he writes, "and believe that it

can be worked into action among men; and it may be I shall yet see it done"—with a democratic leader such as Wilson.

Page was disgusted with office seekers. He was embarrassed when his friends began urging his appointment as secretary of agriculture. He wrote repeatedly to Mr. Wilson that he did not want an office. The part he played in helping Mr. Wilson to adjust himself to his new position was played because of his friendship for the man; beyond that he felt that this experiment was to mean much for the practical progress of American democratic ideals. Yet Mr. Wilson was determined to have Page as a part of his administration. One morning Mr. Page was greeted over the telephone by Colonel House.

"Good morning, Your Excellency," he said.

"What the devil are you talking about?" was Page's answer.

Colonel House explained, and a few weeks later Page was on his way to England as the American ambassador.

Thus it was that Walter Page left behind him his work in America, and took up his new duties in Great Britain. He presented his credentials to the King, had the embassy moved from its dark and dingy place to a more dignified location, and entered into the diplomatic life of Britain's capital with a boyish enjoyment of its show and finesse. Withal he was gathering a serious conception of the conflicting elements in the British system of government and of the attitude of the British towards America.

Page's letters at this time, those to the President, to his friends, to his family, are full of the England of the pre-war days. Politics, the Liberals versus the Tories, the ever-present Irish question, the social system of distinct classes, the great body of customs which governed the Englishman's every act. It was characteristic of the man that while recording his impressions he pondered over the future. He writes to President Wilson:

"This moss that has grown all over their lives (some of it very pretty and most of it very comfortable—it's soft and warm) is of no great consequence—except that they think they'd die if it were removed. And this state of mind gives us a good key to their character and habits.

"What are we going to do with this England and this Empire, presently, when economic forces unmistakably put the leadership of the race in our hands? How can we lead it and use it for the highest purposes of the world and of democracy?"

Officially, Mr. Page was winning England's greatest respect; personally, he was drawing to him a host of friends. He was frank and bluntly outspoken in his denunciation of sham and in his arguments for democracy. Yet so tempered were they by his own innate culture that they did not offend. As one distinguished Englishman remarked, "Mr. Page has taught us that one may be a democrat and still be a gentleman of culture." Statesmen, literary men, artists, leaders of the thought of the day dropped in at the American Embassy for tea and conversation. Between Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Page there existed a great bond of friendship and of common interest, brought about through their contact in official capacities. They were both politically idealistic; they desired character above all else in a statesman. Both were lovers of poetry, nature, beauty. Sir Edward admired America, Mr. Page admired England, and together they strove to bring their countries into a better understanding of each other, to dispel the mutual colossal ignorance. A certain incident that took place serves to illustrate the relationship between the two men. It was during the war when a great tension existed between the two nations over the question of blockade. The American had received instructions from Washington to push the matter to a decision. A formal interview had been granted and gravely Mr. Page left the Embassy for the Foreign office. The situation was extremely critical and the secretaries gathered to await the outcome. Hours passed and the Ambassador failed to return; the whole afternoon slipped by and the suspense increased. Finally, at dinner time, the Ambassador came in smiling. What had happened? What was going to be done about the ships? His secretaries eagerly questioned him.

"What ships?" asked Page, then remembering, "Oh, yes—those." They were to be released at once. It had taken only a few minutes to straighten things out.

Why had he stayed so long? Why, having finished the business in hand, he and Sir Edward had spent the rest of the afternoon in a most delightful discussion of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other poets!

Then came the series of events which plunged Europe into the great war. Throughout the war, especially the period before America's en-



try, Page wrote continuously to his chiefs, keeping them informed as to the situation in Great Britain, as in his official position he could review it. This period was the severest test of his ability as ambassador. In London he explained his country's attitude, though he grew impatient of her hesitancy to take the final step when Germany forced her to it. When the United States finally entered the war in April, 1917, she was able to join forces with England so easily because of her ambassador's untiring efforts in her behalf during her neutrality—efforts which kept peace between the two nations.

Whole books might be written about the multiplicity of duties which fell to the lot of an allied ambassador at this time. The American Embassy in London became a great plant of ceaseless activity, its force quadrupled. The strain on its chief was terrific, yet through it all Mr. Page retained his optimism, his geniality, his ready sympathy. At times he felt that his country's leaders had not grasped the deeper meaning of the war—that it was not just a quarrel between nations but a war of right and wrong. His writings at this time are interpretations of this. But his country had justified his confidence in her, she was assuming her merited place of world leadership. America, democracy, international leadership—what did not that portend for the future of the world?

But the strain of the preceding years had taken its toll of his health. Dr. Wallace Buttrick, his old friend of the Southern Educational Board, on a lecture tour in England, noticed his failing health.

"Quit your job, Page," he urged. "You have other big tasks waiting for you at home. Why don't you go back?"

"No, no, not now."

"But, Page," he urged again, "you are going to lay down your life."

"I have only one life to lay down," was the answer. "I can't quit now."

After many months of struggling against the inevitable, Page gave heed to the advice of his physicians and cabled his resignation. When news of this was heard in England tributes to him poured in from all parts of the land—from the King, from the Prime Minister, from Lord Grey, through the mail and through the news-

papers—tributes to his statesmanship, tributes from his friends.

Waterloo station was crowded when Mr. Page began his homeward journey, the journey which was to end in his death in his native state of North Carolina.

"I loved that man," said Mr. Balfour. "I nearly wept when he left England."

♦♦♦♦♦

## NIGHT

*From the Italian of Renato Fucini*

The white moon shines in the midst of the clearing;  
The wind does not blow in the frosty air;  
The poplars raise their leafless arms.  
In the distance a dog barks at the watchers.

Within, two old men, one opposite to the other  
Are seated immovable before the fire.  
The parochial priest is heard snoring upstairs.  
The dull cat creeps away and hides in his corner.

"Dead," sighs one old man.  
The other old man repeats, "Dead".  
He does not sigh, but in his bony hand  
Rests his forehead, heavy with sorrow.

The housewife sits in her corner and dreams.  
She dreams of the thin, lifeless face of her son.  
In the distance a dog barks at the watchers.

*Translated by R. R.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## FREEDOM

The cold winds rage and roar.  
The warm winds whisper and sigh.  
The winter wind is harsh;  
It bites with teeth of ice;  
It shoves and pushes.  
The summer wind is gentle;  
It caresses with velvet hands;  
It warms and loves.

That is the freedom of the wind.  
Oh! that I might be the wind.

The wild sea rages and rushes;  
Thrusts and gouges  
At its rock-ribbed walls.

The gentle sea flows softly  
Over smooth sand-beaches  
And laps and ripples.

That is the freedom of the sea.  
Oh! that I might be the sea.

—S. G.

# The School of Education:

By N. W. WALKER, *Acting Dean*

## *What and Why?*

THE primary purpose of the School of Education is to prepare young men and young women for the more responsible teaching positions, principalships, and superintendencies. Adequate preparation for such positions is required by statutory provision in all progressive American states. Every state is now spending vast sums of money for the education of the youth of the land. It is one of the primary functions, therefore, of the School of Education in a State University to fit prospective teachers and educational workers by developing in them the necessary knowledge and skill for successful teaching and administration.

Within the last two years North Carolina has spent in round numbers \$25,000,000 for new school buildings and equipment, and \$50,000,000 for maintenance of elementary and secondary schools. Since the World War, our state has spent more public money for elementary and secondary education than in all its preceding history. Moreover, the people of this state have by their votes ratified every big constructive educational program that has been submitted to them within the past fifteen years. They have realized that their social, economic, and industrial progress is primarily a matter of education. They have further realized that in order to provide adequate educational facilities, and thus strengthen the foundations on which must rest greater economic, social, and spiritual progress, vast expenditures are necessary. They have set their faces firmly and confidently toward the future and are providing larger funds with which to do an ever larger task.

These facts are cited simply to show something of the importance that education in North Carolina has assumed in recent years. It has, in fact, come to be the biggest single field of business which the state today finances and directs. It is one of the state's largest and most important functions.

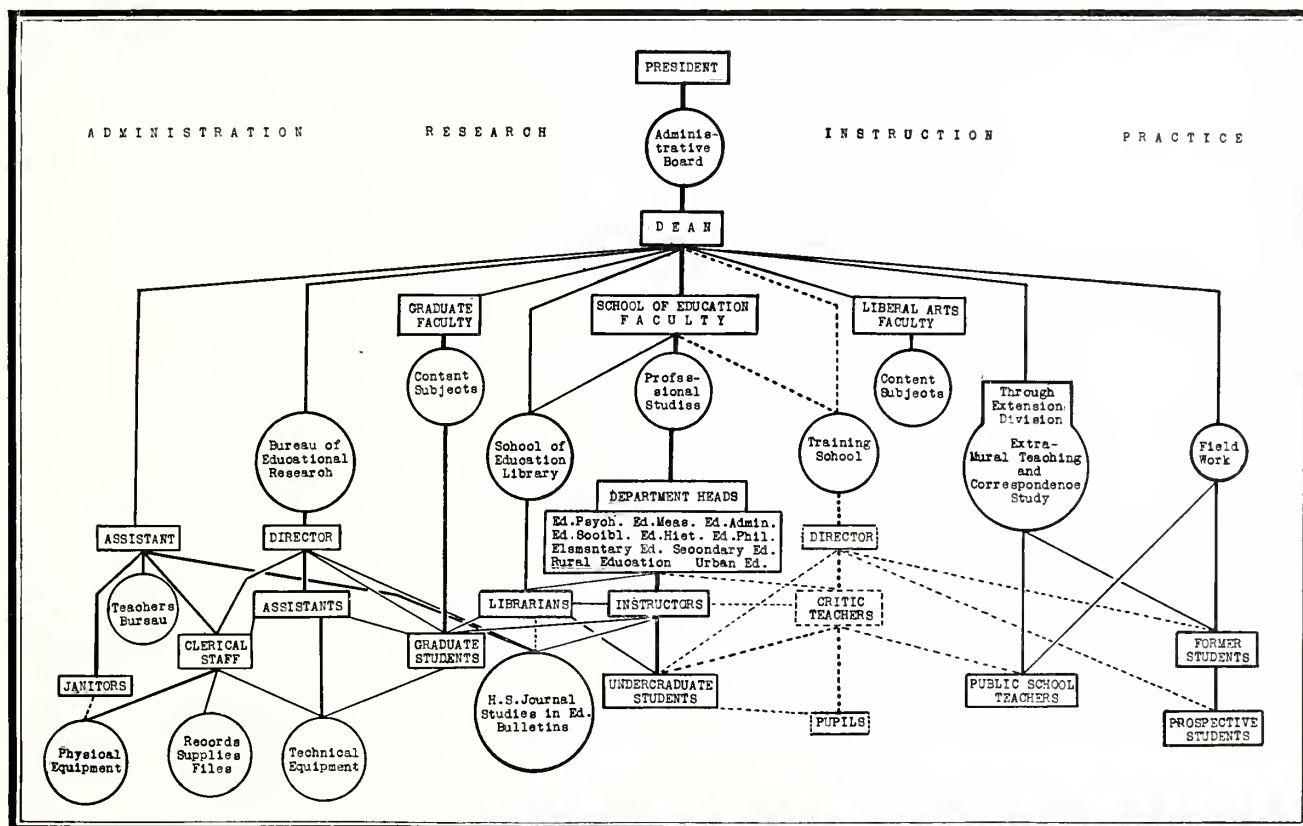
Now, as a business expands it does what any organism does as it evolves from a lower to a

higher stage: it takes on more complex functions and develops more complex forms of organization. So it is with education. It is not the simple thing it was once thought to be. Experts are demanded in education today for whom there was no place, no demand, no opportunity at earlier stages of our social development. The successful head of a large school system today has not only to be an expert himself in educational administration, but he must have many others associated with him who are experts in a number of specialized fields. In addition to the general training that once sufficed, the teacher today must have specialized training for the particular field of work he wishes to enter. This is demanded by all the better schools. The better positions are no longer open to those who have not had such training. The people of North Carolina have had it written into the law of the state that the larger, better, more responsible educational positions shall not be left to the novice, the untrained, the inexperienced. Herein lies a great opportunity and a great challenge for young men of ability and character who are willing to equip themselves for big jobs in the field of education. And it is the primary purpose and function of the School of Education to prepare young men and young women for this field and for this phase of commonwealth building. This job must be done, if it is to be done at all, by men and women "who know". Vast sums are to be invested wisely and economically in boys and girls. The youth must be taught by teachers "who know" what they attempt to teach. Schools must be supervised by people "who know" what sound and economical management means. All these fields—teaching, supervision, administration, afford today excellent opportunities for college trained young men and young women "who know" some specialized field of education and who are skilled in the technique of that field. The School of Education is organized and maintained in order to equip them with this knowledge and skill.



Modern education postulates that in determining the sort of training a student should get the following considerations should not be overlooked: (1) his interests and abilities, (2) the use his training is likely to be to him, and (3), the needs and demands of modern life. The curriculum, therefore, is not the fixed, rigidly prescribed something it once was. There is less em-

group. I will present first only the academic requirements. In the Freshman and Sophomore years they are very much the same as they are in any good college of Liberal Arts: 3 courses in English, 2 courses in history, 2 courses in Mathematics, 3 courses in one foreign language, preferably Latin or French, 2 courses in each of two branches of Natural Science, one of which must



ORGANIZATION OF THE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

The School of Education carries on many other functions to which no reference is made in the body of this article. The accompanying plate shows something of its varied activities and its relations to other schools and divisions of the University. It recognizes its obligations to the schools of the State, and undertakes through its Bureau of Research, its Teachers Bureau, its publications, its extension classes and correspondence courses to render them direct expert assistance unparalleled in any other University in the Southern States

phasis on general disciplinary values and more emphasis on the development of specific traits, individual abilities, and specialized skills. No longer does any single subject or fixed group of subjects, hold the key to the world's culture, knowledge, or opportunities. These principles are frankly recognized and are incorporated in the curriculum set up by the School of Education leading to the degree of A. B. in Education.

The requirements for this degree are, in brief, as follows: First, there is a sharp differentiation between the *academic* and the *professional* parts of the curriculum. Of the thirty-six courses required for the degree, twenty-seven fall in the *academic* group, and nine in the *professional*

be Physics or Chemistry, 2 courses elective. In the Junior and Senior years, the student takes 4 courses in his major academic field and 2 courses in his minor academic field. Both his major and his minor must be chosen from branches taught in the high schools. The remaining academic courses are elective. This plan enables the student to lay a broad cultural foundation in the first two years of his college course, and in the last two to specialize in some academic field in which he is interested and has shown that he has some ability. At the end of his course he goes out with a degree of mastery at least in one or two academic fields. Moreover, there is awaiting him the opportunity to [Continued on page 17]

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

APRIL, 1924

## *We Need More Medicine*

AT THIS PERIOD in the expansion of the University it seems that we have recently stopped in our rapid material progress for a moment so brief as to allow us to take stock of many of the deficiencies in students, in student life, and in the University itself. We have been more or less swallowed up during the past few years by a whale,—so to speak. Rapid growth, preceded by many years of what was almost utter stagnation, has kept us in a dark pit where we never saw nor sought to see the light; we only felt. But we have been cast upon the shore—modern Jonahs—and now we are thinking about ourselves and those things which are troubling us.

College spirit, denied by some to be in existence here, has more than once within the last seven weeks made itself manifest. We have cried aloud for greater unification, and in a sense it has come. We have pledged money, to be paid out of our own pockets, towards the erection of a building which is to stand as a monument to the life of one of our greatest presidents. We have done other things of lesser importance, but perhaps most recent of all we turn to a problem which is threatening the life of the institution.

No educational institution can very well stand, nor can it accomplish anything, without the co-operation of its alumni. We know of no uni-

versity where there is so little co-operation as exists here today, nor where there has been in years past such poor alumni organization. There has been no touch kept, no medium of information save perhaps the *Review*, no organizations save crumbled so-called county associations. Every possible effort, however, is at present being made to renew alumni relations, and the recently established alumni headquarters is doing good work, considering the amount of money on which it has to operate. The staff is excellent and alive.

Now comes the problem of ourselves, and unless we climb far above the accomplishments of preceding classes we shall indeed be a problem. What can we do to help the University, and how can we do it? It is an indisputable fact that we owe the University far more fealty than she has ever been accorded by us; so we pass from this argument. The greatest good that we can do is in a financial way. Class gifts to the University are and always have been puny things, inadequate expressions of the love we hold for our Alma Mater. Besides, to what purpose do the great majority of the gifts serve? Why not have the classes do something worth while, something that will at the same time reflect credit on both the alumni and the institution?

The subject in question is that of adding money to the already established Alumni Loyalty



Fund by means of large class gifts, to be made possible by the purchasing of endowment life insurance policies to be paid for by individual class members, all of which policies are to mature on a specified date. By doing this each graduate would feel that he was doing something worth while, something which would be a visible evidence of the thanks we owe and the love and veneration we have for the University. The plan is by no means a new one, nor has it been unsuccessfully tested. It is, however, new to us. There is a plan on foot to begin such a custom here, to be initiated by the graduating class this year, to be followed up by succeeding classes, the gifts of which shall come due to the University on the occasion of its 150th anniversary. By this means alumni would feel more intimately connected with "the old place"; they would keep in touch with her at all times, every yearly payment being a link in the chain of inseparability; and their love for her would be evidenced more frequently. In a word, there would be a binding tie, there would be that which we lack today. And while pouring our gifts upon the altar of our Alma Mater we would be contributing to a fund which could be used towards some suitable purpose, in a small way offering tangible thanks for the four happiest years of our lives.

### *Where We Differ*

MISS NELL BATTLE LEWIS, "Incidentally" of the staff of the *News and Observer*, has said something with which we beg to differ. In her weekly column some time ago, after reviewing a novel which deals with college life in America today, she sums up, "—College trains your mind? Shucks! College fits you for life? Bah! College helps you get a larger salary? Ha! Ha! But college gives you the memory of 'four beautiful, wonderful years.' A thousand times yes! And it is a memory that grows more roseate and more tender with time, a memory cheap, cheap at the price!"

Now we don't know Miss Lewis, nor do we know if she has been to college,—but she evidently has, judging from her statement above. If so, she has one advantage over us in this reply: she has made experience which we, still being an undergraduate, lack up to this time. Maybe she knows what she is talking about, but we refuse to believe all she says.

It seems from her column that she refuses to hold anything valuable which one gets while in college save "love for the old place". We fear that she is sentimental at the expense of being practical. Does not one gain experiences, knowledge of things in general, acquaintances, knowledge of human nature, and a host of other things that one shall find useful, yea, may even capitalize in years to come? We certainly believe that one does. Those of us who are students now are not so foolish as to believe we can stay here four years, get our degree, and then jump right out into what we have come to know and look upon as "the world" and turn it topsy-turvy with our successes in little less than no time. But we believe that we are learning a few things while in college that we shall find valuable to us in years to come.

We cannot believe that practical, successful graduates of colleges and universities would today send their sons and daughters to college if they had learned nothing while students save how to be sentimental. Miss Lewis spoke before she thought.

## A Two Cent Trip

WHY make long trips to a bank when you can transact business for the price of a two cent stamp? Or ten cents more for registration if you send money.

Save your time during your busy season.

If you live in the country or far from Chapel Hill, get the details of our banking services by mail.

*Oldest and  
Strongest Bank  
in Orange  
County*

The Bank of Chapel Hill

*E. R. PATTERSON* seems to be the most prolific short story writer in college.

## *The Devil's Racetrack*

is his fifth story in as many months

**I**N 1921, my roommate, Thomas Chisholm, invited me to spend the Christmas holidays at his home in Campbell county, Virginia. Chisholm was my most intimate friend at college and I accepted the invitation gladly. The hospitality of his family had been famous in the Old Dominion for centuries. But perhaps there was another reason why I accepted the invitation without any reluctance whatever.

Chisholm had many times told me of an old tradition which had been current for several centuries in the neighborhood in which his family lived. It was weird, uncanny and very interesting, and old tales of the South had always interested me. Just after the Revolutionary war, the government of Virginia had built a stretch of highway in Campbell county, which was used to convey turpentine from a large still to a nearby river. The distance from the still to the river was about two miles; and for some unknown reason the engineers had built the road perfectly straight. A cannon could be shot at one end and the shell, if aimed well, would travel the whole length without striking a single obstruction.

Very interesting stories were told about this strange piece of road. One of the most interesting, the tradition I have referred to, was that the devil would appear on this road at midnight and race up and down it at incredible speed. Of course it was a superstitious tale, originated, perhaps, by the old slaves of the vicinity; nevertheless it was told by the firesides of all the people of the county. None of the better class or whites believed it, but the negroes who still lived on the plantations where their ancestors had been slaves believed in the story sincerely and stood in awe of the road. They will tell you today that the Devil's Racetrack, as they called the strange highway, is "haunted."

The road was inconveniently situated as a public thoroughfare; just enough traveling was being done to keep the bushes and grass from grow-

ing up. Another highway had been built after the Civil War which crossed the Devil's Racetrack at one end. It was on this highway that the mansion of the Chisholms was situated, about a half mile from the points of intersection of two roads. At the other end of the old road a state railroad crossed it. Thus a triangle had been formed by the Racetrack, the new highway, and the railroad. A little hamlet had sprung up where the highway crossed the railroad. It was situated three or four miles from Thomas Chisholm's home.

It was at Ridgeway, as the hamlet was called, that Chisholm and I got off the train. We were met in an automobile by Tom's father, a perfect gentleman of the older school. He was tall, very erect and he wore an immaculate gray beard on a strong prominent chin; I was struck immediately by his charming and polite manner. He treated me as if I were his own son, and before we reached his home I felt as if I had known him all my life.

We passed several colonial mansions during the short ride, and Mr. Chisholm talked incessantly about incidents connected with the old houses. The mansions were old, stately, and almost majestic. Although they had been kept in repair through the many years of their existence, none of them had modern conveniences. There seems to be a tradition in that section of Virginia that all those things that so admirably reflect the spirit of the ante-bellum days are to be untouched by the march of progress.

Soon we arrived at the mansion of the Chisholms. It was older and larger than those which we had just seen. A lane with cedars growing on either side led up to the house. The mansion itself was surrounded by a garden, which in summer was planted with all kinds of flowers. Now it contained only low arborvitae and ever-green shrubs. The plants were set in almost perfect symmetry, and the whole scene was a reminder



of the aristocracy which had existed for years in the beautiful old house.

Mr. Chisholm led us into the spacious hall, where I was introduced to Mrs. Chisholm; Tom's sister, Irene; and a younger brother. Irene was one of the most charming girls I had ever met. She was a perfect brunette, about nineteen, and a student in one of the Virginia girls' colleges. Her hair was very dark, long and flowing; her eyes sparkled always and with a certain fire which caused her personality to possess an extraordinary charm. I immediately liked her.

Then Tom led me over the house, telling me all the interesting facts concerning each room. A Confederate general had spent the night in one. He showed me the room in which his great-grandfather died. Everywhere there was an air of aristocracy and I was amazed at the spaciousness of the inside of the mansion. The Chisholm family was rich in ancestry, and the name was revered in the whole state for deeds done by the sons and daughters of the house.

I will never forget the first night I spent in that house. Tom and I slept upstairs in one of the front rooms. There was something weird about the spacious hall, the high-pitched rooms and the flickering shadows cast by the large oil lamps. Congeniality reigned everywhere when I was with the family, but I felt an eerie loneliness as I lay awake that night after retiring. I finally fell asleep, only to dream of endless wandering in the long halls of some great, medieval castle.

I was awakened during the early morning hours by some sound in the hall. I remained still and listened for the sound again. After a moment of breathless waiting, I heard something like a heavy step in the hall, then a heavy crash came at the head of the stairs. Tom awoke with a start and asked me what had happened. I was so frightened that I could only utter an almost inaudible "Listen!" Soon we heard quick, heavy steps on the stairway and in the lower hall. Then the front door slammed and we heard no more, until Mr. Chisholm called to Tom from downstairs. I could not help but hear the conversation which took place.

"Did you hear steps in the hall?" asked Mr. Chisholm.

"Yes," answered his son. "I am sure something or somebody walked down the steps and

across the hall. I thought it might have been you."

"Some heavy sound awoke me," said Mr. Chisholm. "Did you hear that also?"

"No, but there certainly was one. Maybe Gray heard one," Tom answered, referring to me. "Did mother wake up? Irene did not hear anything or she would be awake."

"Well, there's nothing to do but go back to bed," said the older man. "Get that revolver from your trunk and keep it handy."

Tom returned and I told him that I had heard a crash. We exchanged ideas and opinions on the matter, and Tom slept again. But try as I might, I could not go to sleep. I imagined all sorts of wild happenings. I was sure there had been steps in the hall, but I could not understand the loud noise unless the man, if it was a man, had stumbled and fallen on the stairs.

On the following morning, Tom and I went out to the stables to look at Mr. Chisholm's horses. At one time these horses had been famous in all Virginia, but, with the coming of modern vehicles, their fame and number had diminished. Several negroes hung around the stables and they began to grin when they saw Tom Chisholm approaching.

"Lawd, I'se glad to see you back, Mister Tom," said one big, coal-black fellow. "We ain't had no fun on this plantation since yo' left last fall."

"I'm sure glad to be back again," said Tom. "I think we'll have a big time hunting this Christmas. Ned, are there any birds down by the Devil's Racetrack this year?"

"I don't know, Mr. Tom," said the negro, growing serious. "Tell yo' de truth, I ain't been down dar' in a long time."

"What's the matter?" asked Tom, nudging me.

"I didn't never like to hunt in dem woods. Dey say de place is ha'nted. I believes it, too. Just only last night, Uncle Josh Williams tol' me he see'd a great, tall man without a head runnin' down dat Racetrack. If I was yo', I sho' wouldn't hunt in dem woods dis year. People's been seeing things down there all dis winter."

"Oh, you don't believe all that, Ned," said Tom, as we started off. The negro looked at us quizzically and shook his head.

Later in the day, as a matter of curiosity more than any thing else, I asked Tom to show me this famous stretch of road. He laughed at my seeming seriousness, but gladly agreed to carry me over to the place. So after dinner we took two guns and went into the woods to hunt near the Devil's Racetrack. We soon came to the road and all I had heard about its form was certainly true. The avenue it formed through the tall, stately pines was perfect. The blue sky overhead stretched like a strip of ribbon as far as the eye could see.

"This road would be beautiful if somebody would rebuild it," I remarked to Tom.

"Yes," he answered, "I thought I would have it cleaned out some day. If the woods were not so thick, an ideal spot to build a house could be found in here."

We hunted all that afternoon in the vicinity of the Devil's Racetrack, and returned to the mansion that night, tired and sleepy.

A few nights later, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm gave a ball in honor of their daughter. It was an ante-bellum affair which lasted until after midnight. Negro musicians who lived in the neighborhood were called in to furnish the music, and Virginia reels were spun amidst great revelry and merriment.

About eleven o'clock, I left the ballroom and went out into the yard to smoke. There was no moon, but millions of stars made the cedars and arborvitae slightly distinguishable in the darkness. I walked around in the big yard, glad to leave the hilarious party in the house for a few minutes. When I reached the corner of the garden farthest from the mansion, I heard a dry cough behind a stubby hedge. I grew curious at once and drew nearer the hedge. Then I had the scare of my life, for a man, very tall and bareheaded, rushed from behind the bush, hurtled the picket fence, and disappeared with incredible swiftness down the lane. As the stranger cleared the fence, a shiny metal object fell from his hand. I thought it was a revolver, but upon further examination I found it to be a pair of scissors. I picked them up, slipped them in my pocket and went to tell Tom what I had seen.

That night when all the guests had departed, Tom and I lay awake for hours trying to find a logical reason why the strange man had been in the yard. The fact that he had been carrying a pair of scissors puzzled us more than anything

else. The problem became more complicated as we discussed it and finally we gave it up.

The next morning Tom told his father of the man being in the yard. Mr. Chisholm took the news seriously and procured two bloodhounds from the deputy sheriff who lived in Ridgeway. We then set the hounds on the tracks near the hedge under which the stranger had been lying. The big dogs immediately took up the trail. It led down the highway for a few hundred yards, then turned into the woods toward the Devil's Racetrack. The hounds had some trouble in the thick woods but after an hour's unraveling of the trail, they emerged from the woods upon the strange road itself. Then they trailed the man straight down the Racetrack, but stopped at the railroad. The strange prowler had evidently boarded a freight train.

When we returned to the mansion, we found the rest of the family alarmed at the affair. Mr. Chisholm assured Mrs. Chisholm and Irene that there was no cause for worry.

"Do you think the stranger was a white man?" Irene asked me.

"Yes," I answered. "There was only starlight last night, but I am almost sure that the face of the man was white."

"But why on earth did he have a new pair of scissors?"

"Were they new?" I asked curiously.

"Yes," she answered. "I don't think they have ever been used. They are expensive scissors and the name of a Richmond retailer is stamped on them. They couldn't have been bought in Ridgeway. What kind of clothes was the man wearing?"

"I couldn't say exactly," I said. "I know they were dark, but on this account I don't know whether the man wore a suit or not."

"I thought at first it was one of the neighborhood boys, but since we trailed him to the railroad track this morning I have changed my mind," put in Mr. Chisholm.

"Evidently it is the same man who was walking in the hall the other night," said Tom. "I think the whole household had better procure revolvers and shoot any stranger on sight. Is this the first time a stranger has been seen around the premises since I left last fall?"

"I think so," answered Mr. Chisholm. "I believe, though, I did hear Ned telling some tale



about seeing a stranger. He said that he and George Williams were returning from a 'possum hunt about two weeks ago and saw a tall man standing in the road before the house. The man fled upon their approach. Some of the negroes think that the devil is beginning to race on the old turpentine road again, as the old ghost stories go. I wonder if their recent tales could have any connection with the stranger who has been hanging around here. I mean to find out if possible."

Then we gave up the mysterious affair as an unsolvable problem.

During the following four or five days merriment was general and parties were frequent. I was engulfed by the hospitality of the old Southern family, that I almost forgot the affair of the strange prowler whom we had heard and seen. In fact, the whole family had entered so heartily into the spirit of Christmas that all disagreeable occurrences were drowned in celebration.

Three nights before Tom and I returned to school, we went on an all night coon hunt in the woods near the Devil's Racetrack. We left the mansion at eight o'clock, and the dogs were so

successful in trailing the game that we grew tired of hunting by midnight. Then we built a big fire and settled down for the night.

I got up sometime between one and two o'clock to throw more wood on the fire. Suddenly I heard shouts and screams from the direction of the mansion, borne by a slight breeze which was whispering in the tall pines. I aroused my companion for I felt sure that something was wrong. "Tom," I said, "I hear shouts coming from the direction of your home. Listen! You can hear hounds baying too. What'll we do?"

After a moment's hesitation he said, "I'll tell you, Gray. This must be another visit from that wild fool who has been prowling around the house for so many nights. We lost his trail before at the railroad track in the swamp about a mile from here. Let's beat him there and catch him once for all."

"Agreed," I responded. "But let's carry our guns. There is no telling what this man might do if it's really he again."

By the time that we were ready to start on our quest, the baying of the hounds had ceased. The

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nearer we got to our destination, the approach to which was slow due to the thick growth in the swamp, the more distinct the shouts of the approaching men became.

"We're within a quarter of a mile of the place now, Gray," panted Tom. "Let's put on double speed. Besides, didn't I hear a train blow a minute ago?"

"Yes," I answered, "there was a train whistle."

A pale moon had risen above the thick trees since we left the camp, and we were now able to see more distinctly and consequently make better time.

We were about a hundred yards from the railroad crossing, and could hear the train slowly puffing its way through the swamp. The aureole made by the head-light could be seen over the pines. Suddenly Tom stopped and grabbed me by the arm. "Look!" he said. "Isn't that a man over there leaning against that telegraph post?"

"As sure as ——"

"Look how he's holding his arm," he interrupted. "And he's groaning."

As he said, the man was gripping his arm as if it were paining him terribly, and occasionally emitting a low moan. In the meantime, however, the noise of the hounds was coming closer and closer. The space had been cleared by the railroad company of trees and tall brush for fifty yards around the spot where the man was standing. After a brief consultation, Tom and I decided that we would try to creep as close to him as possible without his seeing us. We crept gradually toward him until we were about fifty feet from him. His attention was divided between the light and sound from the quickly approaching train and the noise of the men and dogs.

Suddenly the train came into view around a curve a hundred yards from us and almost simultaneously the men with the dogs came yelling out of the woods into the clearing. The stranger made a move towards the track, looking backward at the approach of the posse. Tom and I saw that it was time to act or the man would catch the slow-moving freight and make his getaway. Holding our guns ready for instant use, we jumped out of the low brush, and called to the stranger to halt. He turned and then stumbled onwards to meet the freight. Hearing our

cry of "Halt" and seeing the man in the light of the train, the posse also took up the cry, but the wounded man paid no heed. The men recognized us, and cries of "Don't let that man get away," and "Stop him," reached our ears. We again tried to stop the fleeing man with threats, warning him that we were going to shoot if he did not stop. He was now beside the freight engine. He grabbed at the first car that passed him but missed his hold. Then Tom and I opened fire. We saw him reach for and catch the rungs of the iron ladder on the side of one of the cars, hold on for an instant with one arm, and then drop between the cars. The engineer hearing our yells and seeing the crowd, stopped the train. By the time it had stopped the posse was upon us. While some of the negroes were pulling the mangled man from under the cars, Tom and I learned that the man had entered not only the Chisholm mansion again but also Irene's room and had clipped a plait of her hair. I was astounded at the news—the affair now wore a more mysterious aspect than ever.

Mr. Chisholm had been aroused by the girl's screams in time to meet the man at the landing on the stairs. A tussle had followed, the man had been wounded in the arm, and the girl's father had been stabbed in the shoulder with the stranger's scissors. Then he had fled, throwing Mr. Chisholm down the remainder of the stairs. The negroes on the plantation had been aroused by the screams of the girl and Mrs. Chisholm, and the search had followed.

The torn, lacerated bundle of flesh and clothes at our feet was mangled beyond recognition. After a hurried consultation, we decided the best thing to do would be to send for a stretcher of some kind and then carry the dead man to the house. Several negroes were despatched to the mansion to procure some burlap. Tom and I went to the house, and the remainder of the posse remained on the scene.

We found things in an excited state, but no one was as seriously injured as we had feared. Mrs. Chisholm was bearing the strain well. After a doctor had been sent for and the wounds of Mr. Chisholm dressed, we retired for the night, but there was little sleeping done. Tom and I lay awake trying to puzzle out the chain of events that was now doubtless ended.

The next morning a coroner's inquest was made over the body. Irene then asked to see it.



We remonstrated, but with no success, for she argued emphatically that she might be able to recognize the man. Tom and I went with her to the place where the body lay waiting for the undertaker to arrive. We took the cover from the body, expecting Irene to faint at the sight of the bloody rags and mangled flesh. But she only shrugged her shoulders, and examined the body. Slowly she turned to go but suddenly stopped and stared fixedly at the lower left limb of the man before her.

"Tom," she said, speaking in a calm tone, "that man is Phil Allen." Tom started at the words.

"Phil Allen!" he exclaimed. "My God, it can't be Phil! He is in Philadelphia, in a hospital."

"But it is," insisted the girl in the same calm tone.

"How do you know?" asked Tom in a shaky voice.

"You remember he used to live in Ridgeway when we were children? Do you see that small pink birth-mark on his left ankle? When he went barefooted we used to tease him about it all the time. We told him that it was watermelon juice he had dropped on himself and it had dyed his skin. That's how I know it is he."

One of the unlucky man's shoes had been torn off and a peculiar looking pink spot could be seen on his left ankle. Tom examined the ankle closely and then muttered an assent sadly.

"Since you recognize him, perhaps you can finish the story," I suggested.

"Years ago, when I wore my hair down and in curls, Phil and I were the best of playmates. Later, he always said he loved me, but I never could return it. Once I gave him a picture of me," she continued, "but in a fit of anger he tore it to bits. I never gave him another. He then asked me for a lock of my hair, but I refused to give him even that. Mother always loved my hair; she said that it was like hers when she was a girl, and she made me promise that I would never cut a strand of it off. He often repeated his requests, but I never gave in. When the war broke out in 1917, he immediately joined the army.

"The government sent a squad of soldiers up here about three months later to guard the bridge over the river, and Phil was one of them. He came to see me more often than ever then, I

suppose because he was getting tired of army life. Then orders came for them to entrain and he knew that meant France. On the night before he left, he came up here to see me. Just before his departure he made a last request for another photograph of me but I refused him. Somewhat outdone, he asked for a lock of my hair. Again I refused. He then became furious with me and left immediately, saying that he would never forget this. He went to France and to the front. About a month before the war ended he was shell-shocked and was sent home immediately. For a time he was kept in a hospital in Philadelphia. But getting no better, about two years ago he was transferred to the army hospital for such cases, right at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains. His case seemed hopeless and he got worse as time went by. I heard this from his Aunt.

"In the meantime he had been writing me occasionally, saying that he wanted to come and see me, but the doctors would not let him out. Then when he went to the other hospital, he wrote me one letter, saying that some night he was going to slip out and come to see me. He could come down on the passenger train, getting here about nine, and then go back on the late freight, never being missed by the attendants. I never heard from him again."

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## The School of Education

(Continued from page 9)

put such training to immediate use in the teaching field. If a student in his undergraduate days thinks he may, after teaching a few years, wish to take up the study of law, he can lay a broad foundation for it through history, government, economics, etc. Or, if he thinks he may later wish to study medicine, he has the opportunity to lay the foundation for such study by specializing in the Natural Sciences.

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“The Apostles would never have followed Christ if they had not been skeptical ...”, declares *Wm. T. Couch* in one of the most illuminating articles

THE MAGAZINE has published this year

## *Education and Skepticism*

WHERE there is intelligence education produces skepticism. It is not an extreme dogmatic skepticism but skepticism which is opposed to dogmatism of every kind. It is the critic of preconceived ideas. It doubts the accuracy of man's powers of observation and reason, yet it advocates the use of both, since they are apparently the most reliable means at man's disposal. The education may not be designed for this purpose, and most likely never is; it may intend exactly the opposite, but where there is intelligence, skepticism cannot be prevented. Education does succeed, however, to a great extent, in keeping the attention of the individual fixed along certain lines.

The Christian religion is one of the lines of thought in which the work of skepticism may be very clearly seen. The Apostles would never have followed Christ unless they had been skeptical about the rightness of the existing order. Christianity would never have started if some men had not passed through the undecided, inquiring state of mind. Martin Luther would never have started the Reformation unless he had first doubted the correctness of the interpretation given religion by the church. And so it has gone in the Christian religion until today Christianity is essentially individualistic, each individual giving it his own interpretation. His intelligence demands that he interpret it for himself.

Science as we know it today, had its beginning when men began to include in their doubts their existing ideas about the world around them. The world would still be considered as being the center of the universe had not someone, impelled by doubt, made investigations. This part of the world the Americas, would most likely still be a wilderness roamed by savages unless someone had doubted the prevalent notions about the shape of the earth. In every change which human beings have made, doubt has played a lead-

ing role. The development of civilization has, to a great extent, been due to skepticism about the existing order.

Education in the past has been largely directed toward suppressing doubt, toward convincing the individual that the existing order is the best. The authority of the past was to be accepted without question; the past and present were to be perpetuated in the future. During the middle ages the emphasis in education was on theology. The theologians were, in fact, practically the only people who were educated at all as we now think of it. It happened at times, however, that a man trained as a theologian would show the astounding faculty of being able to think for himself. Gradually, under the influence of such men, ideas were produced which were not always orthodox. Men gradually began to pay more attention to ideas other than those connected up directly with theology until today education concerns itself with almost every phase of human life and thought. It is still to a great extent directed toward the justification and preservation of the existing order. Public school, from the primary through the high school grades, is evidently this sort of training. Certainly, the intelligent pupil acquires certain mental habits, which are and should be a large part of education, but with those habits are included a vast number of prejudices and preconceived ideas. Anyone who has any doubts concerning the most obvious and conscious attempts to embed prejudice in the student, or to keep a part of the story away from him, has but to read a few passages in some of the textbooks used, especially in the field of history. In the state of North Carolina certain textbooks in biology are not allowed to be used in the public schools because evolution is taught in them. Now a good skeptic does not necessarily believe in evolution, but he has to admit that it seems to be the most logical explanation of the apparent facts involved.



Teachers are not allowed to give opinions which might arouse doubt and thought. The incentive to individual thought is lacking; doubt is taboo.

A great number of the colleges and universities of the nation are at fault in the same respect. The existing order is discussed but it seems to be done with the intention of justifying what exists and discrediting other possible orders. Some of the details of the existing order may be admitted to be in need of improvement but the system as a whole is vindicated, and other ideas of how society might be are branded as visionary, or as being contrary to human nature. When these ideas are called visionary, it is with a note of contempt. It is not realized quite so clearly as it should be that visions have usually preceded great changes in human affairs. We should be still ruled by divine right kings, if somewhere in the past men had not doubted the rightness of the existing order, or doubted the superiority of the existing order to other possible orders, and formed their visions accordingly. A very interesting, if possibly somewhat overdrawn, account of what education in the colleges and universities has become, is to be found in Upton Sinclair's book, "The Goose Step". Sinclair may be a little rabid in his attacks on particular persons, but the general idea of his book is obviously right; Education in the United States *does* present the existing order in the hazy moonlight, painted and dressed to please, with just enough undress to convey a feeling of danger which adds a spicy flavor, and increases the total attraction. In most of the educational factories she is protected from the light of day, but at some few places, she is brought into a little clearer light. And she has not a very pleasing aspect.

The student, who has his doubts, does not have to go far from home to see some of her defects. The student from this university need only take a trip through Carrboro or Durham. If he has eyes and a nose he is able to see that something is wrong and smell something that is rotten.

Education, today, is producing more skeptics than it ever has in the past, because more subjects are being considered. For wherever there is thought on any subject, wherever ideas are in the process of construction, there must be a skepticism. There are men who by their actions deny the knowledge of absolute truth on particular subjects, who prove their skepticism about existing ideas by their constant search for more evi-

dence. They would probably deny being skeptics; but they are usually careful to qualify their statements. Their opinions are always subject to revision upon the introduction of more evidence.

During the last few years, a nation has tried a great idea, whose beginning was in skepticism. The members of the Russian Communist party were essentially skeptics. No intelligent man could be a bolshevik, unless he were first a skeptic. He would have to doubt the existing ideas of how quickly social conditions can be changed. Russia attempted to put her ideas into operation but the rest of the world could not admit any doubt of their notions as to how things should be done, and the United States along with nations of Europe, was at war against the Russian Government for two years. There were no declarations of war but a state of war actually existed. It was not money or oil that the United States was anxious about this time. It was fear. Private enterprise in the United States knew what it would mean if communism should prove a success in Russia. It was fear of an idea which it was known would spread should it prove a success in its home country.

The great majority of the believers in the Christian religion have always been enemies to skepticism. They would squabble over the fine points in the religion among themselves, but they kept the same basic ideas. But intelligent men now, instead of arguing about points within the religion, are doubting the truth of the religion itself. Their doubts do not necessarily mean that they lose all faith in their former ideas, but they do at least subject them to the censorship of skepticism. Then if their faith is dislodged by allowing it to be contemplated by reason, it was not a faith worth having.

The Christian religion carries with it certain ideas, which are held by its exponents to be absolute truth. The skeptic is immediately anxious to know how this truth was arrived at. The most usual answer is that it came by revelation to certain men who were especially endowed with a certain medium for receiving this information. This medium, intuition they might call it, is supposed to be present to some extent in everyone. It, with the aid of the Bible, is supposed to give a man certain so-called fundamental truths as to the existence of a God, the existence of a soul in

man, and the immortality of the soul of man, and other ideas of a similar nature. But the intelligent man is rather skeptical about this. He realizes the limitations of the mediums for exchange of thought. Words cannot be relied on, for the same word combination carries only approximately the same ideas to different minds. So even if the Bible should contain truth, discovered by intuition, reason or any other way, it would not and could not serve to convey that truth in its exactness. It would no longer be the discovered truth, for to remain that, the transferred idea would have to remain exact. There seems to be, with possibly a few exceptions, no method of exact transference of ideas between minds.

The admission of the lack of a medium for the exact transference of truth means that to find truth, every individual must have the intuitive or reasoning power necessary to find this truth for himself. He may have these powers. But he is threatened with damnation if he attempts to use them, and especially if they seem to lead him away from orthodoxy. He is fed with preconceived ideas as a machine is fed with raw materials, the product being determined beforehand, and he is expected to work as a machine, which he does very efficiently. If the individual has these powers which seem to be necessary to get to the truth, a Bible, a preacher, or any source of preconceived ideas, to be used in any way other than as stimuli to the use of these powers, would be unnecessary, and indeed would most likely have a confusing effect. The presentation of these ideas in a dogmatic manner, to an individual who is looking for the truth, is certainly most confusing. If the individual does not have the powers of intuition or reason sufficiently great to arrive at the truth by the individual exercise of these powers, it seems that he cannot get it, because there is no means of conveying the truth to such an individual. If such a person were exposed to a perfect conception of the truth he, in all probability, could not recognize it.

The Christian religion, which to so many people means truth and its proper method of application to life, has since its beginning, been represented by entirely different and often conflicting ideas; for example, it has often been militant and pacifistic according to its interpretation by different minds. The contrast presented between the treatment of the Indians by

William Penn and their treatment by the Puritans is one with which everyone is familiar. Intuition, which in religion has been exclusive of reason, does not seem to have brought truth; that is, unless truth can be opposed to itself. Doubt is aroused as to the reliability of intuition; it seems to have proved itself entirely unreliable. It has been used to get at truth and has failed. Reason does not fool one into believing that it is infallible.

The origin of sin does not bother the kind of skeptic being produced today so much as the question of how, if possible at all, can man's earthly state be improved? The Christian religion has tended to make man accept the conditions of life as he finds them, considering bad conditions as a sort of punishment, or as something for which he will be compensated in his next existence. And it appears that many good, poverty-stricken Christians, with large and growing families, still think that the more individuals there are to undergo and intensify this suffering, the more pleased God is. And the church, with the exception of a very few individuals within the church, chimes in with its approval of this method of pleasing God. This way of pleasing God, this sort of piousness, is a great incentive to more than skepticism; it leads some to a sort of "bolshhevistic atheism".

The idea of the immortality of the soul is one which the skeptic sees as leading to inactivity in this world with the hope of something in another. But the skeptic cannot imagine any eternity which would be desirable, so why hang on to the idea of immortality? As a student on the campus remarked not long ago, "It could be nothing but punishment to have to exist forever in any state which man can conceive. I could escape the future on this earth by suicide but in the eternity of immortality, which we are supposed to desire, if existence there became undesirable, that method of escape would be closed to me. What could a fellow do if he should become fed up with such an existence?" When a man arrives at this point about immortality, he no longer bothers himself about the truth of it, which appears to be just as doubtful.

The skeptic does not believe that anyone can say just what would happen if the idea of immortality were subjected to doubt by men. But since it is obviously an idea which can be neither proved nor disproved, the skeptic would have it



recognized as such. The individual may keep his particular faith but he must recognize it as faith, and not necessarily the final truth in the matter.

Education and doubt are working now as a sort of interacting process. They are inseparable and each produces the other. Man will not stop educating and doubting until he is satisfied that he knows everything, and since that time

is not likely to arrive soon, and apparently never, man will not cease educating nor will he cease doubting. Skepticism is the state of mind and Education the process which give man the promise of the future if he uses them to the extent of his ability; freedom so far as man can be free, and the ability to exercise choice with some idea of what to expect from his choice.



*Spring is here, and you dream. Perhaps* HENRY R. FULLER'S

## January Visions

*adequately expresses thoughts you will have continually from now until June*

**S**ANDWICHED between two periods of cold and sleet, the changeable weather of last January furnished a few days apparently meant for Spring but by some oversight delivered before the proper time. My Southern blood warmed and quickened by the fleeting refulgence of the weather, I fell into one of those periods of dreamy sentiment common to young men in the spring. I even fell to writing poetry, and spent long hours that should have been used for some serious purpose, such as studying economics or going to the "Pick", in composing numberless scraps of the vilest of verse. (THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE later published two of them, greatly lessening my respect for the literary standards of that publication.) I would probably have fallen in love had there been any one handy, or if I had not been restrained by my timidity and bashfulness. My great store of sentiment, thus thwarted in its normal channel of expression, overflowed in an unusual show of devotion to my roommate, who was noticeably startled and mystified by the unwonted sweetness of my temper. Several times, on turning unexpectedly, I discovered him gazing at me with a strange look of uncertainty and fear in his eyes. I still wonder whether he was afraid that I was losing my reason, or feared that I was plotting to borrow some money.

While this fit was upon me, and my fancy was filled with springing flowers and singing birds, my mind raced forward to plans of vagabond

trips for the summer. I felt the call of blue water and the open sea; the call of the open road and the Gypsy patteran rang in my ears. "I will go to Europe," I thought, "and tramp over the hills of Scotland and loiter under the blue skies of Italy." I leaned back in my chair, crossed the Atlantic at a jump, and revelled in what I thought was Old World loveliness until the chapel bell broke in upon my dreams. Every day for a week I took a different trip. One day I went first to Liverpool in a luxurious and commodious cattleboat, bought a bicycle, and rode for a month over the highlands of Scotland, the downs of England, and the emerald fields of Ireland. I read Wordsworth in the Lake Country and Milton at Horton, worshipped Shakespeare at Stratford and visited the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Then I crossed the Channel, skimmed over Belgium and Holland, dipped a little into Germany, and rode back into France and triumphantly into Paris. From Paris to the Alps, and "over the Alps" to Italy. Milan! Venice! Florence! The Eternal City on her seven hills! Naples! At Naples I embarked for home, and came to myself in time to catch my nine-thirty English class.

The fellow who invented the mind did a good piece of work and should hold a high place among the benefactors of the human race. An ordinary mind in good working order will take you anywhere, at almost no expense. No faster or cheaper method of transportation is known.

How people got along without them before they were invented, I really cannot see. I hope to make part of my dreams come true this summer, but if I do not, what could be more fun than the dreams? I have already been to Europe. I go every day.

The mind is not only "its own place", but all places and all time. The eye of the mind looks backward as well as forward. During this dreamy period, whenever I was not wandering in Europe, I haunted beautiful places in this country that I had visited before. Most often perhaps, I wandered on the Florida shore of the Gulf of Mexico, near my home. The ever-changing colors of the sky and water, the endless waves breaking into foam on the curving sandy shore, the life, the motion, the grace and the power of the sea, have always fascinated me. A keen salt wind, blowing in my face from off the mysterious sweep of heaving waters, can do more for me when oppressed with doubts and a sense of the futility of life, than all the sermons and all the treatises that have been written. Do not ask me why that is, for I cannot tell. I feel, but I cannot explain.

After dabbling in these Southern waters, I usually hastened to a favorite spot tucked away in the corner of Connecticut. Just for a moment forget that you are in Chapel Hill or Raleigh, and come with me to feel on your face the breeze that is blowing on the Lookout.

The scene lacks the grandeur of the lofty heights and great distances of the Rockies, or the sublimity of the vast expanses of our western prairies or the undulating plains of the ocean, but it has for me another beauty and a charm all its own. Our senses are not so stunned by the immensity, we are not so overpowered with a sense of man's insignificance, as when we gaze with awe upon the greater wonders of nature. One is not so much awed as rested. One can be familiar with the little hills, as one cannot be with the snow-crowned monarchs of our western mountains. Yet there is enough of sublimity and beauty about the Hoosacs to uplift and purify the soul of him who drinks in their loveliness.

Below us about five hundred feet nestles Lake Washinee, its blue waters rippling at the touch of the morning breezes, every wavelet glittering like a jewel in the rays of the sun. On its banks the white trunks and shimmering leaves of the birches, with the light green foilage of the beech

trees and ashes, stand out against the background of more sombre pines. On beyond, the shining waters of the twin Lake Washining, with its setting of green and its one rocky island. To the west, the blue-green range of the Hoosacs, lorded over by Bear Mountain, in the northwest merging into the misty blue of the Berkshires, and in the southwest falling away peak after peak into the purple distances down the valley of the Hoosatonie. To the south, distant vistas down the narrow valley between the hills with occasional glimpses of the gleaming river. To the east and southeast, a succession of little hills, crowned sometimes with woods, sometimes with pastures where grazing sheep or patches of daisies can be described against the green. Farther still to the east, the summit of Mount Canaan. And over all, the blue expanse of the summer sky, where little clouds float like sheep grazing in the pastures of dreamland.

There is a magic about the valley, a bewitching enchantment which rapt away care and discon-

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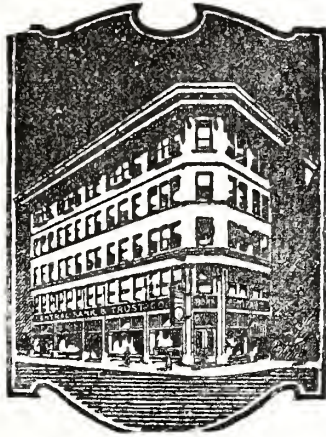
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tent before one is aware of it. I never have gone to this place without going away feeling that it is good to live. I have gone there at all hours. I have watched the sun sink behind the mountains, when all the air was suffused with a tremulous beauty, and mountain and lake and cloud were one symphony of glorious color rolling up to heaven in billows of visible music. I have stood there in the cool night, when tree and hill stood out stark and mysterious against a star-sprinkled sky, and the moon drenched all in silver, a broad path of light on the bosom of the lake leading away to the land of dreams and fairies. And once after a restless night, I rose at the first sign of coming dawn and fled thither along the dew-drenched walks. I watched with a sense of ineffable exaltation while the shadows fled, and the light strengthened, and at last a new day was born. The white wreaths of mist rose slowly from Lake Washinee. The sky paled, then slowly flushed. The gray clouds caught the light, turned gradually to breathlessly beautiful flakes of pearl and rose and amber, and hues without a name. The lake caught the glory, and its still surface repeated the story of mountain and cloud. The colors deepened, and a golden radiance filled the air. One long cloud trailing across the east changed slowly till at last it seemed a great surf of fire breaking upon a shore of gold. Then, almost imperceptibly at first, the glory faded, the sun burst forth, and the fleecy clouds of purest white were floating on a sea of azure.

The South bell awakens me again,—this time to eat.

♦♦♦♦♦

### ATTRIBUTED TO MOLIERE

My Aminte's eyes have charmed me,  
My heart burns and languishes for her,  
And I cannot gain her love.  
My love would be immortal  
If her pity would yield to me—  
Ah! she is worthy of my love;  
But she is cruel—  
I will have to get along without her.

*Translated by R. R.*

# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

## *Being the first of a series of Articles on* Student Publications at Carolina

By REED KITCHIN

THE grandsire of all strictly legitimate student publications at the University still lives upon the campus. It is none other than THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, edited by the Hon. George Ragsdale with the able assistance of Mr. Jim Hawkins, of Raleigh.

This elderly publication made its debut upon the University stage as early as 1844, just eighty years ago. Since the initial issue over 500 editors have struggled for self expression within its pages and many widely known contributors have added to the enjoyment of its reading.

The literati of the class of 1844 conceived the project and issued a prospectus. It was thought that at least 500 subscribers would support the infant collegian, but the disappointed conceivers received only 200 subscriptions and half of these were unpaid. The few state papers of the day were ready to praise anything of this nature, so of course *The North Carolina University Magazine* came in for its share of flattery.

The avowed purpose of the Board of Editors, or as they were then termed, "Committee of the Senior Class", was to supplement through the pages of the new publication the "advantages of a classical and scientific education". The politics of the day were to be avoided. Other announced

aims were to "produce a class of writers in North Carolina", it being intimated that the Old North State was chock full of fluent and ready speakers, but lacking in those capable of producing even a decent newspaper article. THE MAGAZINE was suggested as a remedy for this evil.

Contributors were limited to the students, faculty and alumni. The editors announced that they reserved the right to reject as well as accept writings, and very probably the liberal exercise of the former right brought about hard feelings, for soon a cartoon appeared wherein the student body was likened unto a jackass, and the editors represented as baboons were portrayed trying to force food, labelled as "articles," down the reluctant donkey's throat.

Twelve numbers of 48 pages each were contemplated, but with the issue of the ninth the business was wound up for an eight year rest. All nine numbers came out punctually, but due to a want of patronage and an impatient Raleigh printer, the infant went the way of many college organs, leaving the printer several hundred dollars in the hole and President David Swain to foot the bill.

Two shifts of editors served during THE MAGAZINE's life and various was the reading

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matter, including as it did essays, both historical and governmental, society addresses, lectures, and insipid verse and a very few non-plot tales. No student ever acknowledged an article except by an occasional Greek or Roman letter.

A contemplated Book Review Department was abandoned as the procuring of new books was a problem summed up in the editorial phrase, "The last place new books reach in the course of their travels through North Carolina is Chapel Hill."

Such articles as "The Shaking Quakers", "The Lawyer", "The Medical Profession", "Slave Labor", "Physical Education", and "The Influence of North Carolina University upon the State" appeared.

And so the only publication in North Carolina approximating to a magazine, either in name or design, and proudly presented to the public as a "flower in the bud", died with a brief but eventful history.

But after the seven year space, again the student impulse to write came to the fore and a new prospectus flashed upon the campus. This time the herald announced that plenty of political journalism existed in the "Down Home" state but that real literature hadn't been touched, and it was the purpose of the oncoming magazine to engender a taste for literary pursuits and apply the looked for pecuniary surplus realized to stocking the libraries of the two Societies. And in the formal words of the day, "the students met in chapel to consider the propriety of establish-

ing a monthly periodical to be a sort of college record." This was in January, 1852.

The editors announced that THE MAGAZINE would contain all orations delivered before the two societies and the Alumni Association, sermons on interesting occasions and contributions not confined to the college. All this was outside of student effort. All articles to be accepted must be written, "plainly, legibly and grammatically and orthographically correct."

During this ante-bellum period THE MAGAZINE was held in high esteem throughout the state. *The Wilmington Commercial* said, "We have received the current number of this favorite work." *The Raleigh Whig and Advocate*, also, "We hope THE MAGAZINE will continue to send forth a stream of living literature to gladden and fertilize the state." Editorship upon THE MAGAZINE was greatly desired and considered a high honor, and much electioneering took place to secure these coveted positions.

The Alumni Association heartily endorsed the venture, and as the subscription price barely met expenses, the editors sent up a continual wailing to both students and alumni for support, and on such occasions the two Societies would "chip in" and aid the good cause.

The publication contained an "Editor's Table," Book Review section, and Exchange Department. Among the exchanges of the day were listed *The Yale Magazine*, *The Georgia University Magazine*, *The Emory and Henry College Review*, *The Rauldolf Macon Magazine*, *Harper's*, *Blackwood's*, *The Ladies Keepsake*,

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*The Southern Literary Messenger*, and *Sartan's Magazine*. Also *The Asheville Messenger*, *The Hillsboro Recorder*, *The Wadesboro Argus*, and *The Goldsboro Giraffe*, were received.

Editorial comment of the day was at times interesting. The editors occasionally had to do all the articles themselves for lack of contribution. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was ridiculed as "pandering to sectional prejudice". The extreme secrecy of the Societies was criticised and the fraternities or "clubs" were welcomed as they tended to allay the bitter animosities and jealousies existing between the two literary societies. On receiving a female college catalogue an editor remarked, "Who dares say that it is not one of woman's inalienable rights to be a doctor if she chooses?" and, "We like the plan of a female medical college amazingly." Also the erection of a gymnasium was urged as "it would have a decidedly moral effect upon the college and the young men would hardly then, as now, make night hideous with whooping, horn blowing and bell ringing." Card playing was condemned as "decidedly deleterious to the best interests of those resorting to them." The Classics, Latin and Greek, were defended as "essential and necessary as a basis of an education."

Material published was composed of an heterogeneous mass of alumni news, college events, society and class resolutions, obituaries, classical essays, verse, biography, travel, commencement accounts in full, and Revolutionary history. As illustrative of the general run of material the following articles might be mentioned: "The Region of the Amazon", "Mahomet", "The Student's Grave" (verse), "Drinking and Drinking Songs", "A Tear to the Red Man" (verse), "Why I Cannot Love Long", and "The Autobiography of a Champagne Glass", "Whiskey and Love", "Chapel Hill and its Morals", "Principles and Objects of Differential Calculus."

Prizes ranging from twenty to thirty dollars were offered for the best articles submitted, and one, Mr. Hugh Strong, of South Carolina is recorded as having won the prize with an essay entitled, "The Mind, its Pleasures When Well Cultivated". He was presented with the complete works of Washington Irving.

In 1861 THE MAGAZINE succumbed a second time, this time for a seventeen year interval. At this period THE MAGAZINE was the most prosperous it has ever been at any time during its

eventful career. It had sixty-four pages to the issue, or sixteen more than any other college monthly in America, and was described as "the largest, neatest, cheapest and most valuable college monthly in America, and having no equal even in European colleges." And this might well be so, as the University at the beginning of the Civil War had the largest enrollment of any college in the country with the possible exception of Yale.

In 1878, some two years or more after the reorganization of the University following the Civil strife, due to the efforts of Mr. Frank D. Winston and the aid of the Societies, THE MAGAZINE was revived, this time doing the double duty of literary magazine and college newspaper. It had fine prospects and an able corps of editors, but it only lingered for a year or so and finally collapsed, "unknelled, unpaid for and unknown". It looked indeed as if the words of a worthy editor—"the strands of college journalism are strewn with wrecks"—were only too true.

But nothing daunted, the old MAGAZINE made a grand come-back in '82, typical of Carolina in every field. Under the title, *The University Monthly*, THE MAGAZINE renewed its career for the fourth time. Again the Societies lent an aiding arm and the contents were soon enlarged from fifteen to thirty-two pages. The publication, besides the regular articles, contained departments termed, "College Record", "Personals", "Exchange", "College News" and "Wit and Humor." At first there was a little too much of the second-hand essay and attempted criticisms of classical authors, and a great need for live articles on live subjects. All through the editorials of this, the fourth series, a steady plea for subscriptions rent the heavens. Prizes of from five to ten dollars were offered for obtaining subscriptions.

However the editorials were more applicable than ever before, and worthy comment appeared on the rising *Hellenian* and *Tar Heel*, sister publications. The editors advocated a University Press so that "re-search work at the University might go to the state and at the same time afford a means of livelihood for student printers." It was announced that an attempt would be made to run more student work in THE MAGAZINE. Also the editors at one time pleaded for the continuation of hazing as a proper discipline for



freshmen and took up the cudgel for co-education. In 1892 Prof. Collier Cobb, of the Geological department, at the request of the two Societies, became Managing Editor and things took on a livelier hue. The editorial table desired that their work count for college credit as the only incentive to work on the Board was a loyalty to the Societies, a love for Carolina and journalistic improvement.

THE MAGAZINE in '87 received the support of both faculty and students, each agreeing to a subscription of one hundred copies. It was published six times a year and copies were placed on sale in Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Asheville, Wilmington, Cambridge, and New York City. The student garnering the largest subscription list was offered his board and tuition free.

Many valuable historical and biographical sketches appeared within its covers, but it was often necessary to use graduation speeches and Mangum orations as fillers. Many articles entered THE MAGAZINE from the faculty and alumni which might easily have found expression in Historical or Political Journals. And by the time that THE MAGAZINE ceased publication for the fourth time in 1896, it had ceased to be a college periodical and did not promote interest and literary activity among the students.

Such articles as, "Petit Treason—Death by Burning", "Some Experiences at a German University", "Country Newspapers in North Carolina", "North Carolina's Worthies and Unworthies", "The Roscrucians", "Blackbeard the Corsair" and "The Character of Lee", were written.

On the fifth resuscitation in '97, the Societies this time took over THE MAGAZINE entirely, every member becoming a subscriber, and the offices of Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager alternating between the two Societies each year, with three associate editors chosen from each Society to assist the Editor-in-Chief. This working combination remained in use until in 1923 the Publications Union took over THE MAGAZINE from its foster mothers. The present Editor-in-Chief and six associate editors being the last remnant of a system in use for twenty-six years.

From '97 on, the *University Magazine* became essentially a student publication, and refused to publish over one outside article each issue. Prizes of ten dollars were offered for the best stories, sketches, verse or essays submitted.

An entertaining and diversified array of mate-

rial graced the pages of THE MAGAZINE of the Fifth Series. Much of the personals, college doings and chit-chat were dropped from its pages after the *Tar Heel* appeared in '93, and it was left to pursue a strictly literary course.

Illustrating the type of article of the Fifth Series, the following may be mentioned: "Real Conversations with Bernard Shaw", "Student Self Government", "What College Students Read", "Across the Atlantic in a Cattle Boat", "The Common Herd", "First Explorations in African Orange County", "O. Henry, Artist and Fun-maker", "The Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina", "College Politics", "Co-education, Theory and Practice", and "The College Widow and the Baby Vamp".

Since 1923 THE MAGAZINE has been a member publication in the student Publications Union, of which every student enrolled in membership in the University is a member, paying a certain fee. The Editor-in-Chief is chosen from the student body as a whole and the business manager appointed by the Publications Union Board.

Among the most illustrious of contributors to THE MAGAZINE, both as a student and editor and later in life, was the Hon. Zebulon Baird Vance, trustee of the University, United States Senator and thrice Governor of North Carolina. As a student member of the class of '52 he contributed an article entitled, "Theorizing". Later he wrote for THE MAGAZINE the "Life of Governor Swain" and "What the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina". On Mr. Vance's induction to the Board an editorial item announced, "One of the editorial board having left college on account of his health, his place has been supplied by Mr. Z. B. Vance." And when Vance left college an editorial notice mentioned, "Mr. Z. B. Vance, one of the corps, left us recently for his mountain home. Our warmest wishes for his welfare went with him, and we are much gratified to learn that he has been elected county solicitor for Buncombe. Gratularum et victoriam."

Former University President Kemp Plummer Battle in his student days also wrote his first article for THE MAGAZINE. It was entitled, "The Model Sophomore".

Among ante-bellum editors were Jerry J. Slade, later a distinguished Georgian educator; A. C. Avery, Supreme Court Justice of North Carolina; William M. Coleman, Attorney Gen-

eral of the United States; and John A. Cameron, Federal Judge of Florida.

The Board of '78-'79 contained a constellation of future leaders in the persons of Robert P. Pell, President of Converse College, S. C.; Frank D. Winston, Superior Court Judge and cosmopolitan; Charles B. Aycock, Governor of North Carolina; and Dean M. C. S. Noble, of the University School of Education. The retiring Board of the previous term had this to say of these gentlemen: "All these men are men of ability and character; they write well and they work well."

THE MAGAZINE Board of '82 numbered among its members, Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia; and Horace Williams, Professor of Philosophy in the University. On the Board of '83 were W. J. Adams, Supreme Court Justice of North Carolina, and Augustus Mathews, father of Carolina's 1924 football captain.

St. Clair Hester, famous Brooklyn Divine, Marion Butler, United States Senator, Edward B. Cline, Superior Court Judge, Lucius Polk McGehee, and Locke Craig all were student editors and contributors of the Board of '85.

L. P. McGehee, later Dean of the University Law School, wrote an article entitled, "The Civilization of the Ancient Germans," while Locke Craig, later Governor of North Carolina, wrote on "The influence of material progress on morality and religion."

From the year 1887 down to the present time many well known and prominent men have served as student editors of this famous old publication. Among educators appear the names of R. D. W. Connor, W. S. Bernard, M. H. Walker, W. C. George, F. P. Graham, F. F. Bradshaw, Tom Wolfe, C. P. Spruill, and Albert Coates, all of the University faculty.

Among publicists and playwrights are H. H. Hughes, of New York, Jonathan Daniels, of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, Lenoir Chambers of *The Greensboro Daily*, J. S. Terry, of New York, Ralph H. Graves, of New York, and Robert W. Madry, University Press Agent.

Prominent lawyers and judges are W. P. Staey, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, and R. R. Reynolds, A. Hall Johnson, C. E. Blackstock, Curtis A. Bynum, all prominent members of the Asheville Bar. President How-

ard E. Rondthaler, of Salem College, and Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, noted historian and educator, also served as student editors.

There are several instances of sons following fathers in service on THE MAGAZINE staff, as in the case of T. M. Vance, son of Zeb Vance, M. C. S. Noble, Jr., Victor S. Bryant, Jr., and H. E. Rondthaler, Jr.

Very few women have contributed to THE MAGAZINE, but the historical sketches of Mrs. C. P. Spencer were frequent in THE MAGAZINE's youth. She was followed by Mrs. Archibald Henderson, Miss Elizabeth Lay (now Mrs. Paul Green), and Miss Katherine Boyd.

Noted contributors outside the student ranks were many, and among the most outstanding are: University Presidents, David L. Swain, George T. Winston, F. P. Venable, and E. K. Graham; Judges Walter Clark, Augustus Van Wyck, Archibald Murphy; John M. Booker, of the University English Department; Dr. Archibald Henderson, Dr. W. C. Coker, Dr. W. D. Toy, Dr. Collier Cobb, Dr. John Manning, Governor Graham, Col. Wheeler and Marshal De Lancey Haywood, widely known historians; A. S. Wheeler, of the University Chemistry Department; and Rev. Dr. Hooper.

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# HARVEY HATCHER HUGHES

*Being a Sketch of a former Editor of THE MAGAZINE who has succeeded as a Playwright on Broadway*

WELL, 'Doctor,' where are you going this time?" asked an old acquaintance, as a well-built, middle-aged man jumped into a light spring wagon.

"I don't know exactly," the man replied, "but I intend to get to the top of most of the big mountains around here before I come back."

This was the summer of the big flood in Western North Carolina, when it rained continuously for weeks at a time. Although the mountain streams were swollen almost to impassability, and although it failed to rain only one day out of the forty-day trip, Harvey Hatcher Hughes did exactly what he set out to do, returning to Asheville on schedule time. The waters of the last stream between himself and Asheville were so high and so dangerous looking that the ferryman refused to carry him across. "Very well," he said, "I'll swim it!" And to the utter amazement of the mountaineer, he did swim across and back. He then announced to the astonished ferryman that he would be back at four o'clock that afternoon with his camping outfit. Of course, according to Miss Mildred Harrington, writing for the Greensboro News, the whole village was there that afternoon, half expecting to see this daring stranger go to a watery grave, and of course they were not given this opportunity, or as Mr. Hughes puts it, "they were a little disappointed."

When Hatcher Hughes entered the University of North Carolina in 1901, he had a dream, and he was so confident in the worth-whileness of that dream that it has become a reality—he is now writing plays about the Carolina mountains, and they are being produced on Broadway. But it has taken a great deal of determination and hard work coupled with that confidence to make his dream come true. And just as he unhesitatingly entered the swollen river, in the same way he has gone into his life's work—playwriting—unflinching like.

*"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,*

*Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."*

His early interest in the mountaineers is shown very clearly in an editorial in the first issue of the University Magazine for the year 1906-7. He says: "In the mountaineer of the west, we have a type that has proved of perennial interest to makers and readers of literature everywhere. His strong individualism, his personal peculiarities, his keen wit, and his intense love of freedom, make him a favorite with writer and reader."

During Mr. Hughes' junior and senior years at the University, he did much toward making the college magazine a medium for the publication of real literature. His occasional poems and frequent short stories, most of them of the Carolina mountains, make some very interesting reading. Technically speaking, his short stories, written while he was in college, certainly are not masterpieces; but in their utter reality and naturalness, they are remarkable. His poetry isn't especially voluminous or striking, but most of it has a rather pleasing note of sincerity. The following, called "The Voyage", which seems to show a Poe influence, is characteristic of both the man and his verse.

*"My bark is frail, the welkin black,  
The winds and waters roar.  
The lightnings flash, the thunders crash  
Along the midnight shore.  
I fear no darkness of the night,  
Nor winds nor waters roar,  
Nor lightning flash, nor thunder crash,  
Nor rock or desert shore;  
For God is God forevermore."*

To attempt to catalogue the honors Hatcher Hughes received during his years at the University would be a rather long task. He won two prizes for having written the best short stories of the year; he was chosen editor of the college magazine for the year 1906-7; he was elected to membership in "Golden Fleece", he was awarded the "Early English Text" prize for advanced work in Anglo-Saxon and Middle English; and

was a leader in a host of activities on the campus. Unlike most persons particularly interested in literature, he was not a recluse in any sense of the word. Always interested in anything that concerned the campus and the student-body, he took an active part in the University life.

Although he has a very serious purpose in and attitude towards life, he possesses a humor which is distinctly his own. His humor is not the formal or of the slap-stick variety, neither is it the dry wit of the Englishman; it is the sort that makes one laugh a long time—it is genuinely funny. In his plays, "he makes his characters comical by making them seem very natural; his humor is not in a twist of words but in characterization.

However, it once happened that a "twist of words" was rather apt and very funny. It was his first attempt at teaching English in the University. Naturally, every new professor likes to make a favorable impression on his students, and Mr. Hughes was no exception. He was

reading the passage, from the first book of Paradise Lost, in which Satan says,

*"Farewell, happy fields where joy forever dwells,  
Hail, horrors! Hail, infernal world!  
And thou, profoundest Hell, receive thy new successor,  
One who brings a mind not to be changed by place or time."*

Mr. Hughes made the passage, "And thou, profoundest Hell, receive thy new successor," to read in this manner,

"And thou, profoundest Hell, receive thy new professor"! The possibilities for a laugh at this point were almost limitless, and it may be believed that the class took advantage of these possibilities. It is not reported whether or not the slip of the tongue, the "twisting of the words", was intentional or otherwise. However, any one who knows Hughes will be inclined to believe that the mistake was intentional.

After getting his M. A. degree at the University of North Carolina, he resigned his instructorship to go to Columbia to teach and study playwriting. He left a "sure thing" here at the University to take a chance at Columbia. But



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to him, it was no chance that he was taking, for he recognized the importance of his dream and was determined to make it a reality. He was not a member of the "faculty", but was given the use of the classrooms. Since that time he has built up a course in Dramatic Composition which is now considerable in its proportions. Except for the two years he spent in the army during the World War, he has been at Columbia since 1909. In the beginning of the war, he was in charge of a canteen in France, but later became a captain in the regular army. Like most of us, he has his hobby; in his case, a farm in Connecticut. Here, according to a reliable authority, "he succeeds remarkably in growing potatoes all wrong."

His new play, "Hell-Bent for Heaven", which had such a gratifying successful run at the Klaw Theatre in New York, is a result of a

long study of, much association with, and a deep understanding of the Carolina mountaineer. The success of this play is due, not so much to his innate ability in playwriting, as it is to a marvelous ability to understand people and to a belief in the Carolina mountain folk as a real, fine, generous, outstanding people. For Hatcher Hughes loves Carolina and her hills, and he has a faith in the people who live there.

A thick-set man of average height, with heavy eyebrows, he strikes one as having a pleasing sort of steadiness and balance—well-proportioned, physically and mentally. He has an excellent combination of realism and imagination without being cursed with too much of either. His straightforwardness, his confidence in his message, and his wholesome outlook upon life, all combine to make one believe that his success is inevitable and his fame almost certain.



[*Within the last few years the South has waked up. She is now paying same attention to the arts, and in this art she is mirroring her Picturesque Life.*]

## *Local Color in* Contemporary Southern Poetry

By S. M. EDDLEMAN

THE poetry the South has produced in the last fifty or seventy-five years has been truly a reflection of the South. It is really astonishing just how greatly Southern nature, locality, and character have influenced our poets. With almost nympholeptic passion they have committed themselves to the interpretation of the South through her rivers, woods, and mountains. Back in the middle of the nineteenth century, Henry Timrod, a South Carolinian, began to tell the world about "the fairest land that hath fired a poet's lay." He is the first really to get into poetry the charm of the Southland, without allowing it to become superficial. Sidney Lanier, later by a few years, is still more saturated with local color, and his poetry is upon a distinctly higher plane than that of Timrod. In the "Song of the Chattahoochee", "The Marshes of Glynn", "Sunrise", and other verses, Lanier has succeeded in revealing to us the scenery of the South

clothed in musical rhythm. The cotton fields and waving corn, the mocking birds and robins, the pickaninnies—all are there in genuine array.

But it is not my purpose to discuss here in detail the local color in Southern poetry before 1900. My task lies in presenting evidences of it in contemporary Southern poetry; from 1910 to 1924. With this in view it is well, I think, since the average American knows so little about poetry or poetry movements, to take a short reconnaissance of the field since 1900.

About 1918 there dawned upon the South a Renaissance in poetry. Since that time there has been a greater and greater interest in its production and of departure from conventionalized forms. All over the Southern States there have sprung up poetry societies and publications. A few of these might be mentioned here. There are state societies in South Carolina, Texas, and Virginia; then there are local groups in Nashville, Norfolk, Memphis, Jacksonville, and Little

Rock. These groups are doing creditable work and are being given worthy recognition outside of the South. Of the publications, a few of the best known are: *The Fugitive*, published in Nashville; *The Reviewer*, a Richmond publication; and *The Double Dealer*, a New Orleans production. Playing their part in this inchoate Renaissance are the numerous individuals: college professors and other devotees to the art, as well as the great number of producing poets. From this revival of interest in poetry we can expect great strides to be made in the development of Southern literature, both as to quantity as well as quality.

The writers of poetry in the awakening South are influenced more, perhaps, by locale than any other one thing. It is well, in discussing this influence, to divide the South into four sections or divisions. Each division will be treated separately, and an attempt will be made to show its reflection in the poetry of that particular division. The four sections are: The Virginia Woods and Rivers, The Blue Ridge, The Texas Plains, and The South Carolina Low Country.

Representing the Virginia Woods and Rovers, Mary Sinton Leitch must be placed at the head. Living on an estate near Norfolk, she has sung, and well, the glories of the woodland, the rivers, and the swamp-land. In her "Mists on the Lynnhaven" she reveals the deep influence of nature as it is around her home. The cool green forests, the darting king fisher, the hermit thrush, the carousing frogs, casting their songs upon a still twilight—all claim a share in her poetry. She seems, however, to have taken a special liking to the Lynnhaven, a river close by her estate, and from it she draws deep draughts of poetic inspiration.

"You woo me sleep, like an importunate lover,  
Think you that I could find in realms of dream  
A sight so fair as yonder mists that hover  
On luminous wings above Lynnhaven's stream?"

Another poet-painter of the Virginia woods and rivers is John Richard Moreland whose "Red Poppies in the Wheat" bears evidence of such an assertion. However, Moreland is not quite so sectional (I do not mean in a political sense) as Mrs. Leitch. He draws his inspiration from the life around him wherever he may be. He may be found glorifying Broadway in a fog in one poem, and in a subsequent one it is not to be won-

dered at if his fancy turns toward singing the praises of the lowlands. And although he says,

"I never loved high hills whose peaks reach  
Up through the clouds and strive to touch the sky.  
Give me low sand dunes where the sea-birds cry—  
The lyric sound of surf upon the beach,"

his mood changes, another takes its place, and we have such a poem as "The Nomad Strain" or "The Pipes O' Pan".

The last of the Virginia poets to be mentioned is Virginia Taylor McCormick, whose poems are predominantly about nature. Her book, "Star Dust and Gardens", carries with it the faintly sweet odor of the pines and the narcissus, and a breeze fresh from the Blue Ridge. "The Song of the Blue Bird", "Poet's Narcissus", "Spring Calls to May"—these poems are representative of the book as a whole. The main criticism of the book, I think, is that it is little more than an apotheosis of Virginia nature. I would not leave the impression that her poetry is narrowed on that account, yet it is not catholic enough in its scope to rank as great poetry. It is not my business to criticize, however; so I shall leave her poetry with the statement that it is a true mirror of the locality from which it was drawn.

Going over the Blue Ridge poets, we find two who are indeed worthy representatives. In Olive Tilford Dargan and Du Bose Heyward we have two poets who are interpreting through poetry what our own Carolina Playmakers are attempting to interpret on the stage—Carolina mountain life. A recent article in *The Literary Review* says of Olive Tilford Dargan: "From her estate at 'Round Top', North Carolina, she writes of mountain life, translating streams and gaps, peaks and valleys, into lyrics of no little beauty." What was said of Mrs. Dargan's poetry applies also to that of Du Bose Heyward. Mrs. Dargan, however, has given us a great deal of narrative poetry, while Heyward reigns supreme in depicting the "unconquerable hills".

In the narrative poem, "Evvies Mother", Olive Tilford Dargan has portrayed in a simple, effective way the very mind and soul of the mountaineer. From this and another poem, "Sall's Gap", we get not only a wonderful description of the mountains themselves, but also an insight into mountain life, customs, traditions, and legends. These poems are distinctive; they are different; and, being as true to life as they are, they



must be ranked among the best poems produced in the South.

It would be unfair to Mrs. Dargan to overlook her purely descriptive poetry, for she has written some very worth while verse of that type. In her little volume of poems called "Lute and Furrow" are to be found many that are masterful. In the poem, "I Take a Walk", we have a representative of this class of poems. In it are to be found such lines as:

"Cliffs thrust themselves up,  
Dripping with ferns."

Nor can one, with justice, fail to say something about the part played by Du Bose Heyward in this revelation of the Blue Ridge. He it is who in "The Mountain Graveyard" has given voice to the vain hopes and ambitions, the never requited longings, the hardships and the broken dreams of the mountain folk. Nor has there been expressed better the spirit of the mountains than in his "Yoke of Steers":

"A heave of mighty shoulders to the yoke,  
Square patient heads, and flaring sweep of horn;  
The darkness swirling down beneath their feet  
Where sleeping valleys stir and feel the dawn;  
Uncouth and primal, on and up they sway,  
Taking the summit in a drench of day.  
The night winds volley upward bitter sweet,  
And the dew shatters to a rainbow spray  
Under the slow moving cloven feet."

This is, I think, an outstanding poem, especially in showing the effects of local color in Southern poetry.

In Texas we find probably more interest in poetry and its development than in any other Southern state except South Carolina, and the writers of that state are devoting themselves, with one notable exception, to the glorification of Texas. Karle Wilson Baker sounded the keynote of the whole movement in her article "On the Periphery", which appeared in the 1923 Year Book of Texas Poetry. She says: "Have we not prophets of our own? Why should we go North and East to bathe in a cultural Jordan? Are not the Brazos and the Rio Grande, rivers of Texas, better than all the waters of Manhattan?" This seems to be the attitude taken by all the poets of that section, for Therese Lindsay, William Alexander Percy, Whitney Montgomery, Leslie Dean Robertson, and other notable writers have certainly not gone North or East to obtain topics upon which to write. I must, however, di-

gress here to say that William Alexander Percy, although we can detect some influence of the plains and the Mississippi in his writing, has effectively covered this influence with a cloak of classicism. Percy cannot be called, then, a poet of locale in the strictest sense.

One of the outstanding bits of work produced in Texas, and in the South, in the last fifteen years has been that of John A. Lomax who has gathered together a book of cowboy songs. This book, written in cowboy dialect, gives the tenderfoot a good idea of the life of the plainsman, his nature, customs, and religion. So popular did it become, when first it was published, that it attracted the attention of Theodore Roosevelt whose letter of commendation to Mr. Lomax is evidence of the great popularity of the book.

If the "Cowboy Songs" represents the life of the plainsmen, then I should say "The Burning Bush", by Karle Wilson Baker, represents Texas flowers, birds, and mountains. "Love and nature and knowledge of bird ways", says Dorothy Scarborough, "are found in such of Mrs. Baker's work as the long article, 'The Birds of Tanglewood,' in *The Yale Review*, October 1921. Here we may see her home, Tanglewood, a bird sanctuary in the quaint old town of Nacogdoches, Texas, and through her field-glass we may study the wild birds that make it their home also, or the visitors stopping on their migrations. We see the wood thrush, not looking the poet he really is, but sleek, plump, intent on worms, 'during business hours the Average America'; the bluebird, 'so spirit-like and strange'; the mockingbird whom she perhaps unfairly calls a sophisticated worldling; his old cousin, the cat-bird; the cardinal with his 'living flame', the little striped profiles of the wrens, the chickadees, the titmouse family, the rascal blue jays, the cedar waxwings, the crested fly-catchers, the robins and other tantalizing transients". No less delightful is her knowledge of the flowers, not in a botanical sense, but in the knowledge of their simple beauty that "makes the rash gazer wipe his eye."

"My flowers bloom up over chimney and stack,  
Blue smoke-irises, bodiless things,  
Orchids of pearl that I could not reach  
Except that my hunger and thirst have wings."

Therese Lindsay's poetry, too, shows that deep love of Texas, flowers, and landscapes. I feel that her place as a local color poet cannot be stated better than in what she says is her mes-

sage: "Perhaps my message is not a big one to acquaint the listener with my own closeness to nature and to stir him to seek her solace and quiet joys—to tell people about the beauty of Texas and to console my sisters' heavy hearts—this is not such an unworthy mission after all. Some one says what we write finds deep root in what we are. I had to be somebody then, you see, before I had anything for my writing to have root in—somebody who had known love and loss and sorrow. A long time—all my life—great beauty hurt me to tears, and a rhythm in words would sound in me with little form, but a pleasurable beat unworded fashion would:

'Roll outward like peals of a beautiful organ  
And inward like waves of a beautiful sea.'

Mrs. Lindsay's love of Texas and its natural beauties is not better shown than in "The Pan-handle":

"A rare dry air that feeds the lungs  
And laughs at the August sun;  
A depthless blue that seems to mark  
A rim where steep cliffs run;  
Where kaffir and wheat and pasture lands meet  
In one vast varying scene  
That reaches and yearns and trails away  
In olive and tan and green,  
And green that melts to brown.  
In stubble field the wheat land yields  
When the wheat is sickled down  
Boulders of straw are the mountains  
That stand out against the sky,  
With herds of feeding cattle  
And cameo clouds hung high.  
A wonderful treeless circle  
Immoderately big and far—  
A magic ring where grass is king  
And tireless breezes are!"

Here in this poem you have Texas. Even though you've never been within a thousand miles of the state, you can't help feeling that you know the place after reading such a poem.

Two other poems, typical of the many written in the Lone-Star state, are "Twilight Fancies", by Whitney Montgomery and "The Vignette of an Oil Field", by Lexie Dean Robertson. Robertson portrays effectively the derrieks silhouetted against the golden splendor of a setting sun, "scarring the soft bosom of the prairie". "Twilight Fancies" is one of those ever old yet ever new things. It is a poem, too, that might easily have been taken from the pen of any other Southern poet, so universally true is it to the South. Notice its peculiar beauty.

"A great white star hung low in the west  
And a jingle of chains as the teams come home.

"A red moon rising over the hill,  
And a far-off call of a whippoorwill.

"A great white star hung low in the west  
A good wife's supper and God's sweet rest."

It is impossible in so short a sketch to get a really comprehensive understanding of just how much locale plays on the type of our poetry, and especially of Texas poetry. The two poems cited in the paragraphs preceding this are typical, yet they fail to give the reader an idea of the great scope of local color poetry in the state. Only by further reading in the works of the authors mentioned can one obtain an appreciation of the extent to which they have been influenced by their surroundings.

Swinging back toward the northeast, our attention is focused on the South Carolina Low Country. Here we are confronted with the magnolia gardens, the palmetto trees, and the darkies. These are the things our South Carolina poets are writing about. No state in the Union has been praised more and better by her poets than has South Carolina. In Du Bose Heyward, Hervey Allen, Henry Bellamann, and Helen von Kolnitz Hyer, she has a group of poets that have made the Carolina Low Country their religion. In the preface of "Carolina Chansons", by Heyward and Allen, are found these words: "If the only result of this book is to call attention to the literary and artistic values inherent in the South and to the essentially unique and yet nationally interesting qualities of the Carolina Low Country, its landscapes and legends, the labor best owed here will have secured its harvest." These two poets have followed up the purpose well, and in their book is to be found everything promised. Now we catch the faintly sweet odor of the orange blossoms; now the fragment of a negro song, or the love-poet's croonings to his beloved city. Here and there a pirate, a smuggling gentleman or a See-wee Indian flits through that record of the poet's imaginations. In all the book you cannot fail to see the deep love and devotion that these two men feel toward their native lowland country.

Hervey Allen's "Shadows" is a wonderfully clear picture of southern negro life—and so true.



"The horses plow with hanging heads—  
 Slow, followed by a black faced man,  
 Indifferent to the sun.  
 The old cotton bushes hang with whitened heads;  
 And there among the live-oak trees  
 Peep the small whitewashed cabins,  
 Painted blue perhaps, with scarlet turbaned women,  
 Ample hipped, with voices soft and warm;  
 And the lean hounds and chocolate children swarm."

Notable, too, for its local color is the book, "Santee Songs", by Helen von Kolnitz Hyer. In fact her poetry is little more than a celebration of the Santee and of plantation life. Her work is characterized by an intense love of her surroundings and a musical quality that resembles, somewhat, that of Vaehel Lindsay. Not often does her poetry stray from the purely empirical, yet in such a poem as "The Voodoo" there can be detected a deeper meaning than might be shown on the surface. It is local color, primarily, yet there is a subtilized allusion there to the old question of race and color differences.

The last, but by no means least in importance, of the South Carolina poets to be named, is Henry Bellamann who, like Heyward and Allen, is trying to call attention to the wealth of material for poetic inspiration in the South. Not long ago he gave to the country his "Cups of Illusion", which ranks high in the literature of the South. Dealing, in the main, with the coast country, inland waterways, and gardens of his state, Bellamann has created something that can easily be classed with the "Carolina Chansons". An extract from "The Magnolia Gardens" may furnish some idea as to the nature of his work.

"These swinging creepers  
 Whisper at my throat  
 Like straggling cords;  
 These soft fingered roots  
 Would pry bone from bone  
 To feed that arch of vine  
 Threading its scarlet  
 Through the high magnolia trees."

Taken as a whole, I should say that the South Carolina group of poets has been influenced more by the locality in which it works than has any other group in the South. It may seem that in some instances important poets or works of poets have been left out. It has been my purpose to select a few of the more prominent from the four sections of the South and through them attempt to show that local color does occupy a very important place in the productions of our present day poets. It is ever thus with any poetry. It was so hundreds of years ago; it is so

today; it will be so a hundred years from today. Poetry does not necessarily have to deal with abstractions or treat of deep philosophical questions—that is only one of the possible provinces of the art. Locale must necessarily have its influence; poetry must sing the song of the common things of life; the poet must preserve the legends and customs of his country if his work is to be worthwhile. The South is beginning to take more interest in celebrating her beauties, her possibilities, and in preserving her traditions. She is stirring from her erstwhile lethargy and after she rubs her eyes and her vision clears, we shall probably see the production of some most worthwhile pieces of art.

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# FOLDEROL



Dost love me as the Moon her Sun?  
Then be not, Love, too easy won;  
But change each day and night and hour,  
Each minute, second; have a dower  
Of kisses half-reluctant, see?  
And be my true anomaly!

\*\*\*\*\*

There's serpent in your eyes, Love,  
Though dove's on your lips:  
So pardon me if I'm a bee  
That stings when he sips.

\*\*\*\*\*

Forgotten? Then why, my darling,  
Did you pour me Falernian pure?  
You now withdraw the sparkling grapelets,  
And proffer instead the Keeley cure.

Forgotten? Ah why, my dearling,  
Did you shoot an arrow at me?  
Did you not know I had beneath me  
A coat of mail to ward off thee?

Forgotten? Now why, my dereling,  
Hold you that apple in your hand?  
No, I'll not be a second Tantalus—  
I'll steal a peach from some fruit-stand.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bad little angel,  
Why won't you be good?  
It seems that you could.  
You shock me galore—  
Please shock me some more,  
Bad little angel.

\*\*\*\*\*

My reason had a tilf with love—  
My brain thought reason victor,  
So well he plead his part;  
But reason did a brainless thing—  
He made my eyes the jury—  
And chose for judge my heart.

\*\*\*\*\*

That kiss was like a block of ice—  
This fact you must remember:  
Kisses may be cold in June,  
But not in cold December.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dan Cupid, I'll declare,  
I love to fondle my lady's hair  
And press its silk against my cheek,  
Then listen for each strand to speak  
Some silent word into my ear—  
But now my Love has bobbed her hair,  
And I am mute in dumb despair.

I'm as blue as indigo—  
Yet her eyes are blue;  
And I'm green with jealousy  
Even though she's true.

\*\*\*\*\*

Why do lassies close their eyes  
Just when they're kissed?  
Surely 'tis no blame.  
If you'll answer that for me,  
I'll tell you why  
Laddies do the same.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dimple-darling, light as air,  
Loose for me your fresh-washed hair;  
Let me cut a random lock  
And fetter fast my giant care.

\*\*\*\*\*

Go woo tomorrow's Love of gold and  
porphyry,  
So far, so far away—  
I'll woo the Love of moment's birth, and death,  
and kneel  
Before her feet of clay.

\*\*\*\*\*

Look, my Love, the moon is up!  
I greet her with a lover's sigh;  
And I could bide with thee, my Love,  
Till she tracked the twinkling sky.

See! a Joan of Arc she comes  
To marshal all her trooper stars;  
See how they leap into the fight,  
Brandishing their golden bars!

Watch them as they fall in line—  
All breathless till the battle's won—  
Ah, Loveling, I could bide with thee  
Till I counted every one.

\*\*\*\*\*

"O, won't you be my bride-to-be?" he sighed;  
"Yes, yes," said she, "yes, yes, but not your  
bride!"

\*\*\*\*\*

I am fickle—you are fickle—  
That is true—don't frown!  
Come, and let's be constant  
Till the moon goes down.

C. B. M.



# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor. Published by the  
University of North Carolina Publications Union

Old Series Vol. 54

Number 8

New Series Vol. 41

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Articles in the MAGAZINE are not necessarily the opinion of the editor of the publication.

Address all communications to the *Editor or Business Manager*, CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill North Carolina.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1923.



#### HENRY CAVENDISH

1731 - 1810

English chemist and physicist, of whom Biot said, "He was the richest of the learned and the most learned of the rich. His last great achievement was his famous experiment to determine the density of the earth."

## He first made water from gases

Henry Cavendish, an eccentric millionaire recluse, who devoted his life to research, was the discoverer of the H and the O in  $H_2O$ . In fact he first told the Royal Society of the existence of hydrogen.

He found what water was by making it himself, and so became one of the first of the synthetic chemists.



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The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have found a use for argon in developing lamps hundreds of times brighter than the guttering candles which lighted Cavendish's laboratory.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

May, 1924



## *Are You A Bolshevist?*

*Z. T. WTCSKI* thinks you are at any rate.

THE Anglo Saxon race always has had a tendency to bolshevism. This tendency may be seen in the wresting of Magna Carta from John; it has appeared at intervals throughout the history of England, until finally the Englishman adopted it as his own. When Englishmen came to the continent of America, they brought this tendency with them, and had it not been for the bolshevistic nature of the English colonists, this country would still be under the control of England. The United States of America was founded on the principles of bolshevism, and the citizens of that nation are today essentially bolshevists; but the majority of them do not know it, because they do not know what the word means.

For several years the United States and other nations have been entertained by a picture of the bolshevik as a menace to civilization, and the average citizen of the United States has believed it to be a true picture. Let us first see what the bolshevik is not, then we may consider what he is, and what bolshevism means.

Charles Edward Russell in his book "Unchained Russia" has given what seems to be a fairly accurate picture of the popular conception of bolshevism. Mr. Russell pictures a showman making an exhibit of a captured bolshevik; the showman is orating to a crowd, which listens with gaping mouths and horror stricken countenances.

"In the next cage, ladies and gentlemen, you will find that singular beast, the fierce, fiery, man-eating bolshevik. This ferocious creature goes to and fro upon the earth, seeking whom he may devour, and as he strides along upon his horrid errand the ground shakes beneath his

tread, he breathes forth fire and brimstone, and all animate nature flees in terror from the appalling sight."

The crowd, to a great extent, were awed by the showman as usual. Put the majority of daily newspapers in the showman's place and insert the American public for the crowd; extend the oration to a few years of so-called "news" paper "service", and we have what has been said in this country concerning the bolshevik. There are men on this campus who have soaked up so much of this stuff that it is doubtful whether they will ever be able to get it out of their systems. The writer of this article has heard men talk who apparently gave full credence to the fable of nationalization of women in Russia. Any one interested might read a few pages beginning with the last paragraph on page 280 of E. A. Ross's book, "The Russian Soviet Republic," and see how much truth there is to this. Some one should some day collect all the stories told about the bolsheviks; if they are anything like those which Mr. Ross quotes, they should certainly claim attention as the most highly imaginative and fanciful tales produced in many years. Their being contradictory should not detract from their value—uniformity would destroy the basis of their claims to recognition as masterpieces.

These newspapers and their representatives are due the homage of the public. The author of this article makes the suggestion that a course be given here in the University on "The Proper Appreciation of Newspapers", for it seems that the majority of college men do not know how to evaluate them. These newspaper men would certainly put Baron Munchausen in the shade, for besides the creation of these masterpieces,

they fooled the public, and the government of the United States has acted, and is still acting toward Russia as if their tales were true.

We have just seen what bolshevism is not; let us see more definitely what it is, and whether, as originally stated, the United States is one of the most bolshevistic of the nations of the world.

The word "bolsheviki" is a Russian word having the original meaning, majority. When the Russian Social Democratic party split, the radical wing, which was the majority, became known as Bolsheviki, and the minority became known as Mensheviki. Both parties had practically the same beliefs; they were both socialistic, but they disagreed as to the method of bringing about their desired ends. The Mensheviki were Marxians; and they held to the Marxian idea that socialism is inevitable, but that it is a long process and could not be hastened to any great extent. The Bolsheviki were also Marxians, except that they believed in immediate action to remove existing evils. Bolshevism should not be confused with communism; bolshevism concerns the method of reaching a desired end; communism, concerns the desired end, and is a sort of theory of social and economic organization. Bolshevistic methods might be used in organizing a communistic state; but bolshevistic methods might be used in organizing any other kind of state, just as they were used in the beginning of the United States. There is not necessarily any connection between the two.

That most bolshevistic of all documents, the Declaration of Independence of the Thirteen Colonies of the United States of America, contains an excellent statement of the principles of bolshevism:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed

will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

If you read this paragraph slowly and carefully, you will see that it does not advocate waiting for several generations to throw off oppression, nor does it advocate prayerful submission with a faint hope for the future; it advocates action, and from what happened after it was signed, we can safely assume that it meant immediate action. That is bolshevism.

Webster's dictionary gives the following definition for this so grossly misused word: "In Russian politics a member or adherent of the radical wing of the Social Democratic party" is a bolshevik. "The bolsheviki favor terroristic tactics. Hence any radical adopting similar extreme socialistic tactics." Webster's information is misleading if there is any faith to be placed in the most reliable sources of information such as E. A. Ross, A. R. Williams, C. E. Russell, and others equally well qualified to give opinions. The bolsheviki believed in the exercise of force to secure their ends, but terrorism seems to have had no more part in their program than the nationalization of women or the many other tales which are now shown to have been the productions of the fertile brains of newspaper "artists". If we were to construct a definition of bolshevism from the actions of the bolsheviki, and their principles, we should say that it means the exercise of force in immediate and revolutionary action to remove existing evils. The word "immediate" in this definition is used in a sense opposed to the idea of a long, slow process of development.

Now that the bolsheviki used terrorism to some extent may be true; but the terrorism which they used was brought on by the counter revolution, started and encouraged by the Allied invasion of Russia. The bolsheviki revolution in Russia promised to be a "bloodless revolution" until the blundering, senseless intervention of



the Allies gave the anti-bolsheviki, the "Whites", the little encouragement which they needed to begin a terror far worse than any the bolsheviki, or the "Reds", ever instigated. Besides, it is rather out of place for the United States to condemn any other nation for the use of terrorism; if it is connected with bolshevism, it is not monopolized by the bolshevists of Russia. The United States need only to remember the German babies which were starved by the Allied blockade. The United States helped in that blockade. There does not seem to be very much more terrorism in shooting or knifing a population than in starving it.

Consider the provocation of the Russians, and then contrast it with the provocation which the thirteen colonies had in 1776. The abuses in the colonies were trivialities compared with the indignities and sufferings of the Russian people. The colonies plunged into war's wholesale murder over comparatively nothing, yet we, today, consider that war as perfectly justifiable, we even feel proud of our revolt against England, and we refer to it at every opportunity as a very admirable and praiseworthy action of our forefathers. We grow maudlin over it. Our politicians and would-be politicians make capital, or try to make capital, out of it. We gaze back into the past without understanding. In our foolish sentimentality we cannot understand, we cannot even imagine the great step which the revolutionists, the bolshevists of that day, made. We are in the habit now of thinking that when the independence of the United States was established, when the Constitution of the United States was put into operation, that the great steps in our national development had been taken, and that thereafter the Constitution would safeguard the liberties of the citizen. Since the Union has been "cemented with the blood of her sons" we have shown our faith in the Constitution by gradually becoming more sentimental about it, and leaving its interpretation more and more in the hands of a special class. In form of government we are in practically the same condition that the master bolsheviks of the Revolutionary period left us. We need more bolshevism!

But perhaps you are not yet convinced that the word "bolshevism" does not necessarily carry the idea of terroristic tactics. Of course a mere college student should not question authority,

especially when that authority is Webster's dictionary, but when the author of this article placed this statement, which was made by Mr. Ross and which was corroborated by others, that "By philosophy and taste the bolshevik leaders were antimilitarists, who continually exalted peace and labor and the working class above warfare and the caste of professional fighters", alongside the dictionary definition, he simply had to accept another authority than the dictionary. If these authorities on whom this college student depends are not the greatest prevaricators alive, then the bolsheviks are much more closely related to the Quakers than they are to terrorists.

And even admitting that they may have used terroristic tactics to some small extent, that does not give any citizen of the United States any right to point at them with horror. The Southerner least of all has any right to say anything. It would probably make us feel our kinship to Russia and to her bolsheviki a little more closely, if we should recall some of the tales, absurd and true, of atrocities perpetrated in Civil War times. If there was ever a war in the history of the world which should have been fought according to the rules of "civilized" warfare, this was one. But there have either been a great number of monstrous lies told, or this war was not according to the so-called "civilized" rules. The author, in order not to impose too much upon the reader (if there be any), wishes to confess that he is not at all sure that he knows what is meant by "civilized" rules of warfare. He has never read any account of any war, anywhere, in which one side did not accuse the other of atrocities, and of violating these "civilized" rules. Now, if you will just change the names in the following to Russian names, and remember the stuff which you have read about Russia, you will save the author the trouble of recounting the same thing about Russia with the different names inserted, and you will have an atrocity, or the promise of one, which is alleged to have occurred in this beloved Union of ours:

When the North armed negro troops during the war, the South proclaimed it as an attempt to inaugurate a servile war for the murder of white masters, and "an inhuman and atrocious warfare." The Confederate Congress passed a joint resolution, declaring that all white officers of negro Union troops "shall, if captured, be put to death, or be otherwise punished", as deter-

ined by summary court martial. President Lincoln promised retaliation and according to Schouler, "Happily the barbarous conduct threatened at Richmond stopped short of such righteous provocation \* \* \* \*". Similar threats were common throughout the war.

There is a tale told of the Fort Pillow Massacre which will compete favorably with any told of the Russian Red Armies. The Confederates are accused of having gained possession of the fort by treacherous means.

"Then followed a scene of cruelty and murder without parallel in civilized warfare, which needed but the tomahawk and scalping-knife to exceed the worst atrocities ever committed by savages. The rebels commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, white or black, soldier or civilian. The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the devilish work. Men and women, and even children, wherever found, were deliberately shot down, beaten, and hacked with sabres. Some of the children, not more than ten years old, were forced to stand up and face their murderers while being shot. The sick and wounded were butchered without mercy, the rebels even entering the hospital-building and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them as they lay there unable to offer the least resistance. All over the hillside the work of murder was going on. Numbers of our men were collected together in lines or groups and deliberately shot. Some were shot while in the river, while others on the bank were shot and their bodies kicked into the water, many of them still living, but unable to make any exertions to save themselves from drowning. \* \* \* \*

"No cruelty which the most fiendish malignity could devise was omitted by these murderers. One white soldier, who was wounded in one leg so as to be unable to walk, was made to stand up while his tormentors shot him. Others who were wounded and unable to stand up, were held up and again shot. One negro, who had been ordered by a rebel officer to hold his horse, was killed by him when he remonstrated. Another, a mere child, whom an officer had taken up behind him on his horse, was seen by Chalmers, who at once ordered the officer to put him down and shoot him—which was done."

And so on for several pages. The gentleman who wrote this was probably another competitor for honors with Munchausen; he seems to have made it just a little too bloodthirsty for reality. But there seems to be no doubt of the basic fact of the massacre's having occurred. J. F. Rhodes, historian, says: "Of the massacre, there can be no doubt. The simple facts admitted by everybody prove it conclusively." General N. B. Forrest was responsible. The writer has a clear recollection of a school-boy conception of General Forrest as a dashing, chivalrous cavalry officer, who was always polite to and a favorite with the

ladies. That idea has become smirched with blood. It really is too bad that some of these history books destroy all of these pleasing illusions, which the ones studied formerly have created!

There is another gem about "Rebel Female Duplicity Ending in Murder" in the same collection from which the extract concerning the Fort Pillow Massacre was taken. It is too good to miss:

"There resided some eight miles from Tullahoma in Tennessee, a fine-looking and rather prepossessing woman, by the name of Cobb, who very frequently visited Tullahoma, for the purpose apparently of selling fruit. With her Jezebel jokes, and Judas-like smiles, she soon formed an intimacy with two young men, belonging to the Eighth Ohio Battery. She told them, if they would pay a visit to where she lived she would treat them (it was in the month of September) to some delicious peaches and apples. The unsuspecting young battery men started from Tullahoma on the 17th, to visit Miss Cobb, and have never since been heard of. A few days after, an officer and soldier, believing they could obtain some intelligence of their friends, went in that direction in search of them but could learn nothing of them, after visiting the place. The news soon got out from the Cobbs, of the two being in the neighborhood; and some eight or ten men of the vicinage assembled, and captured the officer and soldier. After robbing them of their horses, guns, and money, they determined to kill them by shooting, and for this purpose placed the two against a tree at a short distance, to be fired at by the marksmen. They fired chiefly at the officer, killing him outright; but only slightly wounded the soldier, so that he made his escape, and after rambling through the woods several days, found his way back to Tullahoma, and informed Colonel Collum, who at once sent out a sufficient scout, and picked up some eight or ten men of the vicinage, together with Miss Cobb and her mother, taking them all to Tullahoma. When they came into the presence of the wounded soldier, he readily identified five of them as being of the party. The mother and daughter denied all knowledge of the transaction. The daughter, however, was heard to say to her mother in an undertone, "We had better tell all about it;" but the mother instantly ordered the daughter to be silent, and not speak one word. Colonel Collum ordered them to be sent to the penitentiary at Nashville. \* \* \* \* \*

"The Union men who had been compelled to fly from and abandon their homes last summer by these same Cobbs, and others, and who now reside in Shelbyville, inform me, that this Miss Cobb pursued the practice of enticing Union soldiers all last summer. \* \* \* \* \*

The writer ran across a curious specimen a short time ago, which reminded him very much of some of the descriptions of Lenin in current magazines. Let us just take a look at the table of contents—that will be enough; they seem to have about as much truth in them about Lincoln



as *The New York Times*, *The Chicago Tribune*, and some other choice dailies, have had about Lenin,—that is, if these apparently unbiased reports by Mr. Ross, Mr. A. R. Williams, and others, have any truth to them.

"A glance over the country's situation at the moment of Lincoln's death. Republicans drunk with joy. Their vindictive policy. \*\*\*\*\*

"The apotheosis of Abraham Lincoln; its cause and effect.

"Grant and Washburn defy Lincoln's authority. Washburn bullies Lincoln. A United States Senator bullies Lincoln. Senator Hale assails him. Congress distrusts him. Rev. M. Fuller's opinion of Lincoln. Lincoln's trickery.

"Herndon's pen portrait of Abraham Lincoln. A Springfield lawyer's pen portrait. General Piatt on 'Pious Lies.' The 'real Lincoln disappears from human knowledge.' Herndon's 'Life of Lincoln.' Why suppressed. Extracts from suppressed book.

"Lincoln's jealousy. His passion for horse races, cock fights and fist fights. Holland's comment thereon. Lincoln the 'soul of honesty.' He passes off counterfeit money. His 'tender-heartedness.' He sews up hogs' eyes. 'The Old Huzzey.' A great fight. 'I am the big buck of the lick.'

"Mr. Lincoln hates and despises Christianity. He goes to church to mock and deride 'pious flies.' Holland's strange story. Other Republican leaders despise Christianity. The four W's, ('Wine, whiskey, women, and war.')

"Lincoln's singular treatment of the lady he four times asked to marry him. His curious letter about that lady. His cruel treatment of Miss Todd. His home a Hell on earth.

"Mr. Lincoln's passion for indecent stories. \*\*\* The 'foulest in stories of any other man.' \*\*\* Lincoln writes indecent things. \*\*\*

"The true and the false. Apotheosizing writers. Miss Tarbell takes the lead. Why Lincoln's father left Kentucky. Apotheosis twaddle. Two little girls in the White House. More twaddle. A study of Lincoln's character."

Now why this lady, for it was a lady who has brought out all this astounding "information", chose to give a study of Lincoln's character when none of it was left, according to her, is more than the writer of this article can say.

Shift scenes again; now we are in Congress—Thaddeus Stevens is speaking:

"While I would not be bloody-minded, yet if I had my way I would long ago have organized a military tribunal under military power, and I would have put Jefferson Davis and all the members of his Cabinet on trial for the murders at Andersonville, the murders at Salisbury, the shooting down of our prisoners of war in cold blood. Every man of them is responsible for those crimes. It was a mockery to try that wicked fellow Wirz, and make him responsible for acts of which the Confederate Cabinet was guilty. Of course they should be condemned. Whether they should be

executed afterwards I give no opinion. As to the question of confiscation, I think that a man who has murdered a thousand men, who has robbed a thousand widows and orphans, who has burned down a thousand houses (!), escapes well if, owing \$100,000, he is fined \$50,000 as a punishment and to repair his ravages."

And so on.

There are plenty of other similar examples, but there is no space for them here.

The stories of Quantrill and Bill Anderson, rebel guerilla leaders, almost cast the Russian stories into the shade. A lady is said to have given the following description of one of Bill Anderson's men, which will perhaps give some idea of what Bill Anderson might have been:

One night a young fellow came with the bandits (rebels) to her house. He appeared to be not over fifteen or sixteen years of age, and had the ears which he had cut off of murdered Union men and Federal soldiers strung on a string and hung around his neck. He had each side of the brow band of his bridle decorated with the scalps of Union men or Federal soldiers whom the desperadoes had murdered.

It was told of Bill Anderson, that when he was finally killed, he had two human scalps on each side of the brow-band of his bridle, which he used as ornamentation. It was also stated that a commission as a colonel, signed by Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, was found on his person.

In the summer of 1864 Lieutenant Colonel D. T. Chandler officially inspected the Andersonville prison. After commenting on the lack of proper medical attention he remarks: "The dead are hauled out daily by the wagon load and buried without coffins, their hands in many instances being first mutilated with an axe in the removal of any finger-rings they may have." He then advocates the replacement of the prison commander by "someone who at least will not advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement suffice for their accommodation; who will not consider it a matter of self-laudation and boasting that he has never been inside of the stockade, a place the horrors of which it is difficult to describe and which is a disgrace to civilization."

The report made by Chandler has been verified in many ways. Some one or some group was re-

sponsible for this Andersonville affair; and that some one or group were citizens of either the Confederacy or the Union. There are volumes more of just such reports on the wonderful civilization in the new world, and its "civilized" methods of warfare. When the writer of this article collected this material, it happened that he was more concerned with that portion telling about atrocities perpetrated by Southerners; there is no doubt but what practically the same could be repeated about the North, with just as much truth. J. K. Hosmer says that, "The available statistics show that while of southern men in northern prisons a little over twelve per cent. died, of northern men in southern prisons the per cent. was 15.5."

Some of the stories just related are undoubtedly true; others are more than likely false, or great exaggerations. We might say the same of the Russians. In either case the honest, decent, self-respecting citizen would have nothing to do with such atrocities except in very rare cases, and under very great provocation. But a person who was disposed to be prejudiced might, from the stories just told, easily picture the South during the war as a territory infested by cut-throats and thieves. Suppose there had been some agency in the South, which had the sympathy of the governments of the other nations; suppose the purpose of this agency had been to spread just such propaganda about the southerners, to the exclusion of all else. Suppose this agency had control of the news service of the other countries. Would there have been any chance for any one to get very much truth about the real conditions in the South?

That is just about the shape that Russia was in during the few years following 1917. The anti-bolsheviks had the sympathy of the Allied governments; consequently they had the news bureaus, and the rest of the world was filled with stories of Russia, most of which have been proved to have no basis in fact. Thus it is seen that terrorism does not necessarily have any more connection to bolshevism than it has to our own South.

As to our nation being based on principles essentially bolshevistic, the reader is again referred to the Declaration of Independence. In that document he will see a distinct leaning toward socialism: the rights of man; he will see dangerous radicalism: the assertion of the right

to revolt against authority, when authority no longer expresses the will of the people. Just because the people of the United States have a constitution is no reason to believe that their rights will be forever guarded by that constitution, without their bothering themselves about it.

When Thomas Jefferson said "God forbid we should ever be 20 years without a rebellion," it is obvious that he meant by that statement that change was inevitable; and that the best way for it to come, was often and gradually, and by the conscious direction of the citizens; not by blind lagging behind chance. What did he mean when he said, "What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance"? Was it a conservative or a radical or a bolshevik who spoke when Jefferson talked about "The tardy will of governments which are always a century or two behind the intelligent part of mankind"?

Now, Mr. Reader, assuming that you have stayed with us so long, it is up to you to determine what is the intelligent part of mankind and then fasten your hopes to them; neither Thomas Jefferson nor anyone else can tell you who they are.

♦♦♦♦♦

### LINES TO A BEETLE-BROWED HUMMING BIRD

Some thing immortal in me?  
 Some deathless identity?  
 So the sages say.

I held in my hand the other day  
 A wayside flower.  
 It bloomed for an hour  
 With the first breath of spring,  
 And I plucked it  
 Before it withered and died.

I smelled its fragrance,  
 Gloried in its beauty.  
 How perfect it seemed,  
 How pure, how clean,  
 How far excelling  
 That clay called human.

"If this," thought I,  
 "This thing of beauty,  
 Was created but to die,  
 What of me?"

H. R. F.



# DYNAMITE

## *A Story With a Kick*

By ALLAN STEEPLE

**O**CCASIONAL dull flashes on the Eastern horizon and deep rumbles among great banks of gray clouds announced the rapid approach of a thunderstorm. My friend and I several times were interrupted in our conversation by the growling of the elements. One prolonged peal, which ended in a dramatic and breath-taking crescendo, generated a silence which lasted for several minutes. My friend rose, walked to the window and stared for a moment into the growing darkness. Then, with a half smile on his face he turned to me.

"Have you ever been face to face with death—cold, stark, horrible death?" he asked suddenly.

His question startled me. Our conversation had been pursuing a much more conservative way than this question would indicate and by this time was beginning to dwindle into nothingness.

"Why, no," I stammered, "I can't say that I have. I have been in several situations, however, in which death was just around the corner."

"I don't mean cases where death was a possibility," he hastened to say, "but where you actually shook hands with the Old Man and remarked what a nice scythe he had and waited to feel its edge on your neck, and that sort of thing—where you knew your chances to live lay about one to three thousand."

"Well, now," I replied, "I have had several so-called narrow escapes. The instances were somewhat like those you mention, only the approach and presence of death were for the most part unknown to me. The fact that I came out alive each time was due in very small measure to any volition or knowledge of danger on my part. I have never been in a situation in which I waited, powerless, for death to come."

"Well, I think there is a rather clean distinction to be drawn. I'll tell you of the incident I have in mind and you may judge for yourself. The last clap of thunder put me in mind of it."

"Perhaps a lightning stroke was involved in your experience," I said, listening to a distant roll of Titan drums.

"No, it wasn't lightning, but it might have amounted to the same thing. Only a stroke of lightning has got it beat. I mean dynamite."

My interest must have been evident from my expression for my friend continued.

"I was working for a salvaging company on the Pacific Coast which did right much business. Some time before my little run-in with the Old Man, two tramp steamers, bound from Chile to San Francisco, had been wrecked off the coast of Lower California. Both were lost in the same storm. One struck a rock about a thousand yards off shore and sank in eight fathoms of water. The other stove in the foreward well deck of the first and the two remained stuck fast together. The entire crews of both ships lost their lives in the blow.

"One of the boats was loaded with silver, which is a little curious, it being a tramp, but so it was, and the owners chartered one of our vessels to recover it, on a commission of ten per cent of the value of the silver recovered. But these details are needless.

"We knew the approximate location of the wrecks but it was two days before we found it. Then we discovered the situation I have described, and of course, it was the submerged boat which contained the silver. What we had hoped would be a pipe with a lot of easy money, now assumed a somewhat more serious aspect.

"We decided that the best way to get at the silver would be to plant several kegs of dynamite in the top vessel and blow it four ways at once. The rest would probably be easy. We were wirelessly permitted to do this.

"We had with us several of a new shipment of bombs manufactured for just such purposes as we had on foot. The topmost vessel was about

half submerged, and its hold was a third or more filled with water. The lower cargo deck of the for'ard hold was the best place for the bombs and three men, of which I was one, went down to place them.

"Naturally this end of the ship had been badly shaken up and with its contents of half dissolved nitrate of soda and slimy bags the hold was a decidedly unpleasant place. The business of lowering the bombs to us was precarious business but was finally accomplished."

At this point my companion paused to re-light his pipe. The storm outside was growing more violent, with heavier thunder and more brilliant lightning flashes.

"Well, we planted the bombs without much trouble," he continued. "The fuses protruded some ten inches or more above the water level. We lighted them and rushed for the ladder. We had reached the second deck and one man had gained the main deck when suddenly the boat lurched violently. The ladder, already weakened in the wreck, was wrenched loose and we were hurled through the hatchway back into the dismal hold which we had just left.

"Both of us were stunned for a short time but the rising water revived us. Evidently the ship had been rather delicately balanced and our work had caused it to settle to a new position. The ladder in the hold was now entirely beyond our reach, so great was the list of the boat. We yelled for help but the men on deck had been thrown overboard by the lurch. Had the water continued to rise we might have escaped, but with a grinding noise and a creaking of timbers below us it ceased to do so, and I knew the vessel had found a new resting place. Just how much time had passed we did not know but in any event it would not be long until the bombs exploded and—"

Here the narrator paused again, as if musing to himself. The storm was nearing its height, the wind was roaring, and the first great drops of rain were falling.

"I can't describe the eternity represented by those next few minutes. We searched frantically for the bombs but it was no use. I had lost my electric torch in the fall and it was too dark to see anything much. Besides, they were irretrievably lost in the muck of the hold and we won-

dered that they had not exploded in the scrambling which the lurch had caused.

"We tried in vain to jump high enough to grasp the edge of the hatch. The seaman with me began to curse and mumble something about his family in San Francisco. A thousand thoughts raced through my own mind. I remembered the farm back in Virginia and the quarrel I had had with my father before going West. I had called it a land of opportunity; in these few seconds it had become a land of death.

"We thought we smelled the acrid fumes of powder. In a few moments we would be in eternity. There came to me the memory of two sparkling brown eyes which had gazed into mine not a week since and of the owner of those eyes who had begged me to seek less dangerous employment. The patch of blue sky visible through the hatch had never seemed so beautiful.

"I continued to wonder why the men outside didn't come to our aid although I knew very well that a death circle lay for fifty yards around the vessel. These minutes could not last forever; they must end soon. Then—"

He didn't finish the sentence. A blinding flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous crash of thunder, broke off his sentence. We both jumped and looked out the window as a great oak, which had stood for many generations in the spot which was now the edge of my mother's flower garden, was split asunder and crashed to the ground—mowed down by a thunderbolt of Jove as a scythe cuts a stalk of wheat.

When the echoes of the thunder had died away in the distance, in a voice which must have quavered a little, I inquired:

"Did—the dynamite—explode?"

"Did it! Do you think I would be here if it had? Just a moment and you will know all. Well, after what seemed hours of horrible suspense, I heard a voice on deck. A head appeared over the edge of the hatch and it seemed to me that I saw a halo about it.

"At any rate we were soon out of that damned hole and back on our own ship, and the first thing I did was to tear open one of those bombs. There had evidently been some mistake in routing and shipping them, for they all contained a fine grade of Scotch whiskey from Glasgow."



# COLLEGE *and* AFTER

*By H. Y. and S. G.*

## JASON MYERS

A cynic? Ah, yes indeed, a cynic and an infidel,  
Loathing God and hating all mankind—  
So ran their puny minds and meaner souls,  
Those college-mates of mine

Who never thought except to say "Yes" and  
"No"

As they were told.  
Did they know I hid the shame of Elsie Knowles  
And saved poor Billy from her father?  
Did they know that Tom Mason was going to  
steal

To pay a gambling debt?

And why he didn't?

An infidel and yet my God means more to me  
Than all their hollow creeds and trivial worship:  
And still, the world knows me for  
A cynic and an infidel.

\* \* \* \* \*

## "SPUD" BARUCH

Cheering mobs, running, driving men  
Wearing leather helmets and padded breeches;  
A dodging, twisting, elusive, youthful giant  
With bloated pig-skin held against his heart:  
That was I.

One hundred on the first of every month  
Nine months out of twelve.  
I earned it working for the Alma Mater.  
I broke a leg doing that,  
And since the University doctor bungled up the  
job

When he tried to fix it  
The steel-needle and the "joy-dust" have helped  
To kill the pain.

I am a broken, wretched thing.  
In the byways of the city I lead the college boys  
I show them at so much per, the way  
To a certain house.  
The woman there who runs the place  
Gives me my filthy rake-off for each trip.  
It's not the hundred a month I used to get,  
But it buys the needles and the dust.

\* \* \* \* \*

## WHITNEY WILSON

I was born in the land of old plantations.  
My forebears all were planters;  
But I was born too late for that,  
Though not too late

To love the old house and the fields and the  
woods.

My guardian made me study Stocks and Bonds.  
I am the rich man he wanted me to be.  
I have houses and cars and servants  
And rare old things that cost—  
God knows how much.

There is no reason for me to be afraid of any-  
thing.

But I am afraid of the country.  
I never leave the sound of the city.  
I love the old house and the fields and the woods;  
But I am afraid of them.

I could chuck it all and go home—

I've got the money.

No, I haven't! The money's got me.

Oil is up and Cotton is up—

Cotton—

I wonder is it blooming in the Carolina fields?

\* \* \* \* \*

## HENRY HARPER DOBBS

They all hated me, professors and the students.  
I "roasted" them and showed up all their faults.  
I bared their hypocrisy and shame  
And showed their souls as small and mean  
As their enveloping Ego.

"Radical, Bolshevik, Red," these names they  
called me;

But now—Ah! how they praise and fawn and  
hate;

For now I rule the State with my pen alone,  
And I glory in my power.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HARRISON TEN-EYCK

I am a frat man, and I dress well and expen-  
sively,

And drink and dance and do no work,  
And shall continue thus to play around.

"A dude, a cake, a fop and a damned lounge  
lizard,"

They called me at the University.

Jealous, narrow, they were, and uncultured—  
And I? I lost no sleep;

My exclusive social set and our pleasures  
Were good enough for me

And too good for them—

The country "hard-boys."

# *The* CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

MAY, 1924

## *The Warehouses*

WE HAVE NOTICED this year with growing dismay and disgust the increasing number of men who are continually referring to the buildings in the quadrangle as "B", "C", "D", and "E". These connotations are not adequate.

Why not call the buildings Brick Warehouses, numbers one, two, three, four, or something which sounds just as well and implies about the same thing? The four buildings in the quadrangle were named for men illustrious in the life of the state, men of whom, in their time the University was and is still proud. To such an extent were they leading figures in the life and movements of the time that we have seen fit to name buildings for them, and further to show our respect for them we apply the misnomer of a letter in the alphabet which mean nothing to anybody save a group of engineers and architects. A building has to be named, but now it is merely one of a series, so what does it matter? We are in too big a hurry to respect a man's name which contains more than one syllable.

We suggest that the three buildings now in the course of construction be termed "F", "G", and "H". Then, say late in the fall, let's have a contest and see which student can, by putting the eight letters together, make the most words.

## *Certain Officials*

EVER SINCE we have been in the University we have heard complaints from students about the manner in which they have at various times been received and treated in the offices of certain officials here,—two in particular. To go into an official's office and be treated as a gentleman is a pleasure; but to go in and be received in a high and mighty manner, to be "bassed at", and to have slighting remarks thrown at one is not so pleasant.

To refer to "certain ones" may cast suspicion in several directions at which this editorial is not aimed. Yet, there are a few places in the University where one is accorded such receptions as accounted above. We can't quite see the point of view. This institution has not as yet become their personal property, even though one man has dictated quite a few times during his long and unpleasant stay here, according to some few members of the faculty with whom we have spoken.

Those of the faculty who think about such matters consider themselves as here to work for and with the students, trusting that some work will be done for them in return. But a few people connected with the University think they are here to work on students.



## Page the Band

WITH the coming of warm weather again, coupled with frequent horn toots from the upper floors of New West, there have been quite a few statements made by interested students relative to future Sunday afternoon band concerts. We think this an excellent idea. Last year the organization gave one such concert. So far as we know there had been no previous announcement

made, but even then there was a fairly large crowd present.

The band, for the first time in history, has been fully recognized by the University authorities, and it has been rewarded for its labors during this year with a few good trips. Certainly it stands high in the esteem of the student body, and we do not believe that the students would be at all averse to hearing it play more often,—and at some time other than athletic contests.



# THE PLUCKED

Those of you who enjoyed his charming Letters in the January issue, will perhaps be delighted with this Short Story by *Yasuo Taketomi*.

AFTER a long, wearisome journey of a day the sun had set behind the vast horizon, a few last rays lingering among the orange-hued clouds, some reposing, some floating away. Yet in the world the shadow of a spring night fell already thick. A white winged twilight was swiftly fleeting by; and at its heel sped the darkness with the same swiftness. Forests, meadows, fields, and distant mountains, all looked sombre and gray, wrapped by a veil of the misty vapor slowly rolling up from the ground. Little feathery birds had by this time stopped twittering and were now at rest, peacefully. A profound silence reigned in the air. And still there were some moments before the sinister owls of night would boom out their dolorous music from the four quarters of the universe. The moon had not risen yet. Only in the hollowed sky on the horizon a few early-born stars appeared, their little blue eyes winking merrily. And for a while the whole world seemed to heave a long but blissful sigh from the bottom of its laborious heart; while all the creatures, dead and alive alike, raised their solemn, silent prayer to the heavens. Everywhere there was rest, peace, and contentment. But... alas! Such was not for little Santa!

"I don't know what to do!" muttered little Santa in a husky voice, "How angry father will be when he knows I got plucked! I wish mother would plead for me, but..." He shook his head, mournfully, as though he knew he was grasping

at a mere straw. "No, she will but cry; that's the only way she ever acts in such a case!" He began to paint in darkest colors the image of his angry father, which loomed forth, like a shadow of Terror, on the canvas of his dismal imagination. He shivered, gasped, and shut his eyes despite himself. Besides, there was in his mind gradually awaking a bitter consciousness much harassed with shame; he would remain hereafter a laughing stock among his gossipy school-mates. Although Santa was a boy who was firmly convinced of the might of his hard fist, yet he was not so sure that he could escape all the horrid jeers those little demons might hurl upon him: "Look, there goes, Santa, the plucked!" When he thought of this, even his boyish horror of his father's stern face seemed to give way. Disgrace and humiliation! With almost physical pain his little heart fluttered. The long suppressed sobs came surging afresh up to his throat.

There was nobody left but little Santa in the deserted school court. Around him, here and there, still remained a few patches of snow which gleamed faintly in their own peculiar light. A wind blowing across the open country was desperately cold. It rattled now and then in a sonorous monotone among the bare branches of the tall poplars which stood darkly near the ancient, shadowy clocktower. The entire school-building was hushed in a pensive silence. A row of stubby, short-necked chimneys, providing outlets for the smoke from the classroom stoves, stood idly

against the low tiled roof, ranging themselves in an irregular line along the sooty, weather-beaten eaves. And behind each of the closed windows Solitude seemed lurking, malcontent, its malignant cold eye peeping through the wide gap of the white curtains, negligently hung down from the inside. Overhead from mid-sky the frost, invisible in its aerial garb, descended stealthily; and under its secret ministry the whole bosom of the ground was now freezing fast. Little Santa shuddered, sneezed vehemently, and pulled up with nervous haste the collar of his shabby overcoat, so that he might protect himself from the icy clutch of the night weather. Nevertheless, he felt not a bit of warmth. His lips were pallid and showed scarce a tint of blood. His fingers were benumbed, and his bare toes were wet and chilled in his father's boots, ridiculously big for his own feet. His socks were so full of holes that one might have wondered he should think it worth while to put them on at all. Only his tears were hot and rebellious, which often clouded his sight with persistent bitterness. In fact many a time he came to the point of crying. And he might have done it without regret if anybody had at that time spoken kind words to him, or even tapped him on the shoulder in a mute but affectionate way. The poor wretch was, however, alone with his own shadow.

"You, Oni!" Suddenly he muttered, or rather growled in a spiteful tone. "You've done me all sorts of wrong. You beat me in class and even failed me!" A dark fire glowed in his wild eye and his little body trembled violently, as a leaf amidst the furious storm. "But wait!" he hissed out; a fiery emotion almost choked his voice. "I will show you when I become a big man!" Then, as if remembering the pain of the by-gone day when he was beaten before the public by a crazed young teacher, thoughtfully he brought his hand to the cheek which looked ashen-pale with anger as well as cold. For a moment he seemed to have forgotten all about his father. Even his gnawing anxiety of his comrades was set aside. An intense hatred concentrated upon a single foe, now took in his mind perfect sway. Like a wounded lion Santa glared about him, defiantly, through his burning tears.

However, the soaring spirit of his injured pride never lasted long. It was obliged to droop its wings, sadly, when the grinning Fancy

showed little Santa once more many heart-breaking scenes. And think! All of those hard trials should he have to go through in the nearest future! He beholds again his old father silently folding his arms in awe, and scornfully puffing out clouds of smoke from his long pipe; behold a dim kerosene lamp uneasily flickering on the low sooty ceiling, and gloomily casting about singular shadows in an humble cozy room. There sits also his mother near the hearth with fire well-nigh gone. What a pale thin woman she is! And every now and then she wipes her tear-stained eyes with a sleeve. Then he beholds himself lying prostrate like an unpardonable sinner before his parents, incoherently begging their mercy; while his troubled head hangs low in shame, his eyes swimming in tears. Little Santa uttered a heavy groan as if his soul, itself, was shaken by mere visions. Yet more oppressive became his feeling of misery, when such ominous illusory films suddenly flared up in a single rosy scene, which he could not, however, participate in. Poor lad! It was a too bitter irony for him to bear, that he, in the very abyss of humiliation, should imagine the happiness of other students who had gloriously passed their examination. Yes, in their home a lamp would burn all night long, brightly, and from a hearth would shoot up red tongues of fire as if little merry devils. There would be much warmth in the air, just as in the hearts of people. And lo! there sits a boy like a haughty prince on the altar of family worship. His father is smiling with pride at his son and his mother weeping, but in an ecstatic bliss. And around the joyous altar of the prince there lies, ah, so many a pyramid of cakes, fruits, and new texts with rich illustrations for the coming school year! Little Santa gnashed his teeth in remorse, maddened with an unspeakable envy. Again his rebellious heart was inflamed to a blind frenzy.

"Kichi, you coward!" he cried menacingly, flourishing his little fist high in the air. "Maybe he's laughing at me about this time. How often I made him cry when I got in a fight with him!" He pitched his tone like a drunkard as he drained a prodigious quantity of bitter tears. "Don't be proud! You Credit-Worm! You passed ahead, 'cause you're a teacher's pet. But what's that? Hey, I should like to know!" Then, frightened with his own voice, Santa gasped half way in his childish threats. A large night bird flew low



over his head noiselessly, rendering an effective touch to the pantomimic silence.

The moon was now creeping up slowly over the school-house, giving as yet but little light in the air. It looked pale and sadly tired at the very outset of its night-long journey. So countless were the staircases of the heavens that it seemed to pause at every step, panting. Its sickly beams, livid and wan, quivered with nervous faintness among the clouds around, which began to drift unwillingly, driven by the wind. Yet over the ground the darkness was somewhat softened with the dim star-lights which powdered a profile of the sombre night. The giant clocktower assumed a more definite outline, and the large clock-face was brightened, partly struck by the pale dreary moonlight. And near the tower whispered the tall poplars in a soft low voice, as if frightened, like faint-hearted sentinels, by the sweeping advance of night. Farther up, detached from the main building there stood a student hall. Its huge oaken door was open ajar like a monster's jaw, and seemed to Santa's fanciful mind-eye, even approaching forward slowly, to swallow at a mouthful his own affrighted shadow. However, the general atmosphere, charged with gloom, was greatly relieved by a single light at the window of the servant room, which streamed out cheerfully through the freezing panes, accompanied by a strong smell of frying. Little Santa sniffed dubiously, and the smell rushed into his nostrils, provoking in him the keenest sense of hunger. "The old rascal is now cooking his supper," Santa thought to himself. And really there came to his ear, with short intermissions, the squeaking noise of the buckets going up and down in the well.

"I am really good for nothing, I know it," muttered little Santa, sulkily; "my father says so, and teachers, too; and everybody tells me so!" His voice faltered, faint as an echo of an afflicted soul. "I should be better off if I were not living in this world. If I'm no good to anybody, why, they're no good to me, either!" It was not the first time that poor Santa gave vent to deepest pessimism at his own existence. Although he was known by all as a notorious leader of the madcaps, yet in the heart of his hearts the lad was very sensitive. Santa often got in fights with his comrades, it was true, and poked his nose in any dispute. He was also inventor of a thousand tricks and pranks. And he played them with an

admirable audacity upon superiors as well as inferiors. He whistled aloud when he walked in the streets, proudly throwing his shoulders back, his hands thrust into the pants' pockets of his uniform. So baggy and funny were his pants that people laughed at them, "Chimneys!" He never wore his cap aright, but far on the back of his enormous head. He smoked, cursed, and stole apples from a stranger's garden. However, in spite of all these facts, it was also true that Santa sighed and wept when he was alone. Many a time it seemed to him the world was the bitterest place for a little boy like him to live in. Wherever he turned his step there were angry voices and hysterical cries and sometimes, God forbid, even a sound slap on his cheek! And when an evil wind blew, which blew so often, had not those senior-class students baptized him mercilessly with a hot shower of descending blows; while he, on his part, yelped and whined like a pup? Santa was scarcely fourteen. Yet life sometimes weighed on him so heavily that he wondered if his less than five-foot body might not be crushed under its burden. He even thought of committing "Harakiri", like a Samurai, simply to take an ironical revenge on his own world. But who would take pity on him for that? "Would they repent their harshness if I should kill myself?" he reflected. "Even so, how can I laugh at them in their face if I am in the grave!" The very thought vexed him and at the same time pleased him secretly, for really he had not the courage of a Samurai, nor could he pretend to play such a dangerous trick on himself. Besides, his poor father was too cautious to keep a single sword in his house, lest his son might make holes in new paper-screens, or play some other sort of devilment, even if he should not go so far as to make a hole in his own stomach! Although his behavior betrayed him all the time, consciously, or quite unconsciously, Santa had been yearning in his heart's core to be as good as other boys. And for that did he most need kindness and sympathy from all, but received none except from his own mother. Thus, if anybody had once treated him, even in whim or joke, with the least kindness, the lad would have been ready to return it with boundless gratitude full of sincerity. And in truth he wished to say a hearty "Thank you!", no matter to whom, if fortune had allowed him any opportunity. But not a single chance! Everywhere he was a mere "Madcap Santa!"

"I must go home." Little Santa drew once more a deep and prolonged sigh. "I am so hungry!" He clasped his empty belly with both of his hands, and frowned, helplessly. The loud squeaks of the tumbling buckets from the well had by this time ceased, and the disturbed silence seemed to resume its reign in the servant hall; while the smell of frying became more and more vigorous, drifting out heavily in the air. It was a pervading odour as if a fish scorching to the pan. The aged servant, dotard as he was, probably was dozing at the fireside while he was cooking. All of the window-panes were seen glaring in the darkness, brightened by the shooting flames from the hearth, and the inside was imagined to reveal perfectly an enchanted realm of light and warmth. Fascinated by the glorious aspect of the fireside kingdom, or rather tempted by the appetizing smell of a supper, Santa stepped forward, almost unconsciously. Yet struck with a sudden idea, short he stopped. There he would never be a welcome guest. No, the old servant would shut him out like a plague. It was Santa himself who had once tarred "Brand Kettle" with the sweep of a brush, while the old man basked in the sun, thoughtlessly exposing his bald skull to mischief. It was so large, splendid, and shining that even an angel might have been tempted to fetch a brush, had he not been afraid his own wings might be also smeared with tar! Since then the grudging servant used to howl at Santa with a terrible look whenever they met; "You scape-grace! You are worse than a plague!" Thus sighing in vain, the little starveling turned his step reluctantly toward the school-gate, slowly dragging his big boots crusted with mud. "I am so hungry. I haven't eat anything since breakfast." A strange light gleamed in his large feverish eyes. "I am afraid I'll starve on the way!" A blast of the cutting wind whizzed by, vehemently flopping the rugged skirt of his overcoat.

Poor lad! Santa had not eaten a morsel since breakfast. Early in the morning a lad, muffled in a baggy overcoat was seen, desperately hastening in the deserted main street of the town; while a few sleepy faces looked at him in astonishment from their store-windows. It was Santa. And just a while ago he had set off for the school to look at the promotion announcement of his grade. His school lay well-nigh five miles from his home. And as the lad hastened on his way

his heart beat tattoos like a drum, rattling with the emotional sticks of Fear and Hope. The stick of Fear thrummed, trembling, "Santa got plucked! Santa got plucked!" while that of Hope hummed out rub-a-dub, "Santa passed! Santa passed! Take heart, Santa!" When he at last entered the school court he felt much easier. Not any of his school-mates seemed to have arrived before him. He was a harbinger of the great day. The early spring morning was unusually calm. The entire court bathed luxuriantly in the brilliant sunshine, and the fresh smell of earth, filtered by the floating mist, was hovering like gossamer in the air. Yet somewhere in the shady nooks of the ground the old winter seemed still haunting. A few relics of snow remained, glistening, their frail life longing in vain for the morrow's sun. Little Santa hurried into the student hall and looked about him with a hasty glance. The announcements of all the grades were already posted up on the high dingy walls, hiding the numberless cracks and spots beneath their wide sheets of paper, each containing more than a hundred names of the successful candidates, neatly written in large clear characters. But where was it posted, that of the second grade? His roving eyes wandered awhile over the walls. "Goodness!" he cried, "I am quite excited!" He laughed somewhat nonchalantly. Yet his heart leapt with a bound as he finally sought it out, the "Bill of Fate!"

Santa was not such a silly boy as to review the whole announcement from the top. No. Instead he would start from the very end. Since all the students were recorded in order of their pass-marks, he knew he would hardly find himself, even by a miracle, beyond the tenth from the bottom. Thus it was rather through his humility of heart than his wisdom, that he learned how to take a royal road instead of a long, long roll of names he would have to look through, should he begin from the head. And how triumphantly he marched on his royal road when he passed, last year, first from the last! However, this year, alas! his name was not even among the last. So bewildered was Santa that he reviewed the entire list, three times over, the last time, even from the head! But all was the same. "I got plucked!" With a cry of stupor he staggered, as he felt a dazzling shock in his brain. Since then he had roamed about all day long, aimlessly, along the desolate country roads, sighing, lamenting, sob-



bing, his confused head pondering over a thousand times the most favorable excuse to give his father. In fact more than once he determined to go home; yet he was afraid to enter the town in the broad daylight. His wretched figure would be a mere standing butt for all his enemies. There was a big sooty-faced blacksmith, his most formidable foe; there was a short-legged, sly-looking barber; there was also an old seoundrel, a cock-eyed grocer. And little Santa fancied he heard them jeering at him in their triple alliance; "Hey, Santa, is it true you got plueked? Bah! It serves you right, you little seamp!" Indeed so small was the world which Santa lived in, that the news of his failure was very likely to spread all over as the capital joke of the year. It was almost evening when he turned his step once more toward the school. A blue mist had already screened the dying day as with a soft veil; and a light-heeled twilight was flickering, faint as his own hope, trailing its long white train over the earth. Poor Santa! He hoped, or rather hoped to hope that his teacher had forgotten for some reason or other to write his name on the list, and probably might have added it by this time. But when he stole into the student hall and looked up at the announcement, whether by his dim sight troubled with tears, or by the melancholy witchery of the gathering dusk, he could not read a single name, either his own or others.

The night seemed fairly to have advanced. The stars twinkled brighter; even the pale moon had recovered a little its spirit. Somewhere among the nearest woods boomed out the owlets their dolorous melody, "Whit-hoo! Whit-hoo!", as if calling from the empty barrels. They might have been surprised to see that a large silky lantern had already hung in mid way of the heavenly arehed stairs. "I must hurry home," sighed little Santa, blinking, "I am afraid I've already missed my supper." He heard a large elock on the tower striking seven, the sensitive night-air throbbing with its deep resonant notes. A few little birds softly eooing at the eaves of the age-worn building, fluttered up, chirruping, as if startled from their unquiet dreams, their tiny black shadows circling over his head. Yet on he pushed his way desperately toward the school-gate, heedless of any happening, execept to pause now and then to warm his frost-bitten hands with his breath. When he finally reached the huge stone gate, Santa cast back his last, envious








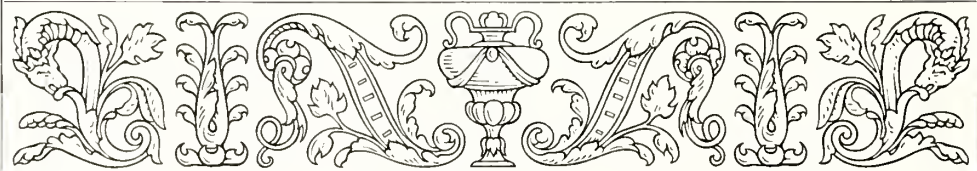

glance to the servant room. The smell of frying which had a short time ago waged so terrible a war with his empty stomach, pursued him no longer. Instead floated a long drawn song of the old man, who was singing at the top of his nasal twang. Then, the disconsolate lad trudged on along the tall wooden fence surrounding the empty dormitories, silent and lonely, where not a single student was left during the vacation. Yet as he came to pass the narrow alley between the teachers' residences, he stopped short before a certain door, clenching his fist and sputtering some plaintive curses. Hark! Through its bright window wafted out the well-known laughter of a young teacher, his enemy, who had once beaten him, together with a gay waltz of the phonograph merrily throwing its maddening tunes outdoors. "Some day you will see!" little Santa spat out, seornfully. Yet in the very core of his heart he could not help admitting that he had lost his battle for the present. Something hot and wet triekled down on his cheek, one drop after another!

However, it was not until he observed in the far distance a beautiful silhouette of his home-town, softly glaring against the star-lit sky, that little Santa burst into childish sobs. So sudden and strong was the tempest of his emotion that it seemed to arouse in him a whole flood of tears. But whence came this tempest? Alas! Santa could hardly have explained it if anybody had asked him. Instead he, with a trembling finger, would point yonder, where lay a glorious fairyland, whose fair light seemed affectionately beekoning him. Was it really a fairyland where, as his mother used to say, always laughter's eeho and seldom tears flow? Or was it a happy, angel-guarded garden in the story-book he used vainly to sigh for? No! It was neither a fairyland nor Paradise among the romantic clouds, which now arose before him in fullest charms. But, Ah! it was simply a picturesque provineial town of northern Japan, his native place, where he was born, fed, and had lived and played for more than ten years. And how could he not have dreamed until now that the very fairyland was but his own home-town! Spell-bound with a sweet amazement Santa rubbed his eyes, hurriedly, his heart fluttering, like an enchanted bird, with a mingled emotion of love and sorrow. While the silent yet penetrating beauty of his native town was reigning in his mind, there also

arose in him a powerful consciousness of self-pity born of all his miseries. And such a consciousness, itself, seemed to melt his rebellious spirit into a profound sympathy with himself. He no longer would look at his father's angry face with mere horror, nor would he flourish his fist against his jeering comrades. He no longer would cherish dark thoughts of revenge on his teacher, nor would he make complaints of his town's folk who might torture him with a spiteful grin. Yes, like a brave martyr he would accept with humility all those unfortunate lots—the lots from which the plucked student should suffer. Thus, little Santa was no longer bitter, but deeply sad; he no longer sought for his last consolation in his angry revolts, but in a perfect resignation of heart. His soul was now calm and shone brightly like a single star, all wet but radiant, as it arose from the depth of a mournful ocean. And lo! Before his tearful eyes glowed the beautiful lights of his home-town, so fairy like and so motherly, as if beckoning him ever and ever in its shadowy dream. . . .

All of a sudden, an impulse unknown but none

the less dominant seemed to overcome little Santa; so off he scampered toward the town, wildly, running along the road with all his breath. Every now and then he stumbled and tottered on the cobbles coated with frost, his big boots clattering heavily against the resounding ground. And his sobs become more and more violent as he pushed his way against the cutting wind, his lean shoulders dejectedly bent forward. "I want a supper . . . a hot supper!" He breathed out, gasping. "I don't mind dying if . . . if . . ." his voice was half drowned in tears, "if . . . I . . . I can have a hot supper. . . ." And his little shadow followed at his heel with the same speed, running, jumping, stumbling, and crying for its own hunger. However, as he came nearer to the town the lad was obliged to suppress his sobs simply for shame. A suburban electric car hastening to the town rushed by, bumping and rattling, its bluish sparks flying spasmodically. And strange! Just then poor Santa recalled to his confused mind with a fresh regret, a five cent piece, a car-fare, which he had lost many years ago in the ditch while he was catching a frog!

		
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# CONCERNING OPTIMISTS

By *Hill Yarrowborough*

**O**PTIMISTS are bores. When I would be a sour pickle in a jar of sweet ones; when I would wear a frown and reply to questions in unintelligible monosyllables, or not reply to mere remarks at all; when I would be cynical and rave at the weather, be it foul or fair, and storm in grouchy inconsistency at the duties of life as well as the hours of idleness; when I would slam doors shut and throw books around, rudely interrupt or as rudely keep silent, ungraciously receive favors and look so forbidding that none are asked of me—in short, when I would be a gloomy, snappy, acrimoniously crabbed pessimist, then some smiling, jovial, happy, all's-right-with-the-world guy steps up, whacks me on the back, booms into my ear, "I say, old top, it's a jolly fine day, what? Listen to the birdies in the trees, tra-lo . . . Cheerio, cheerio!", and bounds down the street with a whoop and a holla for his next victim. Then it is that a cave-man club, a Roman battle-axe, or even a modern monkey wrench, could most certainly be used to my advantage and his discomfiture—I use a term no more fareeful than "discomfiture" because the cheerful contents of his eranium doubtless would withstand optimistically the blows of a Brobdingnagian blacksmith.

If a person desires to be ill-humored upon occasion why not let him be? It is said that a smile lengthens one's years. Yet I have known, and still know, rank pessimists who have long outlived their allotted three score years and ten, and I know at least one never-for-ever-optimistic individual who expects to celebrate a silver birthday even though he may not be so unfortunate as to celebrate a tin wedding. But who wants to live to one of these ripe and ineffectual old ages, anyway?

As sweet wine tastes sour if left open too long, so does optimism turn to pessimism in its effect if met with too often. When I meet one of these eternal optimists, I always strive to put on a disagreeable expression, knowing that to such a person encouragement is like a pond of water to a duck, and that his nature is of the kind that will not permit him to speak unkindly of anyone. It

is on account of this defect perhaps that I have not yet gained the reputation of being a perpetual grouch when in reality I am a grouch only upon occasion.

Everybody likes to be a bit disagreeable at times, or at least he should like to, for then his moments of brightness are made the happier. Hence, say I, out upon all chronic optimists! If they want to be cheerful *ad infinitum* let them use a little tact, and let them never commit the unpardonable error of attempting to turn up the corners of every drooping mouth they chance to meet. At the very least, these tender-hearted and addle-brained Pollyannas should be called by some other name than that most delightful but sadly over-worked misnomer—optimist.



## THREE FUGUES

### I

I saw her and I loved her  
Before she spoke a word;  
She took my heart as softly  
As a humming bird  
Lights on her nest;  
My troubles tore away as soon,  
As leaves a butterfly  
Its silk cocoon.

### II

When she let me taste  
The beauty of her lips,  
Then flamed I like some shooting star  
That dips  
Out of the heavens into love's sweet chaos.

### III

I love her eyes because they're true,  
Because they gleam a nearer view  
Of heaven's constant blue.  
I love her lips because they're sweet,  
Because they give a warm retreat  
For loves that I repeat.  
I love just her because she's she,  
Because her love's enough for me  
Of life's eternity.

C. B. M.

# The School of Engineering:

## *What and Why?*

**N**EARLY one hundred and forty years ago, in the year 1795, the University of North Carolina began its existence. On February 12 of that year there appeared at the portals of the University the first solitary applicant for admission. He had walked through the mire and winter rains "all the way from the banks of the lower Cape Fear, the precursor of a long line of seekers after knowledge. His residence was Wilmington, his name Hinton James.

"For two weeks, in his loneliness, he constituted the entire student body of the University. . . . For two weeks he was the first honor man of his class. . . . It was of good omen that this first fruit of the University was worthy to head the list of her students."

\*Thus does Dr. Battle in his History of the University describe the first engineering student. For Hinton James, after a distinguished career at the University, engaged in the practice of engineering.

It is recorded of James that his college productions included essays on such diverse subjects as "The Uses of the Sun," "The Motions of the Earth," "The Commerce of Britain," and "The Effects of Climate on the Minds and Bodies of Men." This catholicity of interests, ranging from astronomy to commerce, was a remarkable forerunner of the present engineering curriculum, which includes many subjects remote from strictly technical applications, but which is designed to produce broad-visioned leaders in the constructive development of the state's resources, who

may worthily follow the tradition of engineering service so strikingly inaugurated by the first student at the University.

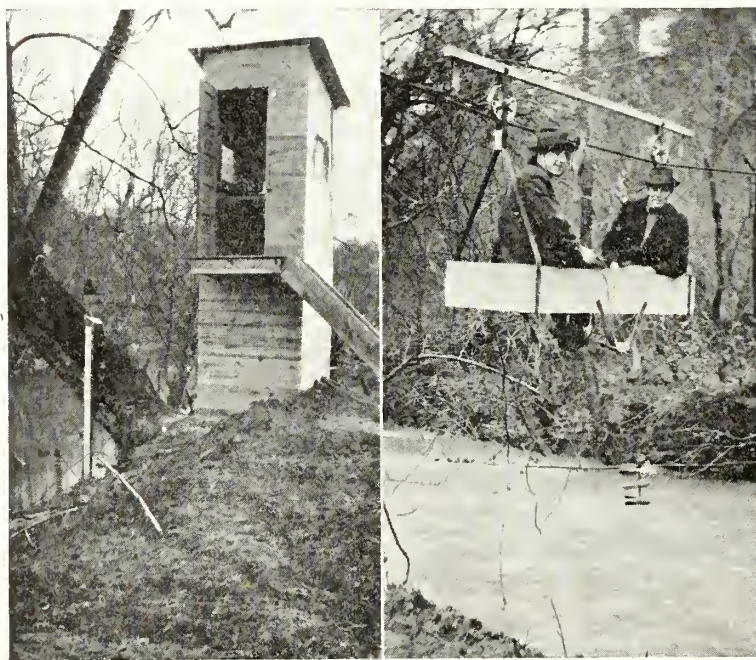
There is another interesting relation between James' work and the procedure in the Engineering School today. After graduating, James was in charge of channel improvements on the Cape

Fear River, among the first improvements to inland waterways to be undertaken in this state. The remains of certain jetties constructed by him are visible today, structures which have persisted in spite of one hundred and forty years of river floods and deposits. At present the further development of North Carolina's waterways is being urged. The Engineering School is

now the only institution in the state where special effort is made to devote attention to methods for regulating and improving rivers and harbors. The traditions and work of Hinton James are being carried on in the Greater University.

### STRICTLY ENGINEERING COURSES

Strictly engineering courses of a high character have been offered at the University of North Carolina since 1852, when Charles Phillips was made Professor of Engineering in the "School for the Application of Science to the Arts." In 1888 Dr. William Cain became a member of the faculty. From then until 1910 the engineering courses were included in the Department of Mathematics of which Dr. Cain was the distinguished head. In that year the departments of civil and electrical engineering were placed in the



GAGING STATION ON MORGAN CREEK



School of Applied Science. Owing to the continued rapid development of the engineering departments a separate School of Engineering was established by the Board of Trustees in 1922. At the present time the School of Engineering embraces the two major departments of civil and electrical engineering. A curriculum for a department of mechanical engineering has been mapped out and approved by the authorities, suitable equipment is now being installed, and the department will commence to function as such during the coming school year, i. e., 1924-25. Plans are now under way for the establishment of a School of Architecture in the following year, 1925-26.

#### THE ENGINEERING LABORATORIES

There are four major laboratories located in the basement of Phillips Hall. These are used for instruction and research in Highway, Testing Materials, Electrical, and Sanitary Engineering. These laboratories are unusually well equipped with modern apparatus. As a whole they are unsurpassed by those at any institution in the South, and in most instances they are superior to any other engineering school laboratories south of Washington. Constant improvement is being made in the laboratories, which have been developed with the idea in view of providing not only a place for class instruction, but an incentive for the student to engage in useful research.

#### THE CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

For the past ten years or more a great amount of time and thought have been devoted to engineering education by engineering teachers and the profession at large, with the idea in mind of adopting some method in engineering education that would develop the observation and initiative of the students and bring them in touch with outside things during their theoretical training.

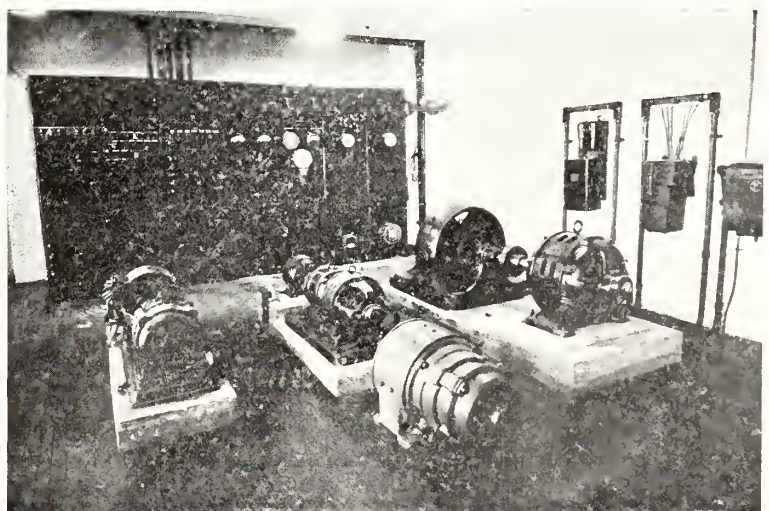
Realizing that the co-operative system of training young engineers is a distinct step forward, the Engineering Departments of the University of North Carolina have adopted this plan, which went into effect September, 1922. Under this plan the students of the junior class are divided into two groups to be designated

as Sections I and II. Each group spends half of its time at the University and the other half in actual engineering work. Each student has an alternate; so that when a student of Section I is at school his alternate in Section II is on the job. At the end of four weeks the student from Section II goes to school while his alternate in Section I takes his place on the job. This alternation continues throughout the junior year up to the latter part of September, when both sections attend the University full time during their senior year.

In order to compensate for the time that the students are away from school during their junior year, the sophomores are given a summer course lasting eight weeks, so that under the new co-operative plan the students receive the same amount of school work as under the regular four-year plan. The students receive pay for their services during the time that they are on



PARTIAL VIEW OF DYNAMO LABORATORY



POWER SUPPLY AND SWITCH BOARD



their outside work, thus enabling them partially to defray their expenses during their junior year.

The co-operative course, whereby only the junior students alternate between University work and outside industries, has now been in operation since September, 1922. The firms with which the School is co-operating are: R. H. Bouligny, Inc., Carolina Power and Light Company, Durham Public Service Company, Southern Power Company, Southern Railway, Tide Water Power Company, Southern Public Utilities Company, State Board of Health, and the State Highway Commission. This departure from the regular four-year system of education has undoubtedly justified itself and the results that have been obtained have convinced even the most skeptical that the co-operative course is a distinct step forward in engineering education. Outstanding examples could be cited where this particular kind of training has had a marked effect on certain students in giving them a better and clearer view of the broad future of their life's work. Besides being of much benefit to the student body, this co-operative training in some instances at least, has been rendering an indirect service to the employers of the co-operative students. An official of one of these firms was asked whether any outstanding advantage was accruing to the firm on account of this co-operation. He replied that: "The presence of the co-operative students in the organization tended to improve the general tone of the work, and created an atmosphere of ambition among the foremen to learn as much, or more, about the class of work they were directing as the young co-operative students working in their organization."

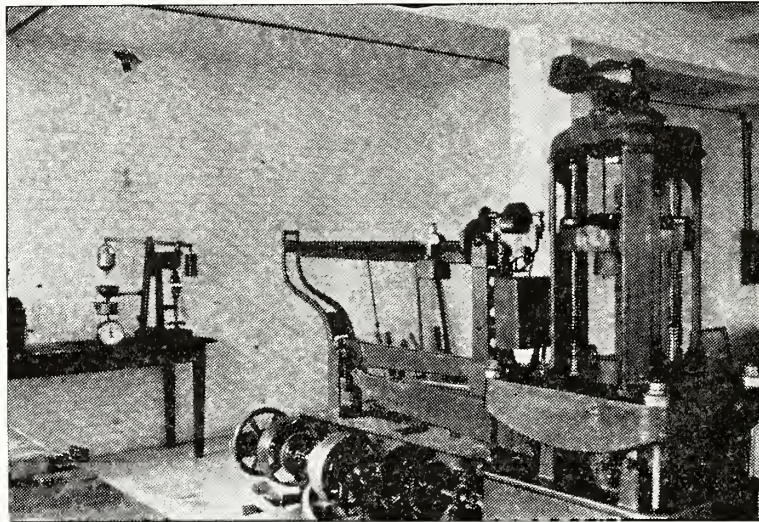
#### RESEARCH

Particularly in a state which is developing rapidly through the exploitation of its natural resources, it is an important function of the State University to initiate investigations looking toward the more efficient or complete utilization of

those resources. Research studies on problems directly bearing upon the industrial and material progress of the state have been carried out by the faculty and graduate students of the Engineering School.

Professor Janda, with Mr. Roy J. Morton, carried on valuable studies on capillary moisture in highway subgrades. These experiments were financed largely by the State Highway Commission, and the results are regarded by the Com-

mission as of considerable practical importance. Dean Braune is at present also co-operating with the Highway Commission in directing an investigation of the pressures transmitted to culvert pipes under earthen embankments. A full size experimental culvert and earth fill have been built near Chapel Hill, and



A CORNER OF THE MATERIALS TESTING LABORATORY

the experiments are attracting wide attention, engineers and pipe manufacturers coming from outside the state to view them.

Professor Saville, with Messrs. Morton and Wulbern, has carried out studies on the rainfall in North Carolina, which have been presented before the North Carolina Academy of Science and will later be published. In co-operation with the State Geological and Economic Survey Professor Saville, Mr. G. Wallace Smith, and Mr. O. E. Martin have carried out numerous studies on stream flow and water power in North Carolina, several of which have been published by the Survey. Professor Saville, with Mr. M. A. Hill, has developed a new chart for the more satisfactory analysis of sands in water purification plants, and many analyses of such sands have been made for the State Board of Health.

The Engineering School has as its ideal that of the University, namely, maximum service to the State. It is carrying on its part of this service in two ways. The first is by providing a curriculum and equipment which will produce an engineering graduate well founded in the technical aspects of his profession, and yet with such a



background of academic and cultural training, covering history, language, and political science, that he will not be a mere technician, but will be fitted to assume his duties as executive, administrator, and citizen. The second function of the service which is rendered is in conducting effective research along lines likely to be beneficial in developing the natural and industrial resources of the State. To this end the Engineering School

is attempting to correlate its personnel and equipment with the needs of various state Commissions and Boards, as outlined previously.

The entire aim of the School is, therefore, to develop men and methods which are needed by the State; men trained for the highest plane of engineering service, methods devised to aid industries and commerce of the State dependent upon the applications of engineering invention.

\* Battle's History, p. 63.

# HONOR

By PAUL A. CLEMENT

Being a Story which will mean Much or Nothing to its Readers

I AM a broken, destitute, diseased, whiskey-rotted nondescript. I was Charles Edward Henderson-Deauville, Viscount of Westchester. I live in a filthy, flea-ridden hovel with a wife whose mother was an half-breed Spaniard and whose father was a negro. I did live in the sumptuous Castle of Westchester with a wife whose mother was the daughter of a duke and whose father was allied to the royal blood. That I have been; this I am. And why?—why?—O, ye ironical gods! because I cared for my honor. Honor?—what right have I, who nightly sleep in some gutter-hole, a drunken sot, to speak of honor? But you shall hear the tale of Charles Edward Henderson-Deauville, Viscount of Westchester; and then you shall judge of his honor.

Know then that on December 5, 1900, on the death of my father, I acceded to the title of Westchester. I was considered the most fortunate youth in all the empire; and perhaps I was, for at twenty-three I was a graduate of Eton, Oxford, and Heidelberg, the head of the most ancient and richest peerage in all England, and husband of the beautiful and noble Lady M—. Could any man possibly wish more? Assuredly not.

I lived luxuriously, and entertained lavishly; in all assisted by my excellent wife. She, indeed, was a woman without peer, and I loved her madly, distractedly. In my eyes she was gentle, sweet, good, unselfish, and incorruptible; and withal she loved me—as I believed. Sooner would I have thought of insulting the Queen than of harboring one evil thought of suspicion

against her. In short I revered her as the Deity; and the Deity can do no wrong. For my devotion I received just recompense, for she made of my life a paradise until—O! why must life always have its *until's*?—until the twenty-fourth day of December, 1901.

My wife and I were two of a small group invited to spend the Christmas of that year at Lord D——'s castle of Inverkeithing in the north of Scotland. My Lord D——'s invitation had been very pressing; and, although neither my wife nor I wished to be away from Westchester during the holidays, I felt obliged to accept D——'s invitation, for he had been a true and valued friend to the Viscount, my father; moreover, I had not seen him since my father's funeral. And so on this night of the twenty-fourth of December, I found myself seated before the large, Gothic fire-place in Lord D——'s gloomy, high vaulted library. We had been drinking and talking for an hour—or rather Lord D—— had been drinking and talking for an hour—while the rest of the company were playing bridge in the card-room, which was in a part of the house somewhat distant from the library. During a lull in the conversation Lord D—— stretched his hand toward the decanter on the reading table between our chairs (how well is every minute happening of that fatal night engraven in my mind!) and poured himself another glass of whiskey, which he drank straight; then changing the conversation completely (for Lord D—— had been reminiscing, as old men will) he sank back in his huge, overstuffed chair, lighted a cigarette which he had taken from a

receptacle on the table, and asked me if I still loved M—— so well as I had on the day of our marriage.

"Assuredly, my Lord," I replied, "even more so than then. Then I knew that she was beautiful, and I knew that her disposition was considered as good, and her character as excellent, as her beauty was great. Now, my Lord, I am assured that no being more beautiful than she exists, and I know that her character is even more beautiful than her body, if such a thing be possible."

"From your panegyric, Charles," said Lord D——, "I conclude that you are still passionately fond of your wife, a phenomenon quite uncommon in these days. And she, I suppose, reciprocates your love with equal ardor?"

"Certainly, my Lord," I replied, "she loves me well, and will hardly deign to look on another man when I am with her. Why, our life has been so heavenly, so divine that sometimes I awake in the night in a cold sweat of terror from dreaming that something has happened to mar my paradise. O, it's unbelievable that two people could be so happy here on earth!"

"Charles, you are quite right—it is unbelievable. We can none of us be happy here. Even you the thought of losing your wife terrifies, and thus detracts from your complete happiness."

"No, no," I assured him, "my happiness is intensified when, having awaked from some such hideous dream as I mentioned, I realize that I am still secure in the love of M——."

"But suppose that some one should offer you conclusive proof that M—— does not love you, that she scorns you, that she is even unfaithful to you? What should you do?"

"Why, I have never thought—I don't know what I should do."

After a pause, Lord D—— continued, "You remember Jones, of course?"

"My father's old valet, who left me about six months ago, and came to you?" I asked.

"The same," assented Lord D——. "He was an old and trusted servant of your family, was he not?"

"Yes," I replied, "he was. I would accept his word as implicitly as any man's I know."

"Were you not astonished when he left you?" reiterated Lord D——.

"Yes, indeed, very much so," I answered. "But why the inquisition, my Lord?"

"Well, to be brief, Charles," he said, "your father's servant, left you because of the improper relations between your wife and your brother."

"Sir!" I shouted.

"That is the reason," he continued, "why I was so insistent that you come here this Christmas, for I wished to disclose the matter to you in some privacy, and I have not heretofore been able—"

"O, you lie, you lie!" I screamed, starting from my chair and slapping his mouth with the back of my hand.

My blow electrified Lord D——. He sprang up, and towering over me, he snarled, "Recompense, do you understand?"

"Now, if you wish, my Lord," I said, striving to control my passion.

Lord D—— rang for Jones; and when the man had come, his lordship ordered him to fetch his pistols, ordering him, further, to load only one of them. Sitting across a table from his opponent with one pistol charged and the other empty, was an idiosyncrasy of his lordship's; he had survived three affairs of this nature.

Jones returned with the pistols, laid them on the reading table at Lord D——'s command, and, having arranged the chairs at the table he left the room.

"Will you be seated?" courteously requested Lord D——.

I sat down.

"You will observe," continued his lordship, "that there are two pistols upon the table. One of them is loaded, the other is not. As they were not loaded in this room, you can not know which one is charged; and I give you my word of honor that I do not know which one it is. We shall each select a pistol, each seat himself across the table from the other, each rest his elbow upon the table's surface, and each level his weapon at his adversary's head. The clock above the fireplace in two minutes will, I perceive, strike the twelfth hour. The sixth stroke will be the signal for firing. Do you agree to the conditions, my Lord Viscount?"

"Perfectly, my Lord." I answered.



We seated ourselves and Lord D—— offered me the choice of pistols, but I resigned to him the honor. He carelessly chose one and presented it at my head. I lost no time in doing likewise.

The clock began to strike. One—two—three—four—five—and a shot rang through the house. A jet of blood gushed from his forehead and Lord D—— was gone to his fathers.

The door burst open, and Jones, who had probably listened to the whole affair from the corridor, rushed into the room. "Is he dead, my Lord?" he said.

"I believe so, Jones," I replied. "Listen to me, Jones," I continued in a low, hurried, passionate undertone. "Lord D—— spoke of some indiscreet suspicion of yours concerning my wife; if you ever breathe one word of that suspicion to any one, if you ever intimate that my wife was even the remote cause of this duel, Jones, I will seek you out, wherever you may be—I will tear out your tongue, slit your throat from ear to ear!—Jones, swear to me that you will be silent!"

"I swear, my Lord," said Jones, who was rather terrified by my vehemence.

I heard the bridge-players hurrying down the corridor. "Charles," cried my wife, as she appeared in the door, "what was that shot we—Oh!" she shuddered, seeing Lord D——'s body. "Did you kill him, Charles?"

"I fear that I did, my dear," I answered, walking up to her and taking her hand. She shrank back. God! I shall never forget the look of scorn and loathing that appeared upon her face.

I attempted to repossess myself of her hand. "Don't touch me, murderer!" she said contemptuously.

"Lord D—— was right," thought I, "she doesn't love me." And I stood there, hard and cold as the Tower of London, repeating in a low monotone—she doesn't love me—she doesn't love me—she doesn't love me—.

I was taken to the village jail for the night. No other thought entered my mind but—she doesn't love me—she doesn't love me—. I was taken down to London the next day, and lodged in the Tower, pending my trial; and still the same phrase was complete possessor of my mind—she doesn't love me—. Soon came my trial before the House of Lords, at the hands of men

whom I had often dazzled by my brilliant speeches. Every one in London thought that I would be acquitted without the least trouble; but to all interrogations I replied,—nothing, but coursing through my mind was the thought—she doesn't love me—. Jones testified that the affair was a duel, not a murder, but swore that he did not know the cause. And so I was found guilty of manslaughter, deprived of my titles and lands, and exiled from England. I escaped prison and the scaffold only because I was Viscount of Westchester. My brother peers were so *merciful*!

Thus endeth the tale of Charles Edward Henderson-Deauville, Viscount of Westchester.

The *apologia pro mea vita* is that this Charles Edward Henderson-Deauville preferred his own disgrace to that of his wife, to that of her family and of his family. If this be not honor, what is it? He loved his wife with a passion rare to this earth. I still love her, although she is married to my former brother, who is now Reginald Henderson-Deauville, Viscount of Westchester.

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# *The Diary of a Carolina Playmaker* 1934

Was written by *F. L. Towers*, who is not an Editor of this Magazine. It is readily apparent that he was present at the Spring Series of Folk Plays—in Mind as well as Matter.

**A**PRIL 10 A. M.—Out on location for new seven-reel feature, *Wronged and Redeemed*, I playing leading role opposite Herman Flyntane. (Herman is just *too* cute to live.) Ribs sore from yesterday's rehearsal of *The Flippy Flopper*, so we started with Scene V, the scene that has only just two clenches in it. I pass the word to Herman to be careful how he tackles me, and the darling boy folds me to his manly breast so mild and gentle-like, I couldn't resist the temptation to pull the old gag about being e-pressed by a Zeephyr—whatever that is. Benny, the director, and Keddie, the camera-man, both laughed, so I guess it was a good line allright. Anyhow I put it in my note-book, and I'm going to work it into the play, I'm writing—the one about the two summer school girls that invents a new game called PET-co-roo. The object of the game is to see who can score the most points for the season. A date counts one point, a drug store treat two, a box of candy three, a bid to a dance five, an automobile ride ten, a half-nelson in the moonlight fifteen, a double Valentino in the dark twenty, a frat pin thirty, a proposal forty, a diamond fifty,—and so forth. Each one keeps her own score and they both trust each other on account of the Honor System. Then the one that loses buys the other one a silver loving cup, with her name and the name of all her sheeks engraved on it. Of course most of the scenes will be laid in the Arbortum, and they will be enough necking in it to make it interesting.

3:00 P. M.—Caught class in Playmaking. Benny pulls old stuff about "beauty is a living organism." New fellow in the class named Cas-kins read first draft of scenario. Awfully dumb, didn't get a single laugh. Benny told him to pep it up a little and bring in a fat man with a stomach ache for comic releef. Then Herman read his new scenario. It was the darlinest thing! I don't see how he ever thinks up such clever lines for sub-titles. The class just roared and old

Benny looked pleased to death. Brought his hand down on the table with a bang and said,— "Well! That's a real play, isn't it?" Of course everybody agreed with him, especially all the girls, because they're just crazy about Herman, and it makes 'em furious because he won't pay any attention to any of 'em except me.

April 12, A. M.—Shot last two scenes of *Wronged and Redeemed*. My ribs still a little sore, and I wanted to put off the close-up till next week. But Keddie said he had another picture to shoot next week and just couldn't put this one off. So I play roll of martyr to Art, and Herman and I did the close-up elinch. He was as gentle as possible, but on account of being right at the camera we couldn't fake a thing, and he had to treat me pretty rough. I heard a rib crack, and I guess Herman heard it too, for he started to loosen up, but I didn't want to make Keddie mad by spoiling any more film, so I told him to hold on tight till the camera quit elicking. Well, he did, all right, and then we both got so absorbed in our Art, that Keddie used up all his celluloid and had to run up and yell "Break!" in our ears to let us know the day's work was over.

May 5, 7:30 P. M.—First release of *Wronged and Redeemed* in Playmaker Theatre. S. R. O. sign hung out an hour before the show started. Herman and I sat together and watched ourselves do our stuff. I like that lots better than to get up and do it before an audience like they used to in the old days. Another advantage the story is new to you and you can enjoy it just as much as the rest of the crowd. When I first caught on to the story of *Wronged and Redeemed* it was all I could do to hold back the tears in the sad places, although I knew it had a happy ending on account of me playing in it.

The picture got lots of laughs and was a big success in every way. One place where I call Herman a "davenport demen" and he says, "All right, I'll (Continued on page twenty-eight)



# The Charm of the Caribbean

A Delightful Little Sketch by *Stewart Alfonzo*, Himself of the Antilles

THE last watch of the night is drawing to a close. The man on the bridge leans lightly against the rail, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the waning brilliance of a silvery path which ripples and dances across the waters away from the full-orbed guardian of the night, now fading almost imperceptibly into nothingness. As he looks, the distant stars begin to vanish, their scintillant sparkling extinguished, as though by the invisible hand of a great Divinity. The man sees the transformation, and seeing, wonders. He muses upon the infinitude of the firmament, and the Spirit which *must* be there. He knows that it is, for has he not witnessed its manifestations? Out under the skies of the Caribbean, and borne upon the waters of the Caribbean, has he not felt Its mystic guidance?

Searching the heavens he sees that only the light of Venus remains; the morning star, softer than the stars now vanished, yet more refulgent. It, too, fades away, and then comes the pause, brief but poignant, between the vanishing of the morning star and the coming of the sun. But a few moments—it seems an eternity! The small, fruit-laden steamer plows steadily on in the gloom. And then comes the light of day. Over the horizon appears the vivid rim of the sun. The gloom of early dawn gives way to an exquisite glow, tints of red, shading, deepening into gold—Eastern sky and Eastern water flaming in the glory of a new-born day.

The musical clangor of the ship's bell announces the dawn, and is answered by the deep, long drawn voice of the siren. It is as a reveille, summoning the crew to their duties. Men emerge from the deck house for'ard; hardy and bronzed, these men of Devonshire are good seamen. They tarry for a moment to revel in the splendor of the rising sun. What more glorious way to begin one's day of toil! It is as divine inspiration—even to the humble task of swabbing decks. The magnificent aurora, oscillating, vacillating from phase to phase, reaches its climax. The sun rises higher, seems to condense itself. The vermilion hues blend into golden, the

gold diffuses into nothing. The sea becomes a shimmering surging mass of brilliance.

The decks are swabbed down, bunks righted. Everything is ship-shape when the men repair to the "fo'c'sle" for mess. Breakfast, on the high seas, is a delightful experience, provided, of course, one is accustomed to it. \* \* \* \* \*

Noon finds the sun at its zenith, the sea a dazle, bewildering to the naked eye. Most of the work has ceased. Those unoccupied may be found reclining languidly, smoking and bantering, wherever there is shade. After the midday meal there is no more work for the deck hands till late afternoon. Everywhere on shipboard is content and peace. Some sleep, some read, some sing.

As the afternoon draws on there is a noticeable change in the conduct of the elements. The breeze has ceased; a dead calm prevails. The sun shines down from out a speckless sky of the deepest azure. The first officer emerges from his cabin and mounts the bridge. A moment or so later the third mate makes his way aft and through funneled fists shouts orders below to "tighten 'er up, lads, she's going to blow 'ard." His instructions are rapidly carried out.

Meanwhile, the sky has assumed, in a remarkably short period, an aspect of no little contrast to its former self. Masses of sullen, angry clouds, hanging low, obscure the sun. The sea, hardly rippling, is of a dull leaden hue. The calm continues.

These tropical squalls are of little consequence. They come almost daily, with a uniform regularity of time and violence. They are always delightfully refreshing, and may even become enjoyable after one has become accustomed to them.

Without any preliminaries, the squall descends upon the sturdy, little fruit boat. A vivid flash of lightning, a sudden shriek of wind through the aerials, and the storm is whirling, fuming, and gnashing, like a ravenous timber wolf, chained fast, working himself into a rage. The vessel plunges on into the foaming white-caps while the heavy spray washes across her quarterdeck

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with stinging force. The jagged clouds, rushing across the sky, suddenly give up their burden. The rain falls in torrents, creating an almost impenetrable veil about the ship.

But ere long the fury of the storm is expended. The elements cease their cyclonic behaviour almost as quickly as they began it. The sun breaks through the barrier and the clouds become a fleecy white. In an hour or so the turbulent sea also will be quite calm again.

The grandeur of the close of day on the Caribbean, is virtually indescribable. The towering, turreted cloud banks, like so many castles of the gods, tinted with varied hues, are majestically reflected in the sapphire sea. The scene will hold one enraptured till it may be seen no longer and only the memory remains, indelibly impressed upon the mind of him who witnesses it.

Night falls and the moon wends its way across the sky, bathing all in its sybilic splendour, and the fragrance and balm of the soft trade winds soothe one into gentle sleep, to dream of glories not more wonderful than this.

This is the charm of the Caribbean.

♦♦♦♦♦

## The Diary of a Carolina Playmaker, 1934

(Continued from page twenty-six)

demon-strate", the crowd just howled. They also laughed every time they flashed Herman's line, "You're not like any of the other girls I ever loved. You're different!" But the place they went wild was where Herman holds out his arms with that darling blase expression on his face, and I dive into a clench and stay under, so to speak, for something like five minutes, and then come up gasping for breath and all I can say is, "Ooh—ooh—ooh!"

Benny and Keddie were beaming when we came out. Benny grabbed Herman's hand and said, "Herman that's a real play! People are going to like that play! That's a great piece of acting you and Weenie did in that play! Yes sir, that's a real play,—it went over big."

June 10—I'll have to discontinue this diary for a while. Herman and I went over to Benny's office today and we signed our name on his big leather-covered book entitled *Cupid's Register*. Yes, we're going to get married, so to speak!



# THE TAR HEEL

Being the second of a  
series of Articles on

## *Student Publications at Carolina*

By REED KITCHIN

FOR near half a century the only student publication at the University, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, patiently struggled along under the dead weight of gossip and personal and local matters utterly foreign to its aims—published only on sufferance. Then *The Tar Heel* loomed upon the literary horizon.

THE MAGAZINE had, for many years through its editorials, urged the establishment of some sort of current paper in order that it might pursue its original purposes. Another urgent reason for a weekly paper was that the interest and freshness of news was dulled by the time the monthly appearance of THE MAGAZINE rolled around.

Two years before the advent of *The Tar Heel*, a similar organ known as "The Chapel Hillian", took the burden from THE MAGAZINE, but owing to its voiced opposition towards the faculty and bad management combined, it soon spent itself. The time was ripe for the advent of the now familiar *Tar Heel*.

THE MAGAZINE in welcoming the *Tar Heel* says, "What THE MAGAZINE has so long urged and hoped for, is at last come to pass. We are to have a weekly paper, *The Tar Heel*, published under the auspices of the Athletic Association. It will be an exponent of the University's everyday life and a chronicle of minor events to the world at large, but intensely interesting to patrons, friends, alumni and students. The Athletic Association will have an organ through which athletics will be brought into prominence and athletic claims set forth in no uncertain strain. In fact, *The Tar Heel* will be of incalculable benefit to the University and deserves hearty support." So was the first number of *The Tar Heel* heralded by its big brother publication on the Carolina campus.

The infant actually appeared in the latter days of February, 1893. Its first bow was made to THE MAGAZINE, which it thanked for the recognition extended and a wish was expressed that

the two publications would be co-workers. Next, the kind words of the *Salisbury Truth* and the *Greensboro Patriot* were acknowledged with thanks.

In ushering itself in the new weekly stated that, "the growing demands of the University have shown need of a weekly paper. The Athletic Association regards itself as the means by which such a need could be supplied, and at a stated meeting elected a board of editors and a business manager." Furthermore, honest criticism was invited and any aid appreciated.

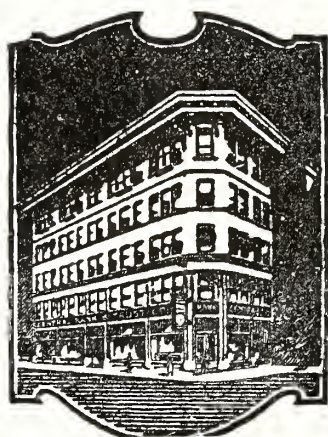
But the college journalistic finesse of today had no place in the earlier *Tar Heels*. For a number of years headlines were a thing unknown, other than a mere heading above a story in type a few points larger than the remainder of the column. And it was not until 1911 that sub-heads and all other modern journalistic burnishings began to creep into *The Tar Heel's* print shop.

The first issue bore no ads. But advertisers were not long in recognizing that this was the surest and quickest way in which to reach the students. Among the seven ads gracing the second issue were names bearing a familiar ring to the student of today, as: A. A. Kluttz, Staple and Fancy Groceries"; "W. W. Pickard, Buggies, and Carriages to Let"; "W. L. Tankersly and Co., Fancy Groceries". Others were: "Professor Thomas Dunston Tensorial Artist", and "Rev. J. J. Jones, Shoe Maker". These first ads were all local, but it was not long before foreign advertising, under the able managership of "Pete" Murphy, began to show a greater percentage.

That old *Tar Heel* practice of reviewing its brother publication, THE MAGAZINE, and which has led at times to pitched editorial battles between the two, began with the very second issue of the new weekly. Much space was given to the review by an anonymous reviewer and THE MAGAZINE was rated as, "on the whole, a good

# EQUIPMENT

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The University of North Carolina furnishes the equipment for great undertakings. To its students it offers the tools of success.

Ability counts quickly when the pace is swift, and today belongs to the young. Western North Carolina has a welcome for you upon your graduation. Here is a young man's land, where the knowledge you have gained can be quickly put to a practical purpose.

*Capital and Surplus*

*\$500,000*

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**BANK & TRUST Company**

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

issue". But the poor old elder brother was at the same time belabored with cries of plagiarism in its articles.

Although the strongest and best writers in college were on the early *Tar Heel* staffs there was too much looseness and uncertainty about its management and little regularity in its publication. The present condition of business efficiency was "a far cry."

But it was not without opposition of the most pronounced sort, that *The Tar Heel* got under way. After not much over a year had passed there arose a rival weekly, *The White and Blue*. This paper announced itself as follows, "Friends of the University, lovers of justice and right, the White and Blue greets you. *The Tar Heel* is a publication controlled exclusively by fraternity men. From this publication the impression has gone throughout the state that the fraternity men are the only students at the University. It is an object of this paper to correct such an impression.

"Another object of this paper is to help revive these Societies, the Dialectic and Philanthropic. Sad to relate, they are almost completely neglected by a class of our students. In short, this paper is published by the non-fraternity men in the interest of the University." And on the part of *The Blue and White* frequent were the sallies on the question of allowing fraternities to remain at Carolina. Said *The Blue and White*, "There is but one way to revive college spirit—abolish fraternities forever." This weekly, born of dissatisfaction, soon merged with *The Tar Heel*. But before the merger and during the year and a half of its existence, *The Blue and White* succeeded in having the one year rule adopted concerning fraternities and inaugurated the now familiar county club system.

During this struggle, *The Tar Heel* for the most part ignored the "rantings" of its formidable rival or treated it with respect, as the following recognition bears out: "*The Tar Heel* will extend the new sheet a most cordial welcome into our limited field of journalism. We question the advisability of having another paper from the financial standpoint, but we feel gratified to have unintentionally stimulated more students into undertaking to shove the quill". Further, *The Tar Heel* says, "We have never, nor would not now, injure the feelings of any man, wears he badge or no badge". And there the matter



dropped so far as *The Tar Heel* further noticed it, and the merger took place in 1895.

*The Tar Heel*, having its inception with the Athletic Association, and bearing until a recent date, the slogan, "Official organ of the Athletic Association", it is but natural that athletic activities should come in for a large share of publicity upon its pages. And it is interesting to note occurrences along this line as chronicled on the pages of *The Tar Heel*, both editorially and otherwise.

Before the days of uniformity in the matter of athletic insignia and during the agitation for uniformity it is pointed out that during a recent game "one man wore a white sweater with a black 'U'. Another wore a black sweater with a blue 'U'." Speaking of the trip to Atlanta of the famous team of '92, it says, "While in Atlanta, last fall, Mr. Hoke Smith showed them every courtesy, and after their victorious game with Virginia, he gave an elegant banquet to the Tar Heel champions at his residence on Peachtree street, at which it was the pleasure of our boys to meet many of the Gate City's loveliest daughters."

On one occasion Trinity and Carolina were signed up for return games. Trinity thrashed a crippled Carolina team in Durham, but refused to play the return game with a strengthened Carolina eleven in Chapel Hill, saying, "We have everything to gain and nothing to lose".

Evidently a proper sportsmanlike attitude toward visiting teams is a thing of growth for in '96 *The Tar Heel* says, "The conduct of a great number of students during the two games with Lafayette here has caused a great deal of unfavorable comment. Every attempt was made to guy and worry them while on the campus."

In '99 it is reported that "quite a good deal of interest has been excited recently at the introduction of basketball into our athletic sports. It promises to be an interesting game".

The first number in blue ink appeared in '96 celebrating a baseball victory over Virginia was headed, "Carolina forever. We win from Virginia by superior, scientific baseball". Another blue ink in '98 bore the following head, "Howell's great run wins the game. Carolina's scientific

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AND MANY OTHER LEADING LINES



N. B. Our new home is on Chapel Hill Street in front Grand Central  
Garage near Academy of Music

tific football wins over the superior weight and force of Virginia”.

Class athletic contests in the early days were matters of importance, and when slaek, *The Tar Heel* with apprehension says, “The lack of interest in class football teams is a matter of greatest surprise and regret. And it is to the class teams that the Varsity must look for recruits”.

The *Tar Heel* in reflecting student opinion concerning the once continuous football defeats at the hands of Virginia, says, “The University has been beaten again on the gridiron by its chief rival in Southern athletics, and the cup is bitter—The defeat is bad enough, without being made worse by coming from Virginia.”

In 1901 one of the heaviest defeats Carolina has ever administered to another team is recorded: “Georgia wiped up. The Varsity piled up 40 runs to the visitors four. The largest score ever made by our baseball team.”

The first appearance of a band at an athletic contest is recorded in 1903: “A new feature at the game yesterday with Gettysburg was the music by the University band. Ten of the University’s talented musicians have organized a brass band under the leadership of Mr. Chas. T. Woollen.”

On the occasion of the first athletic break with State College in 1906 the *Tar Heel* says, “The A. & M. refused to play at the last moment on account of the debarring of Wilson by the four year rule. A. & M. has accepted this rule and recognizing this fact, it is hard to understand how the Farmers could have expected to play Wilson. It is very plain that the A. & M. has acted in anything but a sportsmanlike manner.”

The only red ink issue ever appearing was in

celebration of the baseball victory over Virginia in 1911. The heading reads: “Tar Heels skin Sore Backs.”

In the first gymnastic meet in which Carolina participated the *Tar Heel* chronicles: “Carolina met and defeated Davidson by the narrow margin of one point. Carolina’s stunts were more difficult, but Davidson showed better form.”

When in 1912 Carolina met Trinity in the first athletic contest between the two since 1898 the *Tar Heel* says, “Why two institutions of such standing as Carolina and Trinity should have no intercourse is a mystery.”

And when a basketball game in 1913 heralded the renewal of relations with State College: “The best of good spirit was manifested throughout the game”.

In 1916 the organization of a boxing club took place for the fifth time and fencing and wrestling were considered, according to the *Tar Heel*. In 1918, for the first time since football entered Carolina the *Tar Heel* reports: “The time necessary for military training has made it impossible for inter-collegiate football to be carried on.” But, “Keen rivalry was aroused in company athletics.”

In the same year the indiscriminate use of the N. C. monogram brought out the following: “It is reported that several men in the University have taken the privilege of giving to their ‘best girl’ a monogram sweater. We suggest that the Student Council look into the matter. It isn’t fair to those who have worked for the honor of representing a Carolina team.”

It is interesting to note past athletic rivals of Carolina which no longer play the University. In basketball there were: Woodberry Forest and

## COME AND EAT WITH US

*“The Food With A Smile In It”*

The New CAROLINA CAFETERIA



Virginia Christian College; in football: Oak Ridge, Horner Military School, Citadel, Kentucky, Tennessee, Bingham Mebane, Georgia, Sewanee, Vanderbilt, Clemson, and Virginia Polytechnic Institute; and in baseball: Villanova, Rutgers, Vermont, Lehigh, Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Franklin and Marshall, Navy, Cornell, Oak Ridge, Bingham Mebane, Brown, Boston, Lafayette, and Gettysburg.

As proof positive that the *Tar Heel* fully mirrored student life and did not confine itself to the chronicling of athletic events, it was early criticised for not devoting more space to athletics. Its reply was: "Although we are deeply interested in athletics, there are other interests as vital as athletics."

The plea for the change of college yell is no new one, for in '93 the *Tar Heel* protests, "The old University yell has served its time and purpose; has become worn out? It took enough wind to run a eyelone to yell it. We are pleased to hear that a new yell is being warmly received."

College Spirit, then as now, came in for its share of editorial comment. Back in '94 college spirit is declared to be absolutely lacking. "It seems an unsolvable problem why the mass of students here have permitted their just pride in their college to fall into such decay."

When in the nineties the now notorious black-guard fraternity was established at Carolina the *Tar Heel* reported: "Theta Nu Epsilon, the famous Sophomore Society, placed a chapter here last summer. We gladly welcome them to the University." This same society is recorded as having staged the first public initiation on the campus, as appears by the following in 1903: "Saturday after the football game, much amusement was afforded by the fantastic appearance

of neophytes who strolled around the campus and athletic field dressed in all sorts of different combinations." Here we see the forerunner of the present Sigma Upsilon, Shick, Minatour and "13" fantasies.

Worthy causes were ably sponsored by "ye Editors" of old. They seconded rising intercollegiate debating, literary society activities, new sports, student self government, visiting speakers, clean athletics, high school contests, literary endeavor, and all things that went to make up an all-around student body.

In the beginning of intercollegiate debating, whole numbers of the *Tar Heel* were devoted to the debate, and the rendering and delivery and replies were described in detail. Says the *Tar Heel*: "It's a good thing, so let's push it along. Let us hope for a time when literary contests of such a character may rival in interests our football contests." So was opinion in '96.

*Tar Heel* opinion in '94 was that the trustees should abolish the rule compelling membership in one or the other two Societies as: "Interest has been lost and the work done by them in a literary way amounts to nothing of real worth." But this opinion was later changed and the Societies were consistently extolled and new men advised to join them.

The *Tar Heel* gave the glad hand to Alpha Theta Phi, the local which later became Phi Beta Kappa, saying, "We are glad to announce the organization of Alpha Theta Phi here as an honor society. The men comprising the society are recognized in every phase of college life as leaders. There is a place here in our life for such a society."

The Carolina weekly repeatedly urged discussion in its columns by students, of problems arising

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ing on the campus, even suggesting questions for discussion. Such columns were labelled, "The Forum", "Communications" and, "The Knockers Column", but were seldom, if ever, utilized. The following problems were broached for 1895: (1) Would a University Senate be useful in the government of this college? (2) Do we wish to put out a track team or confine ourselves to tennis, football and baseball? (3) Do we want a Y. M. C. A. Building?"

Back in '96 the editorials were continually wondering when the University would be "ripe" for a Dramatic Club, and the first dramatic attempt was heralded as follows: "The long expected first appearance of the Dramatic club is over and it is with pleasure we chronicle their first success, 'The Little Rebel'". But finally, after many "ups and downs" sadly appears: "The Dramatic club dies in its prime. Young organization interred with withered laurels." But soon the present Carolina Playmakers were to answer the call. They were welcomed as an institution. "Fraught with a peculiar significance and despite certain adverse criticism, the only organization on the campus of a high creative and artistic nature."

The great era of county clubs began with the

organization in 1904 of the Buneombe, Forsyth, Mecklenburg and Wake county clubs, the report saying: "and still they come". But with the formation of the Raleigh club with streaming ribbons to attest, the *Tar Heel* thought that the limit had been reached and said: "The formation of this society has suggested other similar organizations, and it is said that ribbons will soon appear for clubs representing University Station and other large corporations." But the clubs served a purpose and in 1913 it was announced that "under the auspices of the association of county clubs, Professor E. C. Branson, of the University of Georgia, will make an address concerning county club work." After the address the *Tar Heel* says, "Branson puts life into history and makes economies real and interesting."

The weekly condemned hazing and an editorial remarks: "We were infinitely pained to hear that a blacking crowd was out Monday morning. We had hoped that hazing in the form of blacking was a thing of the past in the University." And when hazing resulted in the tragedy of 1912 the *Tar Heel's* only comment was, "Now that the inevitable has happened there is no need for sermons or editorials."

*Tar Heel* chronicles tell of some interesting men who have visited the University and spoken. In 1903 George W. Cable, well known author, "gave a reading in Gerrard Hall from one of his books on the Creole people. His gestures and adaptability to the various dialects which entered into the story were exceptionally good." In 1908 Hon. Champ Clark "talks about 'picturesque public men' and delights the large audience." Russell H. Conwell, Philadelphia lawyer, journalist and preacher, "delivered a lecture on the subject 'Aeres of Diamonds' and it was a rich and fine combination of wit, common sense, and eloquence." In 1911 Dr. Henry Van Dyke, author and lecturer, lectured on "Poetry and Patriotism"—"Never before in the memory of the student has Gerrard Hall been so packed. After the first few words the audience forgot all else save the exquisite diction of his words".

Also, "Mr. Alfred Noyes proves a treat. In reading his own poetry his manner was straightforward; at times aggressive. In hearing him the earnestness of the man gripped you. He was living what he read."

And last, but not least, William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme

## The UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA



*Unexcelled in*  
Good Food and  
Excellent Service



Court came. The *Tar Heel* says, "A person who can face a college audience and deliver three lectures on politics and then go away carrying the unanimous praise of that college is a man. Mr. Taft did that very thing."

An early editorial recommends the playing of whist, saying: "We think it stands forth as the one game of cards worth playing for the sake of the game itself."

With the change of diploma in 1907 the *Tar Heel* mentions: "The style of diplomas awarded the graduating class this year is to be changed. Instead of the lithographed flourishing Latin, the diplomas will be in plain United States, engraved in script."

The *Tar Heel* from the first urged the definite formation of student self government and supported it in the days of its weakness. It adds, "We have the only system that is absolutely inexhaustible. We can never outgrow it. It is as vital, full and rich as our life, and to outgrow it is to outgrow life itself? We passed through the constitution stage a quarter of a century ago."

Speaking of the moral atmosphere at Carolina the *Tar Heel* approves: "There is no college in the country with a higher moral tone—not even excepting Wake Forest." In regard to dances: "We know that many of the dances have been a discredit to the University, and some of them a disgrace, but we have every assurance that whatever unpleasant aspects still remain to University dances will soon be gone."

As illustrative of the virile editorial voice of the modern *Tar Heel* the following are worthy quotations on various events and subjects:

"We are glad to join hands in making for open politics, and by open politics we mean that the public affairs of this campus be carried out on a perfectly square basis and not closed in political cliques for furthering personal ambition."

"The North Carolina Collegiate Press Association can be of almost inestimable value to the college publications of the State: and finally its very workings will be the continuous fight for the cause of higher education."

The incoming co-ed is thus discussed and advised, "We had a fine situation before when we had only men students. That was fine we all agree; but we must now build for the same fineness on a new and higher basis—a basis that will

include both men and women;" and "It is time that the thinkers among the women on the campus make their thoughts felt and bring into being a system of government which includes the women students."

And again the editorial challenges: "There is no such thing as a culture factory. We insist that any man who desires the so-called 'social veneer' can get it." And this same "Organ of the Athletic Association" goes on to say, "It seems rather peculiar in this center of culture that the entire student body will turn out to see a game with Elon, but only the officers of the Literary Societies will spend the evening listening to an intercollegiate debate, and only a few professors come to hear the McNair lectures."

As early as 1904 it was realized that with the growing college and abundance of material there was a necessity for the weekly to become a semi-weekly, but it was not until October, 1909, that the first attempt was essayed. It was announced at the time that, "It will be well to notice that no specification is made as to how 'far on' this is to continue". And it was not without reason that this statement was made, for in 1911 it was stated that, "for financial reasons" the *Tar Heel* would become a weekly. And it was not until 1920 that the modern, up-to-date semi-weekly publication "strutted forth".

At times the regular Board would take a rest and leave the paper to be edited by the co-eds or the class in journalism. And as early as 1903 special issues, Y. M. C. A. and commencement numbers appeared. In 1914 the present "heeler" system of selecting reporters or associate editors by competition, rather than by election, as had formerly prevailed, was inaugurated.

With the coming of the Publications Union in 1923 the *Tar Heel* was taken from its parent of 30 years and become "the official newspaper of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina." Its editor-in-chief is now elected by the students' Publication Union, of which every student is a member, and not, as formerly, by the Athletic Association as such. Two Managing Editors and two Assistant Editors from the rising junior and senior classes, are selected by the *Tar Heel* Board by open competition.

And it is a known and appreciated fact that the *Tar Heel* has a very vital work to do in living up to its aims, "to mirror Carolina life, faithful-

ly, thoughtfully and artistically; to love the University with all its columns, all its headlines, and all its paragraphs; to be keenly alive, not only to the big events of Carolina life, but also the little happenings."

Many men, later prominent in the life of this and other states, are listed on the *Tar Heel* staffs of their student days. Among them might be mentioned the following:

Lawyers and Legislators: J. J. Parker, Charlotte; Whitehead Kluttz, Salisbury; Forest Miles, Winston-Salem; J. C. B. Ehringhaus, Elizabeth City; Perrin Busbee, Raleigh; W. J. Brogden, Durham, (at present, campaign manager for Angus W. McLean for Governor); Walter Murphy, Salisbury; Andrew Joyner, Jr., Greensboro; E. S. Hartshorn, Asheville; W. E. Mathews, Mayor of Clinton; R. R. Reynolds, Asheville; R. R. Williams, Asheville; and John S. Kerr, Warrenton, N. C.

Newspapermen and Authors: Lenoir Chambers, City Editor *Greensboro Daily News*; Brevard D. Stevenson with the Baltimore *Evening Sun*; W. E. Pharr, Editor of the *Wilkesboro Hustler*; Ralph H. Graves, Syndicate Editor, Doubleday, Page and Co., New York; Leonard C. Van Noppen, Greensboro, author and lecturer; A. L. M. Wiggins, President of the *Messenger Publishing Company*, Spartanburg, S. C.; T. C. Linn, Jr., with the *New York Times*; John S. Terry, Editor of *The School*, New York; Charles G. Tennant, City Editor *Asheville Times*; Charles Roberson, Editor of the *Asheville Citizen*; O. J. Coffin, Editor, *Raleigh Times*; Frank Clarvoe, Editor, *Oregon Journal*; R. W. Madry, University Press Agent; and Sam H. Ferrabee, until recently owner of the *Salisbury Post*, which is now controlled by R. S. Pickens, another former *Tar Heel* man.

Teachers: "Bobby" W. R. Wunsch, Greensboro High; R. D. W. Connor, Prof. of History, U. N. C.; J. W. Lasley, Jr., Prof. Mathematics, U. N. C.; Tom C. Wolf, Prof. of History, Columbia University, New York; Hubert C. Heffner, Prof. of Dramatics, North Dakota; W. W. Stout, Instructor in English, U. N. C.; Thomas J. Wilson, Registrar, U. N. C.; H. M. Wagstaff, Prof. of History, U. N. C.; N. W. Walker, Prof. of Education, U. N. C.; F. F. Bradshaw, Dean of Students, U. N. C.; E. K. Graham, President of the University of North Carolina,

(Deceased); Frank P. Graham, Prof. of History, U. N. C.; Charles Baskerville, Prof. of Science, U. N. C. (Deceased).

Insurance: Cyrus Thompson, Raleigh; P. D. Gold and T. J. Gold, of Greensboro; H. B. Gunter, of Greensboro. Others: Walter P. Fuller, Real Estate, Bradentown, Florida; G. L. Carrington, Surgeon, Bryn Mawr Hospital, Pennsylvania; Dan L. Grant, Alumni Secretary, U. N. C.

Women serving on the staff have been: Mary McRae (Mrs. R. L. Gray, first woman ever to enter the University), Chapel Hill; Anna M. Liddell, Teacher, Salisbury High; Elizabeth Lay, (Mrs. Paul Green, Chapel Hill); and Bessie Davenport, Pineville, N. C.

One of the most brilliant and gifted writers to serve on the *Tar Heel* staff was the lamented Quiney Sharp Mills, formerly with the *New York Evening Sun*, who was killed while in the newspaper service in the late war, and a book has been published relating to his life, entitled, "One Who Gave His Life."



## FEBRUARY MOON

Down a wet path we followed  
A cold moon.  
Wrapped in velvet, luminous grey,  
Night slept upon the sky,  
Dreaming many stars.

White silence covered earth,  
Cold, tranquil earth,  
Breathing forgetfulness of buried loves,  
Untroubled by desire  
For ardent Spring.

Down a wet path we followed  
A cold moon.

A. F. I.



## FEMININE.

There is an insect outside.  
I think it must be a female insect.  
It is making such a feminine, buzzing noise.  
I do not know its name,  
But I knew a woman's name.  
Such insects,  
Such women  
Might drive a man to  
Suicide.

S. G.



# POE'S WOMEN

An Essay by *Sue Byrd Thompson*

**I**F we are to believe the romantic twaddle which claims Poe to be a direct descendant of the highly emotional, sensitive, impulsive, Italian family, the *Le Poers*, we have an artistic and harmonious background for his weirdly beautiful, musical works. But the truth, that his forebears came from Ireland, adds an incongruous touch of emerald to the ruby and silver gleam of his writing. His immediate and somewhat Bohemian ancestors account largely for the lack of dignity in his career, and from them, too, did he inherit his dramatic instinct and his propensity for effect.

His mother, a talented and beautiful English actress, died too early in the life of the poet to have had any influence over him save that of heredity. While his stepmother, Mrs. Allen, was almost a negative quantity in his life, he had one real maternal guide in the person of his aunt, Mrs. Clemm. There is a wealth of pathos in the relation between these two, and we can be almost sure that the chivalrous part of his nature was a result of her heart-whole devotion to him.

His wife, Virginia Clemm, who died while still a child, seems to the casual reader of his poems the original of his diaphanous and lovely creature-heroines. It is certain that he loved her, that her death was a blow from which he never completely rallied, yet a careful perusal cannot convince one that she was the only love of his somewhat checkered career. She developed the chivalrous instincts that her mother initiated, and her own fragile loveliness is reflected in the ethereal, other-worldly beauty of his heroines; but beyond that she had little influence on the women of Poe's works.

Beyond the realm of his family Poe was fortunate in having the sincerest friendship of such highly educated, aristocratic, and unselfish women as Frances Sargent Osgood, Marie Louise Shew, Mrs. Stannard (Helen), Mrs. Shelton, and Mrs. Whitman. It is from these, individually and collectively, that he acquired his requisite for education in the heroines of his prose, and for truthfulness, sincerity and loveliness in those of his poetry. It is strange that

such a vagabond as popular opinion would have Poe to be ever could have inspired the trust and comradeship that is evident between him and these women, and this fact leads one to believe that perhaps, after all, he was not so black as critics paint him. Mrs. S. A. Lewis (Stella) has left the sincerest of tributes to friendship with Poe in the form of two sonnets. To her, as to all of his friends, he was not the renegade, black-sheep, drunkard and dope addict, but a misunderstood creature of foreign moods and impulses, who

“—didst not seem of mortal birth,  
But some lone spirit sent from Heaven to earth.”

Insofar as biographers are concerned these few examples are really his only contacts with women. To the impressions made by these Poe must have added others, gained, no doubt, through reading and observation. In the first instance one is inclined to doubt the value or importance of any knowledge of feminine types acquired from other writers. Poe was too appallingly egotistical to subordinate his opinion to that of another, and modesty never caused him to believe for a moment that in the case of diverging conclusions his might be the incorrect one. He was almost naïf in his firm faith in his own unerring ability to put any writer in his proper class. Then it is natural that he could learn but little from those he considered inferior to himself. As for gaining any knowledge of women from observation, one hesitates to claim that he learned anything beyond the most obvious facts. Critics have almost universally declared that the creator of *Morella*, *Annabel Lee*, and *Ligeia* had no clearness of vision or ability to see an object as it existed. His fiction women may have been reproductions of life to him. To us they are fabulously beautiful and impossible undines, creatures who could find no counterpart in fact.

But a lack of natural knowledge was a help rather than a handicap to Poe. For it licensed a free play of his imagination and left him unhurt by any pangs of conscience. Believing that his inveterate inclination was toward artifice, that he was “exaggeratedly theoretic”, and “convinced

that the beautiful is the strange, the sad the poetic", that it was his avowed purpose to produce "effects of strangeness to the point of abnormality, sadness to the point of horror", we have no right to lift a surprised eyebrow at the feminine results of such conditions.

His women are the inevitable outcome of this creed. Since they must needs be beautiful, they were strange; since they were to be the subjects of poetry, they had to be sad. And because Poe believed that nothing was so pathetic as the death of a young, beautiful girl, he prosed to death or rhymed to death every woman he wrote about. To justify their early demise he made them frail, fragile, even anaemic, creatures, a prey to dread maladies, fever, and miscellaneous but very mysterious diseases.

It is fortunate for the peace of mind of the analyst that Poe's definition of beauty will, to some extent, explain his bent for strange and weird ways of "shaking off this mortal coil", for the laws of nature certainly can never justify some of the strange methods he used to put the unfortunate maids into "Heaven's sacred keep". Carolyn Wells attempts to lift the veil of mystery surrounding the death of the well known *Annabel Lee* in her *Styx River Anthology*:

"They may say all they like  
About germs and micro-crocuses,—  
Or whatever they are!  
But my set opinion is,—  
If you want to get a good, old-fashioned chills and fever,  
Just poke around  
In a damp, messy place by the sea,  
Without rubbers on.  
A good cold wind,  
Blowing out of a cloud by night,  
Will give you a harder shaking ague,  
Than all the bacilli in the Basilica.  
It did me."

This is, of course, an attempt at humor, but it undoubtedly brings to light certain physical facts that Poe considered too far from exotic to put into verse. In only one instance did Poe stoop to the commonplace and mention with any degree of certainty the exact ill which caused a death. In "For Annie" he admits, somewhat apologetically, that fever brought about her decease.

*Exaggeratedly theoretic*, he clung tenaciously to his theory of the sad and the strange, and his pathetic heroines bear the brunt of suffering from every unknown ailment. Still adhering to this principle, he made them beautiful, quixotically

beautiful with a supernal loveliness that brings only a feeling of pity to the reader. Each is blessed with an almost divine feature which shades into oblivion, or renders immaterial, all the others. Of all these women, *Helen*, a "maid with . . . . classic face",

"Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy-land,"

is the most justly famed for her beauty. She is a glorified replica of a real woman; hence, despite an almost pagan gorgeousness, we can believe that she was human, or nearly so. A second *Helen* has been preserved for posterity because of her translucently lovely eyes, while *One in Paradise* vies with *Eulalie* and *Lenore* for the place of more beautiful in a general estimate. It is to *Berenice*, however, that we turn for an wholly unprecedented title to distinction. Her peculiar claim lies in thirty-two fascinating bits of enamel, prosaically known as teeth, which haunted Poe long after their owner was forgotten.

Not content with making his heroines astoundingly beautiful, Poe insisted that they be more than well educated and remarkably intellectual. This characteristic is brought out to a noticeable degree only in his prose. He doubtless believed that such an evidence of worldliness was too concrete to lend itself to verse. Of the three most prominent of his story-women *Morella* is the most human. Indeed, she is the most human woman in any of his works, prose or verse. She is sane, well educated, widely read, but she makes a great mistake by dying too soon in the story. There is far too little of her or of her type to make up the abundance of the more or less eccentric creatures. If public opinion be true and *Morella* is a personification of Mrs. Whitman, then Poe made excellent use of his imaginative powers, for he made a real flesh-and-blood woman of a person who, to quote one of her critics, "seemed embalmed while still alive". In doing this Poe became a positive artist, in direct contrast to the negative tendencies he displayed in portraying other women.

The second of these prose heroines, *Ligeia*, while more beautiful and even more intellectual than *Morella*, is far less impressive. She seems but a phantom impression, a shadow picture, beside the bold strokes which sketch the supposed Mrs. Whitman. The amount of knowledge obtained by this woman while still very young



seems quite preposterous. One can hardly wonder that her strength gives out under the tax her reason imposed, and that she succumbs.

The other educated beauties are not worthy of mention. Suffice it to say that it seems to the author a waste to couple heavenly beauty and the intellect of a genius in one frail body.

Another enigma is added to the growing list if one dares ask how these women spend their time. Certain it is that little mention is made of any work, and of very little recreation.

Beyond the beliefs of their creator concerning the "heresy of the didactic", and the "sermon on the beautiful", Poe's women have neither religion nor morals. I am not implying that they are immoral, indeed no. Rather let us term them unmoral, unconscious of the wrongs and rights of the world so completely enveloped in their individual spheres as to be oblivious to sin or its antithesis. As a whole they are too cold, too aloof, too impervious to outside influences to be even slightly swayed by impulses to do either wrong or right. They manage to keep serenely on in the "even tenor of their way", untouched by any element of evil, or any constructive element of good.

Just as Cooper's Indians are commonly called the "cigar-store variety", so Poe's women might be termed paper dolls. Fantastically beautiful, wholly unreal, except for the few instances of intellectual genius, they might be just little toys painted by a "wizened, self-centered exotic, un-American and semi-insane, who between sprees, or in them," drew the little figures. Yet there is no need of being unjustly harsh in criticizing them, however unnatural we may be convinced they are. Poe needs a chivalrous critic. We must remember that he was only a "neurotic sensationalist" with a genius which "clouded and rendered spectral and remote his personality." He added opium to alcohol and gained a reputation as a "manufacturer of cold creeps and a maker of shivers." Can we, then, expect him to picture an American woman as she is, or as she should be?

### WILD OATS

On the first warm day of an early spring  
When the fragrant earth was wet,  
I stood on the crest of a hill to fling  
My seed where the four winds met.

The four winds scattered afar my seed.  
They sank in the waiting soil.  
I danced on the hill. Was there any need  
To burden my youth with toil?

It is long until harvest will bring its yield.  
Why trouble my heart with cares?  
The wide earth offers no greener field  
Than this my acre of tares.

—*Philander.*

♦♦♦♦♦

### IMPRESSION

A piercing pencil of light, alive;  
A roar of moving mass;  
A flash of fire, a hiss of steam;  
A long lithe line of white;  
Two red rear lights  
And the rails are ringing.

S. G.

♦♦♦♦♦

### REALIZATION

Scintillations.  
Gold on black.  
Arabesques and tracery.  
I can think of nothing  
Save the circle, silvery moon.  
I know I have a soul.

S. G.

♦♦♦♦♦

I looked on the sea as it stormed  
I watched the breakers run high.  
Then I sat and wept for the sea  
For the boundless ocean is akin to me  
It has no peace, neither have I.



## MY SMOKE LADY

*Dedicated to all dreamers who at least have a smoke-girl!**By BOWIE MILLICAN*

Near midnight when my work is done,  
My books laid aside for a spell,  
I settle back in my old arm chair  
And dingle on fancy's bell.

With fondling strokes friend Pipe I light,  
My altar of dreams, as I ween,  
And smoke aloft into rings I blow  
To Goddess O' Nicotine.

Ah! then my frolic's just begun;  
My Lady of Smoke dances out,  
And cuts her twists on the flimsy rings  
And sets her sweet lips to pout.

Her hair is free and decked with stars—  
Her dress of a butterfly's wing—  
Her hose and slippers of moonbeam gold—  
A rapturous angel-thing!

From ring to ring she dives and jumps—  
Her dare devil verve's such a sin—  
She hops in like a real bronco-boy,  
My little equestrienne.

Sometimes she'll make such reckless flings,  
And I'm so afraid for her fall,  
I jump to catch her right in my arms—  
But lo! she's not there at all.

And then I'll tease her forth again  
By whiffing one more little ring;  
And lightning-like from her hiding place  
She leaps for another swing.

Sometimes I'll curl the smoke in jets,  
All spiralling up in the air—  
She'll climb 'em fast like a jumping-jack  
And perch on the highest there.

I wish she'd speak a word to me  
Or trill me a lyric or two—  
And O! for a touch of her dainty hand,  
A sip from her lips' love-dew!

Ah, airy, fairy Queen of Smoke,  
How much of perfume to my soul!  
My frowns you laugh to a stock of smiles,  
My dirge to a barcarolle.



# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression, and Journalistic Endeavor. Published by the  
University of North Carolina Publications Union

Old Series Vol. 54

Number 9

New Series Vol. 41

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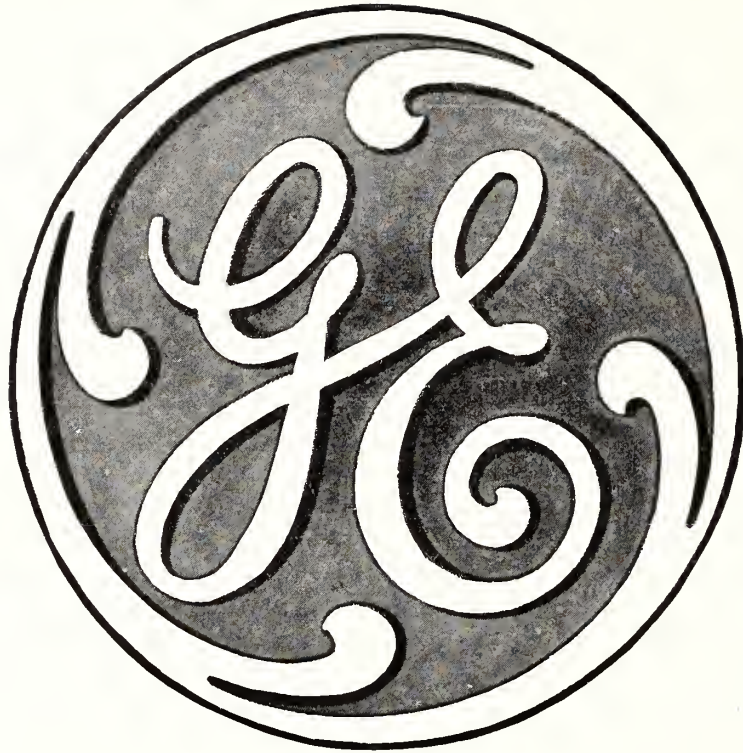
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Articles in the MAGAZINE are not necessarily the opinion of the editor of the publication.

Address all communications to the *Editor or Business Manager*, CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill North Carolina.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1923.



## The initials of a friend

You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies; and on lamps that light millions of homes.

They are on big motors that pull railway trains; and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy.

By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens from human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trademark. They are an emblem of service—the initials of a friend.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

June, 1924



## Paradise Found

We are informed of a new manner in which to see within the pearly gates, by *MARY CALHOUN HENLEY*, who, by means of pen and publisher, settles the destinies of three well-known men . . . .

### CANTO I

THE morning sun glared down upon the dusty road and the sparse, ragged patches of grass which bordered either side. Here and there clumps of wilted bushes relieved the monotony of the way and flung narrow silhouettes of shade to the west. Not a breath of air cooled the sun-heated land, not a sound broke its quiet.

Suddenly the largest clump of bushes stirred and a frowsy head poked itself out into the light. It was followed by shoulders, body and legs, also frowsy. Another unkempt head, shoulders, *et cetera*, appeared, then another, so that finally three men, lean, dwarfed and spindle-legged, stood there in the sunshine. The little black eyes in their dingy faces blinked rapidly in the brightness.

After a minute, the first comer looked at the fellow-creature standing beside him.

"Brother, ain't I seen you somewhere before?"

"I daresay," replied the other. "I've just been ejected from the land of Ya-Ya for displaying my critical ability. Rotten country, that."

"Ain't it so!" agreed the first. "And rotten country, this. Wish they'd ean some of the heat here. I got kicked out of Ya-Ya, too. My name's Necknem."

"Mine's Resierd,—and what's yours?" This last was to the third arrival who had been brushing the dust from his Semitic nose and mumbling vehemently under his breath.

"Oh, Louie Sun! What do names matter, anyway? Every fool has a name."

"That's true," reflected Resierd. "You must have come from Ya-Ya, too."

The other nodded and gazed disgustedly at his surroundings. Resierd sat down in the shade of the bushes and wiped his face with his handkerchief. The others followed suit.

"I tell you what," began Resierd, who seemed to assume leadership, "we ought to be partners in this business."

"What business?" asked Necknem.

"Of telling this country where to get off, of course. What's its name?"

Necknem had pulled a greasy map from his pocket and now he pointed to a spot on it. "Here you are, bo.—Acirema. Goofy name, ain't it? But everything was being named woozy in them days. They stuck my moniker to two whipping-posts in Ya-Ya."

"That's nothing. There are at least three ducking-ponds and one stock in Ya-Ya named Resierd. Didn't you ever hear of them?"

During this discussion, Louie had remained silent. Now he broke in: "That critie business ought to be a paying proposition in this country. They tell me that people here will pay for anything, especially for being told they're foolish. I'll be treasurer of the company."

"Well, I'm president and Necknem's secretary," Resierd arranged it, "but we are all equal."

"No, we ain't," said Necknem. "That 'equal' stuff is the bunk. That's what everybody here is looney over."

"We'll probably be taken into society," resumed Louie. "Society people like novelty."

"Yes," added Resierd, "we'll be regular lions. I look rather well in a dress suit, myself, and the

silly society talk will provide us plenty of business. We ought to be up and about our work, now."

They arose and brushed themselves off. There was a little stream in a pasture across the road and the three started toward it to perform their ablutions. The pasture was cut off from the road by a barbed-wire fence. Undaunted, they clambered over, but in swinging down on the other side, Louie was so unfortunate as to tear his trousers.

"Sheer robbery, that's what it is," he fumed, "fencing off land. These dirty, plutocratic Acremen are gross materialists to the *n*th degree. Their highest ideal is to have a barbed-wire fence around a little piece of ground."

Resierd and Necknem agreed, and they went on to the stream. Having taken the dust of Ya-Ya from their persons and having pinned Louie's trousers, each of them pulled from his pocket a folded silk hat, a red necktie, and a sneer. They settled the hats on their heads, the ties at their collars and the sneers on their upper lips, negotiated the fence again, and travelled down the highway.

## CANTO II

The town of Ishkabibbel was hustling and bustling. The streets were thronging with people who hurried in and out of stores and up and down the street. At the market-place country folk sat near the curb and sold their vegetables. Popcorn and candy vendors shouted raucously, and trucks and cars roared over the asphalt.

The three friends, Resierd, Necknem and Louie Sun, threaded their way through the mass, their sneers in full action.

"This herd drives me mad," murmured Resierd. "Nothing but cattle, who go to sleep every night, get up every morning and eat three meals a day, the deluded wretches. I haven't eaten since yesterday morning," he added virtuously.

"Me, neither," said Necknem.

"Time we were beginning to make money," remarked Louie. "Look at this fat woman over here. She will probably pay us to tell her how stupid and inartistic she is."

The three sidled up to a portly Irishwoman who was looking over the fruits on a street stand.

"Pardon, madam, but do you ever go to the opera?" began Louie.

"Opera! Oi got noise enough at home with six

children yellin' in me ears. Pwhy should Oi waste me toime on operry with them six to feed?"

"Six children!" cried Resierd. "Did you never hear of birth control? Don't you know that with every child you have over the number of four, you are dealing a blow to civilization? You should never have married, anyway, with your low, narrow, uncultured mind."

"Blow to civilization, is it, ye spalpeens!" shrieked the woman. "Me with six darlin's and me foine man! Oi'll blow you!"

With a right good will she brought an elbow into Necknem's eye, a fist on Louie's nose, and a vicious toe against Resierd's shin. The three hastily withdrew, and picked up their sneers which had dropped off in the fray. Plastering them on again, the brave critics went down the street in search of prey not so lusty.

Suddenly Necknem started. They were passing a gloved, spatted and caned gentleman who stood at the corner of an imposing building. Necknem pulled at the sleeves of his companions.

"Look, if it ain't my old friend, Hergy Shymer. Hello, Hergy, looks like you done pretty well here. You got the dog and the dough, I guess. We just ain't had no luck fellows. Hergy, meet Mr. Resierd and Mr. Louie Sun."

"Charmed, I'm sure," Mr. Shymer bowed politely.

"We've come to do a little critical work," ventured Louie. "Much money in that here, Mr. Shymer?"

"No, there isn't," returned Shymer, "so I quit it long ago. I write for the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Mosopolitan* now, and am a progressive citizen. You'll depart this life very suddenly, if you aren't progressive here."

"You traitor! you weakling! to yield to the money-bags of filthy editors!" Resierd burst out in scorn. "You are one of the despicable bourgeoisie. Sooner than let my writings pass through their mucky hands to a moron public, I would—"

"Ah, yes," smiled Shymer. "I went through that stage, too, but the Acremen prefer sugar-coated pills to plain quinine. One helps as much as the other, so I deleted quinine from my materia medica."

"Imbecile!" shouted Resierd. "Why should you care about their likes?"



"I don't, but neither do I fancy starving. The spirit of beauty is not captured only by roasting your readers, Messrs. Resierd, Necknem and Sun. Nor have you gentlemen a monopoly on artistie taste."

"But it seems to me, Necknem, that your language has retrograded. Your speech used to be fairly pure."

"Yea, I ain't got no use for ignorance, but if anything gets my goat, it's knowledge. Good grammar being the sign of knowledge, gimme slang every time. College professors make me sick."

"Indeed," interrupted Louie angrily. "Well, I like that, you—"

Mr. Shymer looked at his watch. "Um-er—Exeuse me, gentlemen, I have an engagement with a lady," he said and dodged into a store, not without a harassed glance backward.

But Resierd, Louie, and Necknem had turned their noses into the air, curved their sneers, and sought for more worlds to criticise. Heedless of direction, they were pushed along in the crowd which was massing at the street curb. Everybody's neck was craning to see down the street.

"Here they come," shouted the throng, and Resierd, Necknem and Louie Sun wriggled to the edge of the street to see what was happening.

Far down the street was approaching a great chariot in which sat two figures, white-robed, with wreaths on their heads. On all sides of the chariot, which was drawn by men, other men and women marched and sang and shouted: "Long live Liberty! Long live Democracy!"

"It is the triumphal procession of the twin goddesses, Liberty and Democracy," whispered Resierd. "How foolish, how stupid, how inane to hail such farces as deities, those dead stones!"

A quiet man beside them spoke up. "They are not idols of stone, you know. Democracy and liberty are living, moving the soul of every one of the people here. They are worshiping living truth, not dead stones."

"Piffle and nonsense!" sneered Resierd. "There are no such things as Democracy and Liberty. Both are the stupid talk of idiotic statesmen, romantic dreamers, and the moron public."

"Accursed bourgeois," Louie jeered, "with your inane ideas! You think you are musical with a phonograph. You believe in a church. You eat ice cream with a fork."

"You wear soup-and-fish at night," rejoined Necknem. "You smoke Camels, you read Shakespeare and Shaw, you Fletcherize, you vote into office as big a fool as yourself."

"You think you are cultured," they cried in chorus. "Scum of the earth! Irrational beasts!"

The quiet man being properly squelched, the three turned their attention to the chariot of Democracy and Liberty which was by this time near at hand.

"Them old fakes ought to get what's coming to them," said Necknem. "Come on, you two, let 'em have it!" At that signal, each of the three scooped up a handful of the street mud and flung it into the faces of the passing goddesses.

Immediately there was a tempest. A hundred hands snatched at the desecrators, whose clothes were torn and whose bodies were battered indeed before they escaped the mob and ran down a side street.

"We ought to have had pay for that work," suggested Louie. "Shall we go back and collect it? We could pass around our hats."

"We ought to have it," said Resierd, "but I believe I am too tired to go. You two do it."

"Not on your ivory!" returned Necknem.

"I'd rather go some other way," this from Louie.

Rearranging their attire as best they could, and making sure that the indispensable sneers were in place, the three made their way toward the suburbs of Ishkabibbel. As they rounded a corner, they came to an enormous canvas tent. At the far end, a man was dancing around on a platform, and pounding a desk and shouting. The audience shouted with him and some began to walk down the aisles and kneel at the front benches.

"The clown!" said Resierd, contemptuously. "He ought to be taken down. What a fool he is to behave like that and what fools they are here to get excited about it! What is he talking about anyway?"

"Dunno," replied Necknem. "I think he's suffering under a messianic delusion. We ought to stop him in the name of good literature."

Unnoticed, they walked down the aisle with the other people. They did not stop at the front bench, however, but mounted the platform.

"Ah," said the evangelist, "you want a special blessing."

"We don't want no blessing, yuh big boob," growled Necknem, "raving and ranting and cramming those big boobs out there full of your sob-stuff and gush. They'll lose what you're passing off as religion in a month."

"A month is so much gained," answered the evangelist.

This enraged the critics so much that all three made a lunge at the preacher. Now the latter had followed the regular course prerequisite to tent-preaching, i. e., he had been a baseball player and a saloon-keeper and had dabbled in prize-fighting.

"You do want a blessing," he told them gently. His capable fist made accurate connection with three chins, and the owners thereof were quickly translated into Kingdom Come.

### CANTO III

Kingdom Come was a great city with marble walls, jasper towners, golden streets, and accessories to match. Resierd, Necknem, and Louie Sun floated along silently. For the moment they were actually filled with admiration and awe. They soon recovered, however.

"What kind of architecture is that?" asked Resierd of a passing angel, indicating the jasper towers.

"Rococo," replied the angel.

"Ro-cuckoo, you mean," Necknem cut in. "You bums must have been having the D. T.'s when you put up that flim-flam. I thought hooch was prohibited here."

"Look at that arch!" cried Louie, pointing to a rainbow affair swung over a pearly gate. "Doesn't that revolt your artistic sense? Red and orange together curse enough to drown the music of the angels."

"Music, my eye," rejoined Resierd. "You sing like parrots with sore throats here."

"Yeah," Necknem pronounced, "This sure is the Sahara of the Boz Art."

The angel looked at them silently but said nothing.

"These are the most crazily set wings I ever saw," grumbled Louie. "Ya-Ya stage managers do better than this."

"Ain't this a rotten place!" chorused the three.

"I don't believe wings do fit you very well," murmured the angel. "There must be some mistake. Have you seen the proper immigration officer? I'll take you to him."

They followed the angel until they came to the Aeirema gate of the city. Just outside in a hammock lounged a shirt-sleeved angel. He looked keenly at the three as the angel stated the case and the three looked back and trembled, for in big red letters across his robe were the words: Representative of the Plain People.

"Let me see," said the R. P. P., scowling. "Sergeant, look up the records of that last quota of immigrants from Aeirema."

"Ah, ha!" he went on, when an attendant placed the official records in his hands. "Let me ask a few questions. You didn't believe in life, did you, when you were alive?"

"No," they answered in unison.

"Nor in heaven, either then or now?"

"No."

"Nor in transmigration of the soul?"

"No," they cried, growing bolder.

"Sergeant, take these persons to the camouflage department."

A blissful unconsciousness fell on Resierd, Necknem, and Louie Sun. When they awoke, they were close together in a warm, dark, cosy place. It felt soft all around them. They wondered in whispers what it was all about, until a sudden bright light broke on them from overhead, and they heard a voice say:

"Oh, look, mama, Fido has fleas! Here are three right now!"

An enormous finger and thumb darted down to seize them, but Resierd, Necknem and Louie Sun were too quick. They knew what they were now, and hopped nimbly away into the fur jungle, seeking a safer place to feast.

"Ah," breathed Resierd, after taking a big bite, "this is heaven, indeed."

"You said it!" agreed Necknem and Louie Sun.



*Are the majority of our preachers  
blockheads or hypocrites?*

# The Intelligent Man's Religion

is of his own building, says, *W. T. COUCH*

**W**ITH the development of the scientific attitude and the training of his powers of observation, man has become more familiar with the laws of nature; but he seems to have come no nearer the guiding power that may be behind nature. Some people insist that there is no such guiding power. Other people are very emphatic in asserting that there is such a power. Neither side has any argument which is based wholly on observation and experience. Reason apparently dwindles when man considers the problem. Logicians with opposite points of view reason for years and never convince the other. The only conclusion that they reach is that the logic of the other is wrong.

This is the actual state of affairs, in a general way, which exists between two schools of thought today. This being a fact, we may draw conclusions; it seems that either no one knows the truth or, if some privileged few do know the truth, their knowledge is non-transferable. At any rate, knowledge, such as we actually have, is to a great extent individual.

By a gradual process the college man, if he has intelligence, reaches the stage of uncertainty in this matter of knowledge of a guiding power. The explanation of life which was handed to him, having become a very unsatisfactory one, he searches for explanations. Not being superhuman, he is not really able, whatever he may think, to find by any reasoning process a first cause, or first causes, of which he is a result; nor can he find an ultimate purpose in creation. He may develop a system of mental calisthenics, and an antidote for reality in that imaginary realm called pure reason; but he can never come to any final conclusions of which he is sure.

Practical reason can lead to no conclusions which have any connection with first causes and ultimate purposes,—assuming that there are such.

And there in the state of uncertainty as to any final conclusion, the intelligent man remains. The difference between him and the unintelligent man, in this respect, is that he realizes his uncertainty. The charge that belief in a God and immortality is sheer illusion by which one soothes oneself, allays fear, and makes this life bearable has much truth in it; but it is not all truth. Whatever the other and fundamental origins of religion, there seems to be no doubt that the great impulses in religion have come from the intense desires of some few great men to get in accord with the ultimate causes and purposes in which they believed, and to bring other people with them. But the inheritors of these religions have, as usual, failed miserably as masters of their heritage. And today the great majority of the religious expositors unconsciously and unknowingly help to defeat what seem to have been the purposes of the first great teachers whom they profess to follow.

Let us see how this actually happens. Take the Christian religion for example. The American public likes to think of itself as a Christian nation, and is often referred to as such. But in spite of the plain words of Christ, with the aid of the pulpits, the great American public has been gulled again; that is, if it is possible to use the word "again" to denote a continuity of gulling. A large share of credit is due to the preachers of the United States for aiding in the perpetration of the greatest modern humbug, the recent "war to save democracy." Where were the preachers of Austria and Germany in 1914? It was a strange sort of Christianity which was taught during all those years in all the nations. Were their Bibles specially edited for war purposes? Or was it a mere matter of convenience, a matter of turning to the proper text to stir up the brute in their hearers? In the Bible which I have before me I see a passage. (St. Matthew 4:39) purporting to be as near as possible a correct

translation of the words of Christ: "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." That sounds like plain English and it means non-resistance, if it has any meaning. All preachers profess to believe the Bible. Did the preachers of the United States get special editions of the Bible for war purposes? Or did they use convenience and possibly discretion in their choice of texts? Perhaps the treatment of the two-hundred or more who were locked up in Fort Leavenworth, with sentences of from five to thirty years, because they preached and practiced what Christ taught, had some influence on the great majority of preachers. Now shall we consider the majority of our preachers block-heads or hyphocrites?

How many preachers are there in the United States who would advocate the disarmament of the United States now? The preachers are perfectly aware of the fact, of which every one is aware, that armies and navies exist only to fight, or to threaten to fight. Where are these exponents of "Peace on earth, good will toward men?" Where is their Christianity, and *what is it* they have in its place?

An intelligent man cannot accept the doctrines of meekness, humility and non-resistance which certain passages of the Bible teach, because he knows, from his little acquaintance with human nature, that they are entirely impractical; and where there is any idealism in submission to mistreatment, he can not see at all.

The church has done practically nothing to bring about a better social order. On the contrary it is the main defender of our present stratified society. It attempts to cure the diseases of society without any practical study of the causes; indeed it disregards causes almost entirely.

Consider its methods. Missionaries are sent to people of foreign lands to spread hope for future life and "salvation", when what those people most need is a decent life in the present. In China, for instance, hospitals are established to patch up the diseased and suffering. The old custom of killing undesired babies is discouraged. Their teachings and ministrations, by enabling the weak to live and reproduce, by discouraging methods of control of population, only tend to intensify the miseries of the people of an overpopulated country.

The church has almost consistently served ignorance and superstition in America, as it has done every where else. Their missionaries in foreign lands have substituted one superstition for another. One has only to go outside of Chapel Hill to a little negro church and listen for about five minutes to find the negro's religion is still a matter of superstition. And it might be added that the whites, although not so emotional in the town churches, are almost as benighted as the negro. By exhortation over the welfare of his soul and the blind doling out of charity, the church functions with relation to the individual in the lower social strata. The offal and waste of a diseased society are deluded and pacified. The middle and upper strata of the social order are soothed into a smug complacency and are allowed to stay there.

The preachers, beside their misguided, ignorant attempts to treat the evils of society, have succeeded in keeping religion mystified, and in baffling their audiences. But the preacher must not be subjected to too much blame; he is merely an ordinary individual laboring under the disadvantage of having to use a vocabulary with such words as "God", "Holy Ghost", "Virgin Mary", and other equally meaningless and undefinable words. He, like every individual who thinks, (assuming that he thinks) is forced to form his own ideas of what these words mean and he, being bound by theological custom, is consequently at a great disadvantage; for theological custom retains the ignorance and superstition of the prehistoric man.

When an intelligent man investigates the Bible and the Christian religion, he finds in them, but to a great extent obscured by other superfluous and meaningless paraphernalia, the idea that the first cause of the universe is good, and that the ultimate purpose is good. But this idea is not confined to the Christian religion, or to any religion; it seems to be an almost instinctive feeling in man. At any rate the great majority of mankind live with this feeling and arrange their lives as well as they can in accord with it. The great need of mankind has been for teachers capable of teaching how to live. The preachers and expositors of religions have failed because they have studied and tried to interpret old creeds and worn out theology, instead of studying man and nature and trying to interpret good. They have very little for the intelligent man.



While they confuse themselves in attempting to define and interpret old theology which has no connection with life, the intelligent man is discovering harmony in nature and attempting to get himself in tune.

The uncertainty of the intelligent man is not at all relieved after a consideration of Christianity and its exponents. In his uncertainty he has to construct something for himself; he may not do it consciously, but he does it nevertheless. Purely because he wants to believe it, because it has more attraction to him, he adopts the conception of good as the governing power behind, and the goal of the universe. He has the one idea which is essential to all religion. His belief is merely a working assumption and does not interfere at all with his uncertainty which he is doomed to keep until he finds out or fails to find out by death.

But this good which the intelligent man has adopted as his guide and as the determinant of his actions, is not so plain to him as it is to most people. He is merely at the beginning. He is at the point at which the construction of religions should begin; he has yet to define and interpret good.

There is no means for him to know anything about any ultimate good. All that he knows about is that with which he is familiar in his every day life; he studies that, and he finds law and order. Through his education, his knowledge of nature and her laws, he learns how to live a more pleasant life and how to aid others. He does not attempt to develop a creed and inflict it upon others, but he does all that he can to influence them to develop some sort of religion for themselves.

The intelligent man does not stop with learning how; he attempts to put his learning into operation. He strives to become more truly in accord with nature. He supports education, and is watchful that the education is really education, and not an organized attempt at perversion. He is an open pacifist. He is as nearly as possible open-minded to new systems of economic and political organization. He studies sex relations with some regard to the facts instead of fancy. He believes that the only way of finding out whether birth control would help in the solution of some of mankind's problems is by trying it, and he is in favor of trying it because it seems to offer a solution.

The intelligent man has not a foolish, short-sighted patriotism, bounded by a strip of water, or an imaginary line, and a common store of fables, supposed to have their origin in history, but in reality designed by their fabricators to prove the superiority of their race or nation over all the other races or nations of the earth. His patriotism has no connection with a senseless eulogy and glorification of history; but it impels him to study history with the main purpose of avoiding past mistakes and using past experience in building the future.

To have a religion which has any meaning, he has to build it himself. Then if he is not too weak to stand the "cosmic chill" he has a religion which he can use and idealize if he desires. He has a religion which is unsurpassed; instead of discrediting, it utilizes all his intelligence and education.

♦♦♦♦♦

### A FLORIDA RIVER

Softly gray at break of day,  
Shimmering blue neath noon's bright ray,  
Gold and red and black in bars  
Ere its tide reflects the stars,  
That's the Manatee.

Half revealed in morning mist;  
Rippling, dancing, zephyr-kissed;  
Bruized and angry 'fore the storm;  
Grace in every changing form;  
That's the Manatee.

Flowing towards the flaming west,  
Murmuring psalms of ealm and rest;  
Glooms mysterious, clouds hung low,  
Fireflies darting to and fro—  
That's the Manatee.

Dark, with stars reflected strewn;  
Bridged by light of rising moon,  
Radiant pathway leading away  
Where dream lands of fairies lay—  
That's the Manatee.

Henry Fuller.

♦♦♦♦♦

"If you do not believe", she said,  
"What motive have you to be good?"  
"Ask the rose", said I,  
"What motive it has to be red?"

Henry Fuller.

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*A Magazine of Opinion  
Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PUBLICATIONS UNION

FOUNDED IN 1844

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Entered as Second-class Matter October 1, 1923, at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C.

JUNE, 1924

## Concerning Queries

MANY TIMES since we have been in college have we heard the deplorable conditions relative to the size of the average audience attendant upon debates discussed, and almost always at the end of such there is nothing left in the minds of those interested save the fact that the people just don't go out any more.

It was suggested to us some time ago that the reason for this was perhaps due to the heaviness of the subjects discussed, and the apparent lack of interest in the subjects. We are inclined to agree. The committees which decide upon the queries evidently ransack all available moth-eaten periodicals, all editorial pages, and all books whose titles look as if the subject matter inclosed might weigh over a ton, and then resolve upon about the most difficult question they have stumbled upon, one upon which much deeply philosophical, technical, hypothetical, and statistical information may be gathered.

What student who lives in this age, this era which has so aptly been called the "age of jazz", wants to be bored stiff with a weighty discussion of the allied court, some problem of labor, some Japanese question? We admit that we should be interested in these and other problems of similar weight, but we aren't. And there you have the whole thing summed up in two words.

And still the committees delve deep into the problems of law-making bodies, heads of governments, and cabinets, in which the majority of we lesser lights don't care to interest ourselves.

Present day student bodies absolutely do not have the time to listen to such discussions and to later reflect upon them. No! We read *I Confess*, or else the *Red Book*, fly off to some amusement and permit the knotty problems of the world to go flying by to wiser wits. And therefore, you gentlemen of the committee, we don't go to your debates, and until the tooting of the saxophone and allied instruments in the dance hall down the way cease, until the movies become history, and until a lot of other things undergo mighty changes we won't go,—that is, unless you come down to the level of the common herd, humble yourselves to the tastes of what you think the vulgar.

♦♦♦♦♦

## One Word More

IN THE EDITORIAL in the last issue under the head "Certain Officials", we rather flayed a few individuals hibernating in these parts. We meant every single word we said, and a whole lot more which went unsaid. We have as yet been unable to decide whether it was fear or respect for old age that made us stop where we did. You know



who we had in mind, they do too, and it is our last word in our nightly prayer that the Trustees find out when they convene in June.

We refer to this past editorial due to the fact that we have been more than pleased already with the result it had. It proved to us that college men read editorials,—some of them, at least, for this is the second time this year that we have been congratulated on something we said, and there were more congratulations this time than last. We mention this to bring out the fact that a good many men on the campus, realizing who we had reference to, added their approval with a “me too”.

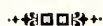


## Special Mention

THERE ARE two articles in this issue which we feel deserve special mention. The authors of these two pieces of work have applied themselves diligently and have come to conclusions and brought out facts every student here should know, feel, and appreciate.

The first of these is an article entitled “The Grave Yard of Organizations,” by C. B. Colton, retired Editor of the *Tar Heel*. Colton is a member of a good many organizations and he knows whereof he speaks. Having gone into the history of several organizations which have found their last resting place, he offers some interesting conclusions on one of the most important situations on the campus.

The second is the third and last of a series of articles on University publications, written by M. Reed Kitchin. This man has done perhaps the best single piece of journalistic work on the campus this year. He has spent much of his time running through old records and old publications gathering facts which he has incorporated into what might be called a compendium of facts concerning local journalism, and the articles are valuable as such. Kitchin has covered the history of both the *Tar Heel* and *Magazine* in the two previous issues, and ends with the *Yackety Yack* and a brief summary of deceased and so-called humorous publications.



## An Acknowledgment

IT HAS for years past been the custom of the various and sundry editors of publications here to offer up a sort of swan song when they sent

out the last issue of their respective publications. We shall sing no song, we shall write no poetry, we shall not whoop, since the conditions under which this is being written are perfectly normal. Besides, it is Sunday. But we are glad that it's over.

This much for the out-going Editor: He has realized throughout his year as such that he was no literary genius—not by a long shot; he has further realized that had there been anybody else available last spring he doubtless would never have been elected. But having once been elected he has tried to put out a good MAGAZINE. We have been lucky to even put it out.

This much for the incoming Editor: He is a good man, both from the physical and literary standpoints. By the end of next year he will have probably lost the former condition, will wish that he never had the latter ability. He has contributed much to making this publication as good as it has been this year, and the Editor wishes to thank him from this public platform for what he has done. We wish him much happiness during his Senior year with this child, and more success than we have had, less trouble.

The Board with whom we have spent many weary hours is also to be thanked. They have worked pretty well always, splendidly at times. Of course some of their names have been merely ornaments in the editorial box, but if this has pleased them, their papas and mammas, and their sweethearts, then we are glad to have done something to have made somebody happy while here. Others have worked faithfully throughout the year and will never receive the reward that is their due. That is the way of things everywhere, so this we shall call a part of their “college training”, whatever that may be. They, too, have realized that this campus is not the haven of many good writers, but they have done their best to make up for it. Good men, all! We trust that there shall be more of them here next year, for the sake of the man that has labored with us this year.

So here it is, folks, the last bit of work we shall ever do on this campus. And while we are dying let us add that we know we shall always be remembered by this generation of college men. There is something flattering about that—to be remembered by our mates on this rocking ship: for our blunders.

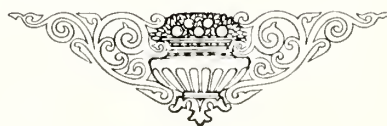
# *Immigrant America Speaks*

My name is Antonia Gonzalez;  
 I'm Italy's son, godfathered  
 By the white-hot heart of the Bethlehem steel  
     works.  
 My buddies are Ilya Petrosky,  
 Who used to catch fish on the shores of Lake  
     Baikal—  
 Now he catches sparks of red-hot iron  
 Beneath his red-flannel undershirt;  
 Carlo Habano, who was a matador once,  
 The idol of Madrid—  
 At least he was shoulder to shoulder with me,  
 But he slipped one day,  
 And the bull of a boiling cauldron  
 Gored him to death in a wicked sputter;  
 Tolo Martinique, whose grandfather was one  
 Of Napoleon's generals;  
 Nam Lung, the fuse of the inventor of gun-  
     powder;  
 And old Bill Brown, whose forebears  
 Feasted on some of Livingstone's men.  
 Ah, I number my pals  
 From earth's every hell and heaven,  
 And we all are but cogs in a machine  
 That has more brains than we.  
 I work seven days a week for Tessa and my  
     five sons,  
 The eldest hardly ten.  
 My victrola is the whirl of the creaking pulley  
     above me;

My gray matter is the crank I turn.  
 But at least I have health—  
 And men have honored me with "Hercules"  
     and "Samson";  
 My eyes are bits of blue steel;  
 The hairs of my head are metal filings;  
 Even if my hands draw dust and grime like  
     magnets,  
 My heart is a hydraulic ram and  
 My blood is liquid steel:  
 I am a galvanized American!

And did you know 'tis only  
 When I get home with Tessa and the boys  
 That I'm lonesome and sick and tired of  
     myself?  
 'Tis then I see the withering Tessa as a girl  
 When I wooed her sunny soul beside the  
     waters  
 Of the Mediterranean, whose purple waters  
 Make the very star-land blush an ashy pale-  
     ness:  
 We romped among the citron groves of Syra-  
     sella  
 And at Marmosa's grapes.  
 Ah, that was life—  
 But is not Pittsburg life too?  
 Yes—sometimes—I think—perhaps—  
 So long, I hear the whistle blowing!

C. B. M.





If history repeats itself, then take us back to Athens! But we regret to add that *PAUL A. CLEMENT*, the Narrator, has taken the liberty of departing from the historical facts whenever he wished.

## TWO NIGHTS IN ATHENS

"Greetings, O Soerates!"

"Greetings, Xenephon! What brings you to the Agora so early in the morning?"

"It is not so early; and besides I was looking for you."

"Looking for me? and what do you want with me?"

"I am sorely troubled, O Soerates, and I want your advice."

"Explain, my friend; on what matter do you want my advice?"

"Well then, this is it," said Xenephon with a sigh. "Three nights ago I met a very beautiful girl at the house of that Syraeusan proeuror who was at Callias' on the night of his last banquet. She is of so remarkable beauty that, as Nieeratos would say, I could not blame the Achaeans and Trojans for suffering for her sake for thriece ten years. She sings Homer, Sappho, and Alcaeus, accompanying her rich, low voice with the lyre. Ah, Soerates, she is a woman without peer, an Aphrodite and a Helen and an Aspasia all in one. It is so delightful to be with her—to feel her soft hands upon my brow—to lie with my head cushioned in her luxurious lap—to listen to her beautiful voice as she sings the love songs of Sappho. Oh! Soerates, I am madly in love with her."

"The next night I saw her again. I implored her to leave the house of her master and come to mine, but she would not. I babbled to her of my love, and she laughed. 'How can you love me, a slave girl,' she said. I protested to her that her, and only her, I loved. She would not believe me, she tormented me, and I left her in a rage, vowing never to see her again. But I could not stay away. Last night I returned, and she didn't seem at all surprised to see me. I prattled of my love again, made a fool of myself, I think; but she at last seemed to relent. She put her arms around my neck and said, 'My Lord, I should only be changing a very good master for one about whom I know nothing except that he

makes wonderful love.' I swore to her that I had no idea of making her my concubine, but rather my wife. At this she drew me close and kissed me passionately and promised to go with me whenever I should come for her. I went home the happiest of men; but this morning I became doubtful. She is a woman of great beauty and noble accomplishments, and I love her madly and she loves me; but, O Soerates, I am much troubled! Can I take for a wife a girl of her position? My friend, what is your advice?"

Soerates raised his eyes from the dirty fringe of his chiton, which he had been philosophically contemplating during Xenephon's long discourse, and said:

"O Xenephon, I am indeed sorry for you. But thus I advise: if you love the girl, marry her; if she be a courtesan, do not marry her; and if you wish to have any peace, leave at once for the court of the Great King."

"But, Soerates, you have not told me what part of this very excellent advice I shall adopt."

"Nor do I intend to, my friend. But is that not Aleibiades whom I see approaching there?"

It was, indeed, Aleibiades—soldier, statesman, and philosopher of sorts, known equally for his great wealth, his courtly bearing, his daring courage, and his monstrous dissipations. An unique character was this Aleibiades. In his youth he had bested the great Pericles in argument; in his manhood he was the associate of Soerates, the leader of armies, and the companion of the most depraved women in Athens. He embodied all the virtues and all the vices of the age; he was a man for whose sake a friend would gladly die.

Aleibiades, having seen Soerates and Xenephon, came to them and smilingly said, "Greetings, O Soerates! Greetings, Xenephon, you seem dejected. Can it be possible that anything is troubling you on so beautiful a morning as this?"

"Our friend," said Soerates, "is in love with a slave girl, and the poor fellow doesn't know

whether to make her his wife and so enjoy her for the rest of his life, or to forego these pleasures, for she will not consent to become his concubine."

Alcibiades laughed right merrily and said, "Marry her by all means, O Xenophon, and when you become weary of her, send her back whence she came. What an affair you have made of so small a thing! It is good that I have happened to see you, for I have tidings that will cheer you. I have just taken a new mistress—ah, she is a beautiful woman; she knows Homer and Sappho and Alcaeus; she plays upon the lyre divinely and sings more heavenly than the Muses. I am very much in love with her—at present. Tonight I give a banquet in her honor; won't you both come?"

"For my part, gladly," said Xenophon. "It will enable me to forget my perplexity for a while."

"Certainly it will," said Alcibiades, and, turning to Socrates, he added, "You will come, too, will you not?"

Socrates looked thoughtful, frowned, shook his head, sighed, and said, "I thank you for your invitation, O Alcibiades, but I fear that I cannot come, for Xanthippe, you know, is always railing at me for not staying with her at night, and I have been away for the last five or six nights."

Said Xenophon, "Xanthippe is, I think, the most unpleasant of all women who are now living, or who have lived, or who will live! Why did you ever marry her, O Socrates?"

"I married her," said Socrates, "because I wished to enjoy association with my fellow men, and I well knew that, if I could endure her, more easily should I endure all my fellow men."\*

"So Xanthippe is going to deprive me of your company," said Alcibiades with a grin; "but," he added as he turned to leave, "I shall expect you, O Xenophon."

Xenophon did not remain with his friend much longer, but soon he left with a troubled step for his house in the north of Athens. And Socrates, seeing a group of stone-masons passing, hailed them with delight, ran up to them, and walked with them, and engaged them in a conversation, which ended only when he had proved to them

that they were fools and did not know the better from the worse reason. Yes, he had spent a very pleasant morning he thought.

The night was such an one as is found only in Greece. Hot it was, but not sultry, for a cooling breeze was blowing from the sea. From the heavens, brilliantly studded with stars, the full moon shed its soft, white light upon the court of Alcibiades' palace. At the upper end of this rectangular court a magnificent table loaded with rich foods was set in a cluser of olive trees. There were no couches on the side facing the court, but around the other three sides were arranged couches of beautiful workmanship—large couches heaped with soft, Persian cushions. Reclining on the couches, besides Alcibiades, were Aristophanes, Xenophon and other talented and fashionable men of the city.

The company had just finished dining, the table had been cleared, and the wines brought in, when Alcibiades spoke, "Sirs, to entertain you," he said, "I have provided a troop of dancers. By the gods! they are beautiful and skillful." He clapped his hands, and three girls entered—two played the lyre and one the flute. They struck up a wild, sparkling, licentious tune; and lo! into the court sprang ten goddesses, who began a mad dance—the Dance of Dionysus.

The measure was quickened, and ever faster and faster grew the dance. To the lower end of the court the women swayed, and then with fevered steps they swept to the upper end—and to the guests.

Alcibiades, alone, had no companion. He again clapped his hands; the music changed to a low, passionate, seductive tune, and a woman, more lovely than the stars which twinkled above, seemed to float through the doorway. A moment she paused just within the court, and then she flowed into the Dance of Aphrodite—O marvelous dance! O remarkable woman!

A murmur of admiration ascended from the guests. Xenophon raised his eyes from those of his charmer and turned them toward the woman, who had approached Alcibiades and was dancing as if to him alone. Xenophon sprang up shaking off the encircling arms of his siren, for there not five feet away, dancing with such abandon, was his love of great beauty and noble accomplishments, whom he loved madly and *who loved him*.

\*Once, in answer to such a question as this attributed to Xenophon, Socrates made the same reply as he did on this occasion. (Xenophon's Symposium, 11:10.)



She was the new mistress of whom Aleibiades had boasted that morning.

Two weeks have passed since that horrible banquet, and Xenophon is sitting alone in his country house at Erchia. A large goblet of Chian, which has been repeatedly re-filled, reposes on the table before him. He reaches over and takes it, and drains its contents to the dregs.

How he loved that wretched woman! So lovely she had been when she promised to go with him whenever he might come for her. And then on the very next night she had lain in the arms of Aleibiades. He should like to kill the monsters—yes, both of them! Why had he not stayed in Athens that he might be avenged? Instead he had sulked off to his country house like any school-boy. He would go to Athens at once and be avenged! Yes, by the gods, he would be avenged!

Thus had Xenophon determined when a servant entered the room and announced that a stranger was without, who wished to see him. Xenophon arose somewhat unsteadily and went out into the courtyard, where he found a messenger with a letter for him. He took the letter, which, he saw, was from his old friend Proxenus, and having given orders for the messenger to be refreshed with wine and cold meats, he returned to his room to read it.

Read Xenophon:

"Having left Athens some months ago, as you know, O Xenophon, I betook myself a Sardis and entered the service of Cyrus the younger, brother of the Great King. There are many of our countrymen in the pay of Cyrus, and the service itself is not unpleasant. Now this Cyrus, O Xenophon, is about to make war upon the Pisidians, a war-like tribe which has been harassing his satrapy for some time. The expedition will afford great glory and much wealth, for Cyrus is particularly fond of his Hellenes and will pay them magnificently in case of victory, of which we are assured. The character of Cyrus himself is no less great than his generosity. I have often heard you lament that there are no longer any kingly men left in the world; but when you have met Cyrus, you will cease complaining, for than him no man is more noble or more kingly. And so, O Xenophon, knowing that you are forever thirsting for great things, it seemed good for me to write you of this and to ask you to make the expedition with me, not as a

soldier, but as a private gentleman. I shall expect you, O my friend, in Sardis at the end of two months, for I know that never will you miss such a chance to gain glory and wealth."

"I shall go," thought Xenophon as he finished the letter.

"But what about your revenge?" murmured a jeering voice within him.

"O, the common shit is not worth the trouble," he assured the voice.

"But you loved her a moment ago."

"Merely a passing fancy, of which, happily, I am now cured."

"But you have withdrawn from Athens and shut yourself up here for the last two weeks because of love for her."

"O no, only to get the country air; and, besides, if I stay here much longer, I shall drink or eat myself to death. Yes, I shall surely go."

"But Aleibiades, shall he escape unharmed, after having taken your mistress?"

"O, Aleibiades is my friend; and, too, he was not to blame. How could he know that I loved the wench, or thought I did? I will go on this expedition with Proxenus!"

And Xenophon strolled from the room to prepare for his return to Athens and his longer journey to Sardis.

Two years have passed, and Xenophon is again in Athens, talking with Socrates late one afternoon in the market-place. Not very much changed is Xenophon; slightly browner, slightly leaner, and far happier than he was when Athens saw him last.

Something of that march, supposedly against the Pisidians, but in reality against the Great King himself, something of that terrible return to the sea after the victory at Cunaxa and the death of Cyrus, was Xenophon telling to Socrates; but much more was he speaking of a woman, who had been among those with the Greeks. The daughter of one of the lesser captains she was—a strong, tall woman of generous figure, beautifully formed, handsome of countenance, and glorified by a mass of golden hair. Ah! what a woman she was, unwearied by the hardships of the horrible march, always cheerful and tender, forever caring for the sick and disabled. And this divine woman was awaiting him at Pergamum, he told Socrates, in the house of Hellas, the wife of Gongylus. Thither

would he return as soon as he had set in order his affairs at Athens, and this best, most beautiful of women and he would be married.

Twilight had fallen long before Xenophon had reached this part of his narrative, and the night gave promise of being such a one as is found only in Greece—hot it was, but not sultry, for a cooling breeze was blowing from the sea; the stars were beginning to twinkle brilliantly in the heavens, and the moon would soon shed its soft, white light upon the city.

"Yes, and we shall be married," Xenophon repeated; "and the immortal gods will surely envy us our life! So lovely, so good she is that—"

"An alms, Sirs, an alms, for mercy of the gods!" whined an old erone, who had approached

unnoticed by either of the men. "An alms, lest I go supperless tonight."

Xenophon turned with a start and looked at her. He saw a stooped, withered, emaciated husk of what had apparently been a once beautiful woman. He was perplexed by a vague thought of having known this woman—this thing—when she had been less repulsive than she was now. He inspected her more closely; and suddenly flashed upon him that this was the woman whom he had loved so long ago, and who had so cavalierly deserted him for the arms of Alcibiades.

He tossed her several obols and turned again to Socrates.



# The Graveyard of Organizations

By C. B. COLTON

All University Men are Clubmen, according to this writer, and most of us join for the sake of wearing a pin and the mystery of the Greek letters.

Some Organizations are perfected for much the same reason.

THIS fair campus of ours is a graveyard for organizations and clubs. It is the serene burial ground for countless organizations that were born amid great fervor and shouting and that were laid to rest quietly and gracefully. When an organization dies here, and we propose to show that many of them do and will, it is celebrated by no funeral rites. No bells are tolled, no tombstone is erected, there are no public lamentations—it just dies, or more poetically, it turns up its toes and croaks. Now and then the *Tar Heel* or *MAGAZINE* will casually refer to a defunct organization: "The Order of Eagles, once a high flying club here, but now dead and departed etc.", but other than these off-hand statements, no mention is made of the deceased, which is all quite proper.

But here's the peculiar twist; for every organization that dies, a new one, or perhaps two, spring up. Some of these begin weakly, gather strength and become an accepted club with clear cut aims and definite contributions to offer the campus. Others originate with great hoorah

and don't last long enough to have a picture squeezed into the costly pages of the *Yackety Yack*.

College students must club together on the smallest pretext, and especially Carolina students. The records of the *Yackety Yack* bear screaming proof of this strong clubbing instinct. Another article in this issue very graciously carries a long list of organizations that once existed here and that cluttered the pages of the above named publication. Look the list over and shed a tear or two for the broken ideals, wasted time, money, and energy they represented, and then think twice before you co-operate in organizing another club, and think three or four times before you join a club already existing.

Why did all these organizations start? The answer is easy when we realize the overpowering force of the clubbing instinct. Men with common aims and talents will herd together knowing that their union will strengthen their aims and talents, and a club with all the frills is the inevitable result. Two students may suddenly find out



that they are both interested in Esquimaux, their habits, social conditions, and traditions, or perhaps they will discover that they both are extremely fond of taking long walks through the woods, or some other mutual interest. At any rate in their delight in finding each other, they say simultaneously: "Let's form a club!" They recruit other members interested in Esquimaux or hiking, form a club, draw up a constitution, design a pin (every club must have a constitution and pin) and have their pictures taken for the *Yackety Yack*.

In most cases their pins and rituals are elaborate. The former club probably has a nifty little symbol such as a totem pole, an aurora borealis, or perhaps a fat Esquimo swathed in furs, sitting in front of his igloo while he nibbles an Esquimo pie, neatly engraved on the pin. Anything at all to suggest the aim and purpose of the club. Then to make the pin a perfect success, it must contain two tiny Greek letters, the equivalent of the English letters, E. C., Esquimo Club. The Greek letters give it that mysterious touch that every good club must strive for.

With their pins, constitution, and ritual all agreed upon, they are ready to follow out the aims and ideals so beautifully expressed in the constitution. The addition of a few faculty members helps the prestige of the club, but not the meetings. It is the inalienable right of professors to join student clubs, come to initiations, feeds, and pose for the *Yackety Yack*, but they are far too busy to attend regular meetings. This, then, is the brief formula for a new club: a common interest plus a suppressed fraternity desire plus the club instinct and the pins, Constitutions, and rituals follow naturally.

The newly formed club will live as long as it holds fast to its purposes and aims, as long as it takes in men who are really interested in the aims, as long as reliable men are elected as officers to keep the program running consistently and the finances in tidy shape. The organizations now defunct can attribute their death to any of the above reasons.

The Esquimo Club, for instance, goes along smoothly for awhile until Esquimo topics are exhausted, and the members are forced to drift about with discussions on the Polar regions, navigation, Jack London, and finally they drown in

foreign seas. When they realize they have no aims, they break up in disgust to form and join other clubs.

The Hiking Club, on the other hand, may have definite aims and purposes which are religiously adhered to, but the members are unwise enough to elect an incompetent or lazy treasurer. Either adjective will serve, for incompetent is only a polite term for lazy. The new treasurer keeps the club's finances on the back of an envelope, and on the last meeting of the year, hands his successor the dirty envelope containing the financial statement of the club for the year. The new treasurer puts the envelope away in a careful place, and departs for his summer vacation. The following fall, he finds that somehow or other he has misplaced the envelope, and since last year's bills are unpaid and since there is no way of meeting them, the club never meets again.

The same Hiking Club, or better, the Simple Outing Club, might flounder on the rocks, because the members insist on taking in good fellows rather than good hikers. In a year or so they are all good fellows, the roster contains no good hikers, and bing! goes another organization for the campus graveyard. If the club makes it a custom to initiate only big men on the campus for the sake of prestige, men who already belong to half a dozen clubs, it automatically murders itself. For the men are too busy to attend meetings regularly and unless the club is strong enough to hold them from attending other meetings, which is rarely the case, the club dies a lingering death. So beware of vague purposes, inefficient officers, and initiating men with pin infested vests, all ye clubmen.

The riot of clubs and organizations our fair campus is graced and disgraced with, fall into three main categories: the purely honorary club that was originated to give distinction to outstanding members of some main activity, the club that pursues an interest detached from the campus, and the club that concerns itself wholly with campus problems. We will briefly sketch the tragic careers of three of the above types in respective order, the late Order of Satyrs, the late Omega Delta, and the late Campus Cabinet.

The order of Satyrs sprang up a few years before Professor Frederick Koek breezed into Chapel Hill with his folk play idea. The history of the Playmakers is too well known through the

advertising genius of Koch and his right arm, George Denny, to merit space in this dissertation. They soon developed into a distinguished lot of artists whose work was celebrated in the far reaches of the state, until even Broadway cast a glance this way now and then. But there had to be some way of recognizing the most worthy talent among the Playmaker artists, and hence the Satyrs pranced into the limelight. Professors Booker, the founder, Koch, and McKie were the moving spirits, and, of course, the Satyrs left the mark at top speed. Their initiation was original and different, and the Satyr carnival, where the neophytes were spotted in dramatic fashion, became one of the most popular events of the social and dramatic season. The Satyrs initiated the best artists; they were original, clever, and their capers pleased the popular fancy. They had a brilliant future.

Then came the debacle last spring. Rumors spread about, as rumors will do in this fair village, that dissension was holding sway in the Satyr ranks. One clique obtained the hold on the throttle and decided to run things its own way. As rumor had it, the women, who had been the brightest lights in the Playmaker troop as mountain wives, flappers, and demure plantation girls, were not to be recognized by the superior Satyrs, which was rank injustice, in fact, quite outrageous. At the carnival, some of the best actors and actresses were overlooked, unspotted, left completely out of the picture, in favor of several young artists who had not won their legitimate spurs. The Satyr house was divided against itself and crashed ingloriously. There will be no Satyr carnival this year, and the Satyrs will caper no more.

In this same category comes the late Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity, which under the guiding hand of Jonathan "Dice" Daniels, flourished brilliantly for awhile. Composed of the choicest wits on the *Tar Heel* and *MAGAZINE* staffs, it was bound to have a successful future. The so-called literati are an erratic crowd, always pulling the unexpected and shocking the campus late at night with boisterous songs and clever horseplay. Their initiations were always a delight to the dormitory inmates who cackled with glee when the neophytes were made to climb poles, sing songs to the moon under the influence of a spiked paddle, and recite

poetry. It was a very severe initiation, but well worth the rating of the organization. They had a splendid club.

Then Bob Pickens, writer and Playmaker, now editor of the *Hickory Daily Record*, was elected treasurer. Pickens had a spark of genius, was versatile, and a good fellow, but as a book keeper he fell way below par. He, too, kept the financial account on the back of a greasy envelope, which was lost during his summer vacation, and in the fall of 1922, the Sigma Delta Chi had nothing left but pleasant memories.

In the second category enters the late Omega Delta which originated with a purely aesthetic purpose, as lofty as a mountain peak, and as clear as a London fog. "Aesthetic" is a dangerous word for our fair campus, but the originators didn't realize it in the heat of their organizing fervor. A young man named Herschel Johnson conceived the idea to form an organization whose purpose would be the cultivation of intellectual life. This birth of aestheticism came in 1914, the year of the World War. They composed a beautiful ritual, designed a perfectly stunning pin, and mapped out a program covering the drama, poetry, philosophy, architecture, novel writing, painting, music and the plastic arts. They took in practically all the English professors, and literally bathed the campus with aestheticism. One of their undertakings, which perhaps sprang from the massive brain of Dr. Edwin Greenlaw, was to write a joint folk play. Professor Koch had not arrived at that time, but the folk play idea was hatching. All the members of Omega Delta combined their talent and a play resulted concerning a mountain boy going to war. The play was martial, patriotic, and caught the beauty and spirit of the North Carolina mountains, but it had too many authors, and as far as we know the play was never produced or published.

Aestheticism killed Omega Delta. It died in its own blood. Its monument may be seen in the 1923 *Yackety Yack*, aesthetic to the last. The bill for the space has never been paid.

In the third category we have the Campus Cabinet, once a powerful young giant, now a doddering old man. The purpose of the Campus Cabinet was to conceive and direct campus reforms. There is always room for some reform on this fair campus of ours, and the Cabinet was.



the agent to put the reform across. They undertook all manner of problems, patched them up, straightened them out, cleansed politics, systematized elections, and became the acknowledged head of the University spirit. The Cabinet did mighty work and necessarily was composed of mighty men, the biggest men on the campus. Their line-up included the president of the student body, the class presidents, editors of the *Tar Heel and MAGAZINE*, and representatives at large. All these men were busy men and could not devote sufficient time to reforms. They became busier and busier, and finally could not agree on a meeting night when all could be there. This year the Campus Cabinet met twice, the first time with three present, the second time when the *Yackety Yack* picture was snapped, with all present. The Cabinet is on its death bed.

The hole left by the Cabinet has been partially filled by the Order of the Grail, and a budding organization called the Central Executive Committee. The latter is unofficial and has no intention of becoming a booming, flourishing, ostentatious organization, for which all should be grateful.

Other organizations might be cited to add to the jumbled heap, such as the Northern club whose purpose was as cosmopolitan and indefinable as the North itself. The Northern club lasted two years, when the Yanks discovered that there were no ties binding them together. Then there is a coterie of organizations that grew into temporary being to accomplish one purpose, and their purpose accomplished, they were only too willing to die. The Owl Club is the best illustration of this species. The Owl Club was properly named for the originators were wise, and knew and practiced the virtue of silence. Martin Carmichael was the real daddy of the Owls; he gathered several other musical little owls under his wings last spring and gave a dance or two for the benefit of the campus.

There was something attractive about this club; their mysterious origin and their dignified name drew a large crowd to the Owl Club dance. The Owls took in a tidy sum of money, which they divided among themselves, and then flitted away.

It would be unfair to disregard the many organizations that now exist here, that have nailed

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strong colors to the mast and have sailed consistently under them. The various social organizations have traditions to maintain which generally keeps them on an unswerving path. They all have their in-and-out years, but very few show signs of dying out.

Amphoterathon, a unique organization, has had a clear purpose and rigid requirements, and sticks to them steadfastly. The Order of the Grail originated as a vague sort of thing with no concrete goal, but after a year or two, the Grail found its true mission in bettering social conditions by conducting dances to which all save freshmen were admitted. With the money collected, they were able to contribute to student life, and their work this year has justified their existence.

Epsilon Phi Delta also began with a hazy purpose—something concerning Japanese-American relations, and wavered perceptibly. This year they seemed to be treading firmer ground, and is very much alive. Sigma Upsilon has had an erratic career, but has now settled down to its proper field, creative work. As long as it keeps in its own realm it will last.

The county clubs pass description. They are as numerous as fleas, but not nearly so energetic.

Their chief function seems to be electing officers and entertaining high school boys and girls during their annual visits to Chapel Hill. For every county there is, or has been, a county club and the county clubs are as proportionately active as the counties they represent. They die and come to life with Phoenix-like monotony, and our campus will always have county clubs.

The literary societies have been on the downward trend for a number of years, but faithful members refuse to let their past glory fade out completely. Due to a combination of circumstances, the Durham road chief among them, the faithful members are becoming scarcer. The orators and declaimers have faced more empty seats this year than ever before, and who can work himself into an oratorical frenzy with nothing before him but vacant seats, and the musty portraits of former members, tragic reminders of better days? Re-organization in both societies will perhaps give them a new lease on life. The completion of the Graham Memorial building may infuse into the dwindling societies renewed energy and enthusiasm. But the problem is, Gerald, when will they reorganize, and when will the Graham Memorial be built?

To all clubmen, and that includes all men on this campus, we offer a few maxims which may or may not help. When you feel the organizing fever possess you, hold back until you feel there is a need and interest for the club you are founding. Think over the dead organizations that have gone before and bear their fate in mind. When your club is organized, steer it on a straight course, elect reliable officers, and avoid taking in too many busy men and good fellows. Healthy organizations are an asset to the campus and there is still more room for them as the University grows larger. Lame organizations are a drawback and detract materially from the fullest enjoyment of student life.

◆◆◆◆◆

### "WENN ICH ZUM AUGENBLICKE SAGEN..."

(Goethe)

This have I learned from the transient years:  
Cherish no hopes, and weep no tears.  
Mine was the moment; I hold it fast.  
Not God himself can destroy the past.

A. F. L.

## The UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA



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Andy Gump recently made the statement that had he been present when Patrick Henry made his speech concerning Liberty, he would have given him a rising vote of confidence. Perhaps Carolina Co-eds will wish to do the same in favor of this authoress, who for reasons of her own, with-holds her name. She speaks very clearly in answer to a previous article by one of her "sisters in freedom".

## *What Carolina has Meant to Another Co-Ed*

[Note to the Editor: After noticing the article published in the March issue of your magazine, I humbly beg to submit this as "the other half of it, dearie."]

**O**PINIONS are like co-eds, they vary greatly. But on one thing we are all agreed, however, and that is on the soul-inspiring quality of "that big, fine spirit of freedom and liberality," which was attributed to the campus in a recent article by a co-ed. I, being a very conservative person, cannot help feeling that some reservation should be made in regard to this fine spirit of freedom even though this campus be one of God's great open spaces where men are men, women are women, and children are children.

My strange reserve in this matter may be connected with an incident which occurred on the night of my arrival here. I was sitting on the steps talking to a freshman from home when a voice behind me said, "ten-thirty". Whereupon the youngster was unceremoniously pushed down the steps, I was hastily yanked into the house, and an iron bolt clicked behind me. I protested, "I'm hungry, I'm going down town to get something to eat."

But the ultimatum was final. "It is ten-thirty. No girls are allowed out after that hour." Thus I found that, although I was "free as a bird to wander where I listed," little birds should wander to their rooms at ten-thirty, and this I have consistently done almost every night since.

I, too, visited the post office upon my arrival here (there was no where else to go) and again I was struck by this spirit of freedom. It was almost mail-time, and the usual crowd had gathered on the steps. Unfortunately I was alone, for not being born with a clinging disposition, and not having acquired one since, I did not have the companionship of even another co-ed, and thus was able to appreciate to the fullest extent the freedom with which the crowd "looked me over." Adaptation must be my strong point, for by the time I emerged from the post office I

had absorbed so much of this current freedom that I was able to stare with almost as much ease as they. My standard of judgment, however, did not adjust itself so easily, for I immediately sized them all up as freshmen, and later found by the Registrar's list that I was wrong.

This recent article also compared the campus to Paradise, giving as the chief reason the afore-said spirit. I do not wish to question the lady's statement, but I wonder if she were not thinking of that particular phase of the Carolina spirit which concerns co-eds, and indeed women in general. I was quite interested the other day when two girls drove through the campus, to hear the howls and yells that followed in the wake of the car. It positively made me home-sick for my high school days.

It was not quite so amusing to see a lady with two children come into the "Pick" and have to stand. I think that it is to be regretted somewhat, that either instinct or the training of a gentleman cannot in a case like this overcome the previously referred-to spirit of freedom which I then noticed to be so predominant.

Where co-eds are concerned, of course, they are more thoughtful. Last year whole newspapers were devoted to us along with an appropriation for a dormitory, to say nothing of a special ballad arranged in our honor. This year, two weekly columns have appeared in the *Tar Heel* which are largely turned over to us. Aspiring young reporters are continually interesting themselves with our problems, and occasionally the co-eds themselves blossom into print, (even as I). Nor do I think that we have been entirely selfish in accepting so many favors from the boys, for they who have had the privilege of associating with us, have been mutually benefitted. Mr. Paulsen tells me that the number of white shirts per man has increased materially since co-

education became a part of the University, and practically all the drug stores have added razors to their stock in trade.

Further apropos of the article in *THE MAGAZINE*, I must admit that I never regarded man either as "a god, a demi-god, or a rare and sensitive specimen who does not flourish in an abnor-

mal atmosphere"; nor have I ever thought of them as "white-robed angels" or "desperate villains" who made it necessary for me to cling to anyone. If they have cherished any such illusions concerning we of the "weaker sex", I hope that they are lost in a frank spirit of camaraderie, which I occasionally see budding on the campus.



## *The Yackety Yack*

Being the third and last of a valuable series of articles on

# *Student Publications at Carolina*

By *REED KITCHIN*

**T**HE founding of the University's Annual Book, the *Yackety Yack* and its management for ten years, has probably no parallel in the story of college annuals.

In the latter days of the year 1889 the desire of creating a publication which would preserve the atmosphere and memoirs of college days to the graduating senior, culminated in the uniting of the eleven national Greek Letter fraternity chapters then existent at the University, with the purpose of publishing a book which would fill such a desire.

These chapters were of the fraternities Alpha Tau Omega, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Zeta Psi, Sigma Chi, Phi Gamma Delta, Phi Delta Theta, Kappa Alpha (Southern), Sigma Nu, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Kappa Sigma, and Beta Theta Pi.

One man from each chapter was chosen to serve on the board of the new publication. And from the chosen of each fraternity an editor-in-chief and a business manager was to be selected. The remaining editors were appointed then to serve in any necessary capacity as Associate Editors.

The baby annual, christened *The Hellenian*, because of its origin among the Greek letter fraternities, made its debut in the year 1890. It declared itself as "Published Annually by the fraternities of the University of North Carolina."

In its salutatory was announced that, "of course, like all other young editors we are proud

of our achievement, and justly so, we think. We have encountered all the difficulties incident to issuing the first number of such a publication."

It was dedicated with chivalrous spirit to "North Carolina's daughters, the girls of Carolina."

As to the material in the new venture there was much space as was natural, given to the various fraternity chapters sponsoring. Each chapter group picture was prefaced by a full page engraving in elaborate tones, of its national and local insignia, either badge or coat of arms. Following this a sketch of the fraternity's history and achievements, chapters elsewhere and alumni organizations, would appear. The remaining space was devoted to the classes, Medical, Law and Pharmacy and Academic, together with local clubs and athletics.

This first issue contained 120 pages in all, nine of which were given over to advertisements. It was about one-half the size of the modern annual in external appearance.

The University was a pioneer among Southern colleges in this field, as only Vanderbilt, Virginia, Sewanee and Georgia published annuals at this time.

It is interesting to note that among the clubs of the time were the "Whist and Chess Club", the "Bicycle Club", "Shakespeare Club" (literature), and "Poker Club" (Sub Rosa).

Notwithstanding that the first issue met with a cold reception at the hands of the student body, the idea persisted and again in 1891, a second is-



sue came out announcing that, *The Hellenian* is no longer an experiment, but a permanently established publication." THE MAGAZINE stated that "*The Hellenian*, which has become a well established feature of college life is on the press and will soon be out. Orders should be sent to Crawford Biggs, Editor-in-Chief."

Prizes were offered for the best contributions, drawings and sales. These prizes were extra copies of the annual. The slogan adopted read, "You can't afford to be without one, neither can your girl."

During the first decade of its life *The Hellenian* struggled along in a masterful manner, with poor support, both spiritually and financially. Indeed, it was seldom that ever the business managers "broke even", and it was often necessary for an interested alumnus to come to the support, as did General Julian Carr to the issue of '93, dedicated to him. He donated one hundred dollars toward the defrayment of expenses on the occasion.

*The Tar Heel* took a great interest in the rising *Hellenian* and was continually prodding and spurring it along in an endeavor to produce the best possible. Often the new batch of editors were inclined to let things "slide along" until near the close of the collegiate year and this was one cause for its oft repeated failure to clear expenses. *The Tar Heel* says, "The editors for the '95 *Hellenian* were elected early last fall and it seemed our annual would be published on time, but so far this has proved a delusion. After giving signs of great activity they have relapsed, and nothing has been done." Again the *Tar Heel* asks, "Is there an *Hellenian* this year? If so, we have a letter to the editor-in-chief of *The Hellenian* of '98 and we should be pleased to deliver it to its rightful owner at an early date. It will not do for the *Hellenian* to be discontinued, as it has become almost a permanent part of the University."

During the first decade after its start, it can hardly be said that any *Hellenian* issued was successful financially, due to the irregular methods used in getting each issue under way. For to get out a decent annual involves months of work and many dollars.

But rosy hopes were always forecasted in the *Tar Heel* columns as witness the following for 1893: "*The Hellenian* promises to be the best ever. It will be published by a large Northern

publishing house and will be properly illustrated with numerous engravings, cuts, photogravures and scenes of University life, instead of the usual plate of the coat of arms of the representative fraternities, as has been done in the past."

But after some eight *Hellenians* had appeared, it became pointedly evident that 125 men in the fraternities could not bring out a representative publication for 400 men and make it pay. For two years, '98 and '99, repeated proposals were made by the fraternities of the two literary societies that they share the cost of publication. The societies refused at first to co-operate, and nothing remained to do but for the fraternities to discontinue its publication or narrow its scope to fraternity interests. They decided to do the latter, only trying to represent the larger life of the University in which the fraternities were interested.

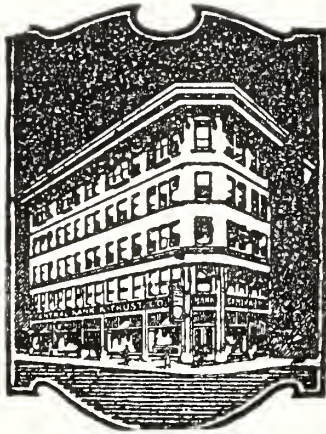
So in the year 1900 *The Hellenian* had ceased to be an University Annual and became a mere fraternity hand book, interesting to no one else and in danger of coming to nothing. Although no longer a true annual, it took the place of the former *Hellenian* in essential respects, and at the same time did justice to the editors.

The fraternities had done the best they could with the lack of the moral and financial support of the larger part of the student body, and the two societies, soon realizing that had it not been for the fraternities no annual of any kind would have started so soon, came gallantly to the rescue.

An agreement was drawn up between the two societies and the fraternities, whereby an Editor in Chief should successively be elected by the fraternities, the Dialectic Society and the Philanthropic Assembly, and that the two Business Managers should be elected each year, one from each of the two remaining organizations. Each society in addition, selected four Associate Editors and each fraternity selected one. This was the arrangement prior to 1923. Also it was stipulated in the agreement that the non-fraternity man at the University should be represented as a class, and this resulted in the obnoxious non-fraternity "consolation" articles which appeared in the *Yackety Yack* for some years after the agreement.

And thus, in 1901, the rejuvenated, rechristened annual, *The Yackety Yack*, "Published by the fraternities and literary societies" appeared. A foreword stated that *The Yackety Yack* is is-

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sued by the literary societies and the fraternities of the University. Hitherto this has been done by the fraternities alone. An effort has been made to make it representative of the whole life of the University! We give it to you with the assurance that it may be the beginning of a permanent University Annual."

This first appearance of the Carolina annual under its present name and a tri-party agreement was dedicated. "To John Sprunt Hill, whose brilliant professional career and whose true loyalty to his alma mater prove him an alumnus worthy of our esteem." Also, the two societies now began to use more space and to greater advantage in their recently purchased book. Incidentally, Intersociety and Intercollegiate debates began to assume more prominence in the annual's pages. The re-vamped *Hellenian* also had a greater variety of cartoons and illustrations showing University life as a whole.

The tri-part agreement was on a one year "try out" basis. The publishers of the newly named annual for the first year were paid in full, the business manager barely "breaking even", and a motion was passed that the publication be continued on the same basis.

Although undoubtedly this co-operation of the societies strengthened the annual, yet throughout the twenty-one years it was to operate under this system, and as the University grew greater it was realized that the *Yackety Yack* was still on an unsound financial basis. The business managers stood to lose or make according to their ability. Some years they made money, others, they lost. The dual managership created a lack of financial responsibility, dissipation of power and a lack of control over costs, due to the fact that the managers secured all the profits. This method of conducting an annual probably had no parallel anywhere else.

Dissatisfaction in this state of affairs came to a head in 1915 when a committee was appointed to place the control of the *Yackety Yack* into the hands of the Senior class (a method pursued in publishing the greater number of annuals). This was suggested largely because such a publication is a Senior book, preserved as a memoir by graduates. The Senior class rejected the proposition as too expensive. Then it was suggested that the student body support it, but as the students were, unfortunately, unorganized, this was impracticable.



Often the *Yackety Yack* received recognition as one of the best annuals in the country. In 1909 only the Navy annual surpassed the *Yackety Yack* in all the United States. And at several other times it received similar praise.

Often was the annual dedicated to those whom the University loved to honor. Twice were *Yackety Yacks* dedicated to the lamented General Julian Shakespeare Carr, first in 1903, again in 1912. Dedicated "as a token of profound esteem and in recognition of his untiring devotion to his Alma Mater and loyal services to his state." In 1895 the *Yackety Yack* was dedicated "To the Hon. Eben Alexander, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece, Servia and Roumania." In 1900, "To our beloved and honored President, Edwin Anderson Alderman, we respectfully dedicate this book." In 1903, "To George Stephens, a loyal friend and worthy representative of this University." Again in 1905, "To the Hon. William Preston Bynum, a warm friend and benefactor of this University." Other dedications were: "To the Hon. James Yadkin Joyner, a loyal son of the University and an untiring promoter of the educational interests of the Old North State." In 1915, "To Colonel Robert Bingham, as a memorial of affection and esteem to an illustrious and loyal son of the University." In 1916, "To Francis Preston Venable, in true gratitude for his loyal services."

On the death of Romy Story, Carolina athletic hero, whom *The Tar Heel* said, "made an impression upon our life here that will not be effaced for years to come." The annual of 1908 is dedicated "To the memory of Romy Story, who exemplified on many a hard fought battlefield the highest ideals of University athletes." The annual of 1917 is "reverently dedicated to the people of the state as a token of our appreciation." While in 1919 the dedication is "To the men of North Carolina in the service of their country." Other dedications were to Kemp Plummer Battle, Charles Baskerville, Junius Parker, Joshua Walker Gore, Hon. Walter Clark, Augustus Van Wyck, George Gordon Battle, and George T. Winston.

The *Yackety Yack* has expanded in proportion to the University's growth, without becoming bulky in content. The work of the two literary societies, the Di and the Phi, may be traced in the pages of the *Yackety Yack*

throughout the years from 1892 until the present. Beginning with merely a page of space on which appeared the names of members, the societies have added many pages covering their activities in both inter-society and inter-collegiate debating. The fraternities have ceased to use the old quota of space taken. The publications have continued on the same scale with regard to space occupied. Almost every *Yackety Yack* contains a sketch of some interesting phase of University activity, under such titles as "In memory of the Confederate dead," "The college newspaper, its pleasures and its pains," "The relation of the alumni to the state," by Prof. W. S. Bernard, "History of football at U. N. C.", "As a Co-ed sees it," "The Golden Fleece," by President E. K. Graham, "Phi Beta Kappa," by Prof. N. W. Walker, "The University in service to the people of the state," and "U. N. C. in the Civil War," by Prof. R. D. W. Connor.

In 1903 Senior individual picture space was inaugurated with the accompanying statistics as at present. Also, in this same year, "In memoriam" pages first were included.

The annual of 1913 first featured in separate section, University campus scenes. This number contained pictures of Alumni building, Smith Hall (old law building), the Medical building and the Battle-Vance-Pettigrew dormitories. The following year these scenes were added to with others from the state at large, as there appeared photos of the state capitol, Mt. Mitchell, the Surf near Hatteras, Mt. Airy granite quarries and the Yadkin River power dam. Also in 1917, appeared representative picturings of the cities of Asheville, Goldsboro, Wilmington, Raleigh, Charlotte, Greensboro, Durham and Winston-Salem. But this section is now confined to campus pictures.

It is interesting to know just what several *Yackety Yacks* have interpreted the Carolina Year Book to be and stand for. *The Tar Heel* has declared the *Yackety Yack* to be "the one supreme achievement of the college year. It is a record of all that is best in what we do at the University." The annual editor of '94 says, "It has been our purpose to give a faithful representation of college life." The editor of '13 says, "We now mop our brow and present to the waiting public a full measure of the cream of college life, as extracted by our pet, patent, irrepressible and unpardonable separator, the *Yackety Yack*."

Another adds, "It is not a guide book to flowery paths of knowledge; it is not a masterpiece of composition; it is not necessarily a message of grave importance to humanity. It is Chapel Hill as we have seen it, felt it, lived it." Another has said, "We intend to picture to you our life, so that you will know the kind of atmosphere that surrounds us—but there are some things a picture cannot tell; far too magnificent for us to do justice to it in this necessarily small volume." Still more tersely, it is the "best effort to portray the life and spirit of our University."

Styles have changed in college annuals as in all things else, as a glance at the first *Hellenian* by the side of the new 1924 *Yackety Yack* will bear out. *Hellenians* were commonly bound in blue and white with no emblematic cover designs. But the *Yackety Yack* has ranged in colors from tawny brown to deep vermillion and emerald green. Cover designs have changed with the years, yet always they are suggestive of the state and University. And designs of the state and University seals, Davie Poplar, Old South, East and West Buildings, the Old Well, the N. C. Monogram, the pine cone and needles, and the Confederate Soldiers Monument have all featured the *Yackety Yacks* of the past.

And indeed the old *Yackety Yack*, familiar to the many alumni of the University of North Carolina, has been a contribution to the records of the University; each number giving a personal and intimate view of the student life of the campus of successive years.

Only once since its creation, has the *Yackety Yack* suspended operations, and this was on account of the World's War in 1918, when war time kept advertisers from advertising. Adver-

tising pages have at times though, reached the grand total of forty-four pages, while the standard number is around twenty-five pages.

In 1923 the *Yackety Yack*, together with its brother publications *The Carolina Magazine* and *The Tar Heel*, became a member publication of the Carolina Publications Union of which every student is a member, paying a stated fee for its support. An Editor-in-Chief is selected by the student body and a business manager is chosen by the Publications Union Board, the administrative head of the Publications Union.

Many organizations have arisen, flourished, were chronicled within the annual and faded away into the dim past. Interesting are their names and purposes. Among ribbon orders were: "Omega", "Pi Sigma", "Yt", "Mu", "Jerry Goblins", "Order of O. H.", N. C. Razor Chapter", "Order of the Sphinx", "Order of the Oasis", "Blebbo". Legal fraternities have been: "Mu Delta Phi" (later Phi Delta Phi), "K. K. K.", "Omega Tau." In medicine were the Omicron chapter of "Omega Upsilon Phi", and "N." Social fraternities once represented were the Epsilon of Phi Gamma Delta, Phi Kappa Sigma, the Psi of "Theta Nu Epsilon", Sigma Delta Kappa, (local), and Beta Phi, (local.) Miscellaneous fraternities and orders pictured in the past were: Alpha Theta Phi (now Phi Beta Kappa), Omega Delta (Aesthetic), Satyrs (Dramatic), Odd Number club (now Sigma Upsilon Literary fraternity). Among school clubs have been: Buie's Creek club, Mars Hill, Trinity Park School, Oak Ridge, Raeford Institute, Rutherford College, Webb School, Woodberry Forest, Guilford College, Wake Forest College, Horner

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Military School, Whitsett Institute, Warrenton High, and Bingham Military School clubs.

City and state clubs have been Raleigh, Winston-Salem, Wilmington, Florida, and South Carolina clubs.

Others are: The Cuban club, Modern Literature club, Shakespeare club, Dramatic club, the Round Table (Current Topics), The Journal (Chemical), Moot Court (Legal), The Greater Council (now the campus Cabinet), The Brotherhood of St. Andrew, *The Tar Baby* and *The Boll Weevil*.

For the year 1903, the "School of Mines" appeared among the listed schools in the *Yackety Yack* with Joshua W. Gore, C. E., Dean, and twenty-three students named.

Among the men who have served on the *Hellcats* and *Yackety Yacks* of the past are:

Prof. W. S. Bernard, of the Greek Department, U. N. C.; Former President E. K. Graham, of U. N. C.; Prof. R. D. W. Connor, of the University History Department; A. L. M. Wiggins, prominent business man and publisher of Spartanburg, S. C.; O. Max Gardner, former Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina and now prominent lawyer of Shelby, N. C.; Harvey Hatcher Hughes, New York playwright; Walter Murphy, Salisbury lawyer and legislator; Charles T. Woolen, University Business Manager; and Frederick Bays McCall, now professor of Law at U. N. C.

### HUMOR PUBLICATIONS

Publications at Carolina born with the well intentioned desire to excite the risibility of the University student, seemed for several years to be under the spell of an hoodoo.

Early in 1914 it was suggested that the Uni-

versity would do well to add a publication of the lighter vein to its repertoire of student literature, but this idea never materialized, owing to lack of the stamina bred of finances.

Six years then elapsed, until in 1919, again there arose a desire to resurrect the old idea where buried, and materialize a good live humorous publication. And in October, 1919, such a publication did actually appear on the campus.

It was known as *The Tar Baby*, and at once entered into the spotlight of popularity. It became known, not only in North Carolina, but throughout the entire South as a Carolina publication and met with instant favor.

It was described as a combined humor and pictorial bi-weekly, appearing fifteen times each year and published by the students of the University of North Carolina.

Two purposes it held as its reason for existence: (1) To give every Carolina student a chance to put funny stuff he hears and sees into print. (2) To entertain the readers.

The pictorial section was soon eliminated as this was of a local nature and the publication wished to grow, and to do this, subscribers outside of Chapel Hill must be catered to.

In the beginning the *Tar Baby* was strictly of the Carolina pedigree, and this fact it loudly proclaimed. It says, "*The Tar Baby* is a Carolina product, you are a Carolina product; while you are at home or abroad, have something to say for all Carolina products, and don't forsake your latest, *The Tar Baby*." Also, to the Carolina student: "*The Tar Baby* gives you an opportunity to train an humorous mind. Humor is an health disease; go to *The Tar Baby* for treatment."

## COME AND EAT WITH US

*"The Food With A Smile In It"*

The New CAROLINA CAFETERIA

As originally constituted in 1919 the Advisory Board consisted of Dr. Edwin Greenlaw, of the University English Department; Prof. Albert Coates, of the University Law Department; John S. Terry, of New York, and Prof. Tom C. Wolfe, of Columbia University. The staff consisted of an Editor, Managing Editor, a Business Manager and Art Editor.

But in February, 1920, incorporation took place and the amateur *Tar Baby* became the professional "Carolina Tar Baby Company, Inc." Stock was to be sold solely to bona fide students. Silver "charms" and a silver loving cup were offered for the best material "turned in."

The new *Tar Baby, Inc.*, was announced as, "Published in the interest of the students of the Southern Colleges at U. N. C.," and described as, "One of the two greatest of college humorous publications, both in circulation and quality of material." And to appeal to the University it said, "*The Tar Baby* is one of the best advertisements the University has."

*The Tar Baby* started with a burst of success and strong financial backing, owing to an influx

of advertising material in recognition of its strong hold on the Southern Collegiate world of humor. Opinion was that it was a publication much needed and a cordial and enthusiastic hand of welcome was extended by the Carolina student body. Its cartoons and drawings excited wonder that such latent talent existed on the campus. It was early announced that *The Tar Baby* desires a location in our University and its claims are not to be denied, if succeeding issues attain the standard reached by the first."

Soon after incorporation however, the business manager and treasurer managed to get control of the stock and the succeeding issues of *The Tar Baby* began to fall in general estimation in comparison with the merited success of the earlier amateur issues.

In 1921 it was said to lack originality and the old punch and many of its jokes were unworthy of publication and bore unmistakable marks of antiquity. Plagiarism of the national humor publication *Life*, began to show, and *The Tar Heel* reviewer says, "*The Baby* had better watch its step or it will ruin itself with too much duplication, and too little originality."

But *The Tar Baby* was rapidly gaining momentum on the road to destruction under the able managership of its major stockholder, who only saw the dollar mark, and the few cases of real humor to appear were "well concealed in the advertising section", as the publication was soon over proportioned with advertising material and its original aim, "To entertain its readers" was forgotten.

Monstrous instances of gross plagiarism became manifest and *The Broken Bull*, humor organ of Kansas State, proved that forty-nine pieces, averaging three pages, had been copied. All articles were identical with one exception and that was described as a typographical error.

So in 1922 the former paens of praise sung to the *Baby* turned into biting, stinging sarcasm. Said the *Tar Heel*, in 1922, "A very sad magazine of purloined smuttiness, supposedly published in Chapel Hill by the students of U. N. C." Among other bits of choice flattery for the *Baby* the following are typical: "Most despicable of all published papers in America". "A cheap, scurrilous magazine", "Well without the pale of decent University men", "Consistently printed the filthy", "Men connected with the business end, dishonest, and have left a trail of bad checks

D. C. MAY



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all over North Carolina." Stock was sold to alumni, to whom it was falsely represented as a student publication, when in fact the University officials had declared it in no way connected with Carolina.

Finally, as *The Tar Baby* collapsed, *The Tar Heel* echoes: "Let the whole structure be destroyed, that a new, better and cleaner thing may be reared out of its ruins, that may not only be an organ of the University, but a credit to the great name of Carolina."

But this fervid wish was not to be granted until in 1924 the Publications Union Board appointed a business manager and an editor of a new publications, later to be known as *The Carolina Buccaneer*. "Official organ of the Carolina Publications Union." The student body endorsed the new venture in chapel and the first issue appeared during Easter week, 1924. Although, as yet *The Buccaneer* is not on the fee basis, as are the other publications, it is guided and under the control of the Union Board and strictly a student affair.

But in between times, another publication, known as *The Carolina Boll Weevil*, arose on the campus. It flourished during the year 1923, even as a rank weed, until the sun of *The Carolina Buccaneer* struck it the fatal blow. Its business methods were not approved of by the University faculty and the faculty forbade the business manager to re-enter college and declared the magazine unworthy of any connection with Carolina or her student body, and all student editors were compelled to hand in their resignations to the owner. Thus ended a second bubble in the lighter vein.

It took two disastrous efforts to spell *The Buccaneer*, but always "every cloud has a silver lining" and this is so even as applied to humorous publications at Carolina.




#### THE COMPLAINT OF PALLAS

The gods are ageless. Pallas is the same,  
As fair as when Troy perished in the flame.  
But youth charms most because it soon must  
fade—  
He left my shrine to woo a mortal maid.

A. F. L.


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# The College of Liberal Arts

## *What and Why?*

THE course of study laid down for acquiring the A. B. degree at the University of North Carolina has been fixed in its present arrangement about a dozen years. For twenty years or more after the old fashioned required set of courses in the junior and senior years had been discarded, the elective system was in full sway. Being convinced that the complete elective principle was too haphazard and too accidental in its application, the University faculty set up in 1911 a scheme for the guidance of study in the two upper years which was based upon the principle of *concentration and distribution*. It is now required of a student that he shall concentrate his attention upon a major subject (six to ten courses) in one department and that he shall distribute a part of his remaining courses in departments quite unrelated in subject matter and primary interest to the department in which his major has been chosen.

The intention of the plan was to preserve the wider, more general nature of the College of Arts degree as opposed to the specialized nature of the professional and vocational degrees. Much may be said in support of the intention. As the requirement works in practice, however, the required distribution is so slight that it may be said rather to be scattering or smattering. The concentration, furthermore, need not necessarily be deep. The system is so mechanically perfect that the chief interest the majority of students (and some administrative officers) have in it is in seeing it "work." It has the fascination that goes with the successful solution of a problem or the mastery of a puzzle. Follow its terms and conditions, you always arrive at the same answer—the A. B. degree.

The faculty of the College of Liberal Arts is now considering a revision of the junior and senior requirements for the A. B. degree. It is proposed for the present to leave untouched the fifteen courses required of freshmen and sophomores. It is also proposed to abolish the second minor. A major and one minor shall be required of every junior and senior, and both shall fall

within one *field* of study. The term *field* is emphasized. Heretofore we have perhaps thought too strictly in terms of departments, with a wall built by our system between departments of unavoidable related interests. We hope that hereafter a student majoring in history, for example, will be encouraged to minor in economics, sociology, rural social economics, or indeed in the history of literature or of philosophy of the period in which his major historical interest lies. In the same way a student who majors in chemistry, for instance, may minor in any other natural science. By our present plan such a student is prohibited from minoring in any other natural science.

The principle behind this prohibition is the prevention of too great specialization in the College of Arts. As a matter of fact, specialization is not now prohibited if a student uses his electives with discretion—if he knows early enough in his college career what his main interests are. Our system in mechanical terms says that we are in principle against it and then in practice allows it. I feel that we should boldly say that we are in favor of concentration in a chosen *field* of study and that for purposes of a general education we should think in the wider term and get the narrow, compartment idea of studies as far out of our heads as administrative organization will allow. It will almost always allow more of the narrow point of view to go than some individuals will.

Too heavy specialization in any one department will be checked in the proposed arrangement of courses in the junior and senior years by the allotment of twelve courses (one third of the graduation requirements) to the major and minor, with the probable division of eight in the major and four in the minor. With the fifteen courses required in the freshman and sophomore years and the twelve in the upper years, nine courses remain for free election, with the one provision that not more than three of these courses shall be taken in the departments in which the major and minor have been chosen.



The College of Arts must come, I think, to requiring a task well done within a fairly definite field of concentration. Honesty of effort and the character ability of acquiring power and proficiency in some small part of human knowledge will thereby be more readily developed than in following a scattered program of studies. It will move for usefulness as a citizen and for usefulness as an individual.

From the so-called practical point of view the student frequently questions the use a certain course will be to him in after life. The opinion is sometimes ignorantly expressed by immature students that an A. B. degree specifically fits one only for the profession of teaching. Let me quote in opposition to this expression of youthful inexperience the opinion of Mr. James Simpson,

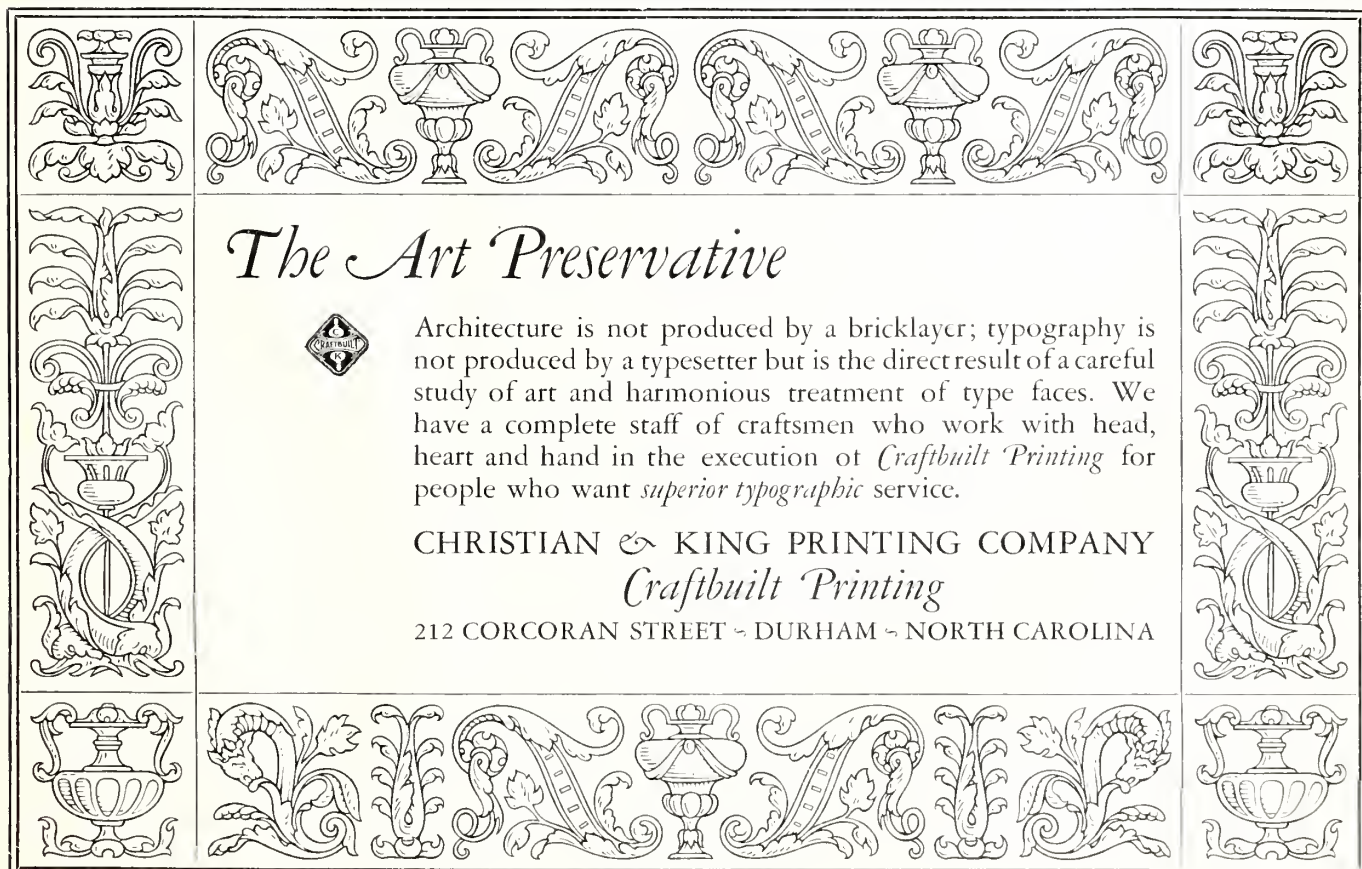
president of Marshall Field and Company, one of the greatest commercial organizations in America. In an article published recently in the *Yale Daily News* in which he urges college men to go into business for the opportunity it presents for service and for the exercise of imagination. Mr. Simpson does not stress the content of one sort of course over that of another. He says: "A higher education serves as valuable background to a successful commercial career. It may seem a far cry from the study of history, literature, science, and economics to selling dry goods, for example; but one finds, nevertheless, *as he makes progress up the ladder*, that the firm foundations supplied by higher education make progress surer and faster than otherwise would be possible."

### MONOTONY


Night and Noon and Morning,  
And it is all the same forever.  
The days grow shorter, then longer;  
The nights grow shorter, then longer.  
It is all the same forever.

S. G.

Sometimes  
I wonder if it will not all change!  
A change would be a good relief  
Sometimes  
Even if everything went backwards,  
A change would be a great relief. S. G.



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# Carolina Professors When They Were Human Beings

HENRY R. FULLER has herewith done some interesting research work and herewith offers proof that some Carolina professors, at least, "had sense enough to get out of the rain" when they were young.

**I** HAVE just met a typical college professor," said a full professor in the University on coming into his class one rainy day. "He was walking slowly through the rain with his umbrella closed and under his arm, his raincoat folded over his arm with the inner side exposed to the rain, and his overshoes in his hands. The rain was falling heavily, but apparently all he knew about the weather was that his wife said when he left home this morning that it was cloudy and looked like rain."

Perhaps sometimes we are inclined to think that college professors are a peculiar species, a race different from other men—in fact, hardly human beings at all. It should be illuminating to Carolina students to dig a little into the past, and uncover something of the college careers of members of the faculty when they had no professorial tags, but were just Tom, or Dick, the freshest freshman I have seen yet, or the "biggest man in the Senior class." This article deals only with those professors who are alumni of the University.

Have you ever had Physics under A. H. Patterson? If so, you will be interested in knowing that the college annual of '91 affirmed that he came to college "because the chaingang had broken up", that his favorite amusement was football, and that he played right tackle on the varsity football team. *The Hellenian* in reviewing the vote of the senior class said: "The efficient business manager of our baseball nine for the last season, Mr. A. H. Patterson, of Salem, enjoys the reputation, the most enviable of all, of being the most intellectual student in all the assemblage of intellectual geniuses. He is considered, also, the most all-round popular man in the University. These two, coming both at once, would make anybody except 'Ligions Pat' conceited."

Anybody in the "med" school should be interested in knowing that *The Hellenian*, in answer to the question of why Charles Staples Mangum came to college, could only say "Damfino". From the same source we learn that Charlie had

no favorite study, no favorite literary production, and no favorite expression, that his favorite amusement was football, and that he was distinguished for fiddling during examinations. He played right end on the football team, and sang first tenor in glee club and quartette. Only last year he resigned from the faculty athletics committee of which he had been chairman for years. We understand that he still sings.

Archibald Henderson was running true to form as early as 1897 when he won the Holt Mathematics prize. He was president of Alpha Theta Phi, the honorary society corresponding to the present Phi Beta Kappa, and belonged to the Di Society, Sigma Nu, Gimghoul, the German club, and the Shakespeare Club, won "honors" and "highest honors," and played on the scrub baseball team. We were not able to dig up any more information about his exploits on the diamond, but we would like to see him sliding in "home." The annual records that Henry McGilbert Wagstaff's opinion of the co-eds was "too good for me." He played on the class football team, was an editor of the *Tar Heel*, belonged to the Phi Society and the Shakespeare Club, and "had dark hair and frayed eyes." He is now a professor of History, but when he was a senior his chosen profession was law.

L. R. Wilson's opinion of the co-eds was, "Fine as silk." As late as last year he rose chivalrously to their defence in the editorial columns of the *Alumni Review*—happy is he never loses his youthful illusions. In 1898 we find him taking graduate courses in Latin, Greek and Sanskrit. We may presume that these studies and the co-eds kept him busy, as we read nothing else about him.

Can you imagine Dr. T. J. Wilson, known as plain Tom without the "-my J.", uniting in his class yell:

"Rip! Rip! Rip!  
Roar! Roar! Roar!  
Buck-binney wygo,  
Ninety-four."



The present registrar had the highest average of his class. He won the Sophomore Greek prize, was one of the editors of *THE MAGAZINE*, member of the Shakespeare Club, and editor of the insurgent *White and Blue* which lived for a short time as a rival of the *Tar Heel*.

Students in the Pharmacy School will be interested in the *Yackety Yack* write-up of John Grover Beard, who was president of the pharmacy class in 1909.

"'Whiskers', as we call him, is continually singing some little love song, and usually has a dreamy far-away look in his eyes. We cannot blame him for this, for if rumor is true cupid caught him unawares this past summer and proceeded to 'sting' him with one of his famous little arrows.

"Among his special delights are, playing rag-time on his typewriter, and coaching the first year pharmacy class.

"Whiskers is a hard worker and a good student, and if in the race of life keeps up the pace he has set here, we predict that he will win 'hands down'."

William Stanley Bernard, now known as a professor of Greek, was once one of the most brilliant student debaters that have been at Carolina. Perhaps the most notable of his victories was in 1909 when we read of his journeying to Nashville and successfully contending against Vanderbilt for the negative of the query: "Resolved that the United States should not retain permanent possession of the Philippine Islands." He was editor-in-chief of the *N. C. U. Magazine*, an editor of the *Hellenian*, commencement speaker for the Phi Society, and member of his class football team, Y. M. C. A., Gorgon's Head, and Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

If you have studied public speaking under George McFarland McKie, or if you have had trouble with freshman math, you will be interested in the *Yackety Yack* of 1907. Mr. McKie came to Carolina first in 1898 as an instructor in English, having graduated from the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. He later took a couple of degrees here. The annual speaks thus of "Cousin George":

"He's been handed down to us from generation to generation and has at last entered haven



CAMPUS SCENE



on the good ship Naught-Seven, which bore him safely over the Cape Hatteras of the student—First Math. A good fellow and a loyal member of the class.”

All who go to the gym should be interested in knowing that Robert Baker Lawson was captain and pitcher of the University baseball team, a star player on the football team, and in 1900 president of the “Med” class.

Have you had quantitative analysis under James Talmadge Dobbins? If not, why not; and if so, does this write-up in the *Yackety Yack* of 1911 fit?

“He has been with us four years, and found books enough employment for him. Had the pink eye once, and studied right on. Rooms in Old West building, and can always be found there. Doesn’t talk much but helps to form the back-bone of our class.”

We did not have Math One or Two under John Wayne Lasley, and we have no desire to take differential calculus or projective geometry under anybody, but we would like to know the “Manager Kid”. After about two inches of statistics, we read:

#### “KID”.

“We congratulate ourselves every time we see him, as there would have been no tennis team if he had gone somewhere else. He really is smart, but let him tell you about that. He would

rather look through a transit than train his glasses on the show girls in Durham. Is afflicted with the hallucination that he can sing, but it is hoped that he will soon recover from it. Used to think that he knew more Math than the ‘Major’, but has found out that he doesn’t.”

An entire page in the *Yackety Yack* was taken up with the following:

### MANAGER’S CLUB

#### OFFICERS

J. W. Lasley, Jr.	President
Lasley, J. W., Jr.	Vice-President
John Lasley	Sec.-Treas.
Kid Lasley	Manager
Baby Lasley	Mascot

### MEMBERS

Mr. John W. Lasley, Jr., Burlington, N. C.

### MOTTO

’Tis great to be great and know you are great, though it may grate on other people.

Ernest Lloyd Mackie represents six feet one inch of the Mathematics department. Read this:

“Di; Dramatics Association; Math. Club; Elisha Mitchell Society; Steering Committee N. C. Club; Student Council (2); Greater Council (2, 3); Pres. Class (2); Assistant Manager Varsity Football (3); President Y. M. C. A. (4); Assistant Editor *Yackety Yack* (4); Library



SMITH HALL



Assistant; Amphoterothern; Golden Fleece; Secretary of Phi Beta Kappa.

"Slim Jim. A crane or a stork would be jealous of Mae's framework, so delicate is his underpinning. What he lacks in stature, however, he makes up for in every other respect, and we predict for 'Mac' a splendid career."

In Frank Porter Graham, now on leave of absence doing graduate work, we come to one of the most popular members of the faculty, and our search reveals him as one of the most popular students of his college generation. Golden Fleece, President of Y. M. C. A., President of class two years, Editor-in-chief of the *Tar Heel*, Editor of the *Yackety Yack*, Secretary of Phi Beta Kappa, Chief cheer leader. Such are some of his chief honors.

"Frank, Laddie, Buck. Every man's friend, confident, and playfellow. Could not do what he is supposed to do tomorrow if he were to live his whole life in one day. No settled tradition in college can be carried through without him, no new movement can be carried through without him at its head. And, curiously enough, with the burden of a college upon his shoulders, he bears

it without losing himself in it at all. Out of it he comes a little worn, but still the same good fellow of his lazy, less occupied days."

Last but not least, (notice the freshness and originality of the phrase) we come to a man whom every student knows—Francis Foster Bradshaw. His class voted him the most popular student and the best citizen. Below is what the *Yackety Yack* reveals:

"Di Society; Tennis Association; President Orange County Club; N. C. Club; Assistant Business Manager of the *Tar Heel* (3); Business Manager of *Tar Heel* (4); Vice-President of Class (3); Greater Council (3); Eben Alexander Greek Prize (3); Virginia-Hopkins Debate; Class President (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Assistant in Zoology (4); International Policy Club; Amphoterothern; Omega Delta; Golden Fleece; Phi Beta Kappa; Sabine Farm (1, 2, 3); Kappa Iota.

"'He is such a kid, but I like him,' says Mrs. Jones of Infirmary fame. Yes, we all like him, because he has a healthy combination of ability and loveableness. He is given to long puritanical moralizings for the culture of his soul, but he



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bubbles over in spite of them all. Reason, he says, rules the universe. He persecutes his body with all sorts of fantastic exercises, and rejoices at a bad cold as another opportunity to experiment with remedies. He goes into raptures over the dissection of a fishing worm, and then reveals in the expanse of cosmic reasoning."

There are a number of recent alumni among the faculty, but we will leave them until they have attained greater amounts of professorial dignity. If you are interested, go to the Library and look them up. The files of the old *Yackety Yacks* and *Tar Heels* are rich store houses of interesting matter about the University of the last thirty years. This article gives a few things that I have found—go over sometime and discover more for yourself.

Sometimes  
I wonder if it will not all change?  
A change would be a great relief  
Sometimes.  
Even if everything went backwards,  
A change would be a great relief.

S. G.

♦♦♦♦♦

I have been told:  
Man is,  
Therefore God must be;  
Otherwise,  
Whence man?

I rather say:  
Man is  
What he is,  
Therefore God  
Cannot be.

Henry Fuller.



SAUNDERS HALL

















